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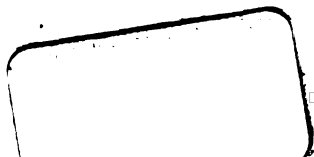


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A NEW EDITION.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

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VOLUMES TENTH AND ELEVENTH.



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**PHILADELPHIA:**  
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**TENTH VOLUME.**

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# MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

## CHAPTER IX.

Queen Mary Beatrice—Deceptive hopes for her son—Fuller's libels on her republished—Censured by parliament—Bill of attainder against her son—Attempts of the lords to attain Mary Beatrice by a clause—Resisted by the commons—Lords bring in a separate bill against her—Remarks thereupon—Her pathetic letters—Contemptuous treatment of the bill by house of commons—Abjuration of the young prince—Agitation of the widowed queen—Death of king William—Accession of queen Anne—Dangerous illness of queen Mary Beatrice—Her letters—Her poverty—Alarming progress of organic malady—Her patience—Divisions in her council—Her timorous policy—Maternal weakness—Her devotion to king James's memory—Pretended miracles—Queen cajoled by lord Lovat—Sells her jewels to equip troops—Distrusts lord Middleton—Her sufferings—Consults a cancer doctress—Dissuaded by madame Maintenon—Her letters—She prints a life of king James—Sickness of her son—Deaths in her household—Duke of Berwick warns the queen of Lovat's villany—Berwick's opinion of the queen—Her kindness to him—She goes to royal fête at Marli—Respect paid to her by Louis XIV.—Her melancholy letter—Sickness of her son—Letters thereupon—His recovery—Early promise of the princess—She is presented at the court of France—Grand ball at Marli—Respect paid to the royal exiles—Return of the queen's malady—Dangerous symptoms—Her letters—Secret correspondence with Marlborough and Godolphin—Description of the prince and princess—Prince attains his majority—Life at St. Germain's—Frolics of the prince and princess—Stars of St. Germain's—Merry pilgrims—Royal haymakers—Carnival at St. Germain's.

It would not have been difficult for a mind so deeply impressed with the vanity of earthly greatness, as that of Mary Beatrice, to have resigned itself to the all-wise decrees of "Him by whom kings do reign," if the fact could have been made apparent to her, that the sceptre had passed from the royal house of Stuart for ever. But, in common with those who perilled their lives and fortunes in the cause of her son, she beheld it in a different light, from that in which the calm moralist reviews the struggle, after time has unveiled all mysteries, and turned the dark page of a doubtful future into the records of the irrevocable past.

The devoted partisans of legitimacy, by whom Mary Beatrice was surrounded at St. Germain's, persuaded her that a peaceful restoration of their exiled prince was at hand; they fancied they recognised the retributive justice of Heaven in the remarkable manner in which his rivals had been swept from the scene. The fact was no less strange than true, that in consequence of the premature death of the childless Mary, the utter bereavement of the princess Anne, and the inevitable failure of the Nassau-Stuart line with William III., the son of James II. had become the presumptive heir of those on whom parliament had, in the year

1689, settled the regal succession. The events of a few months, of a week, a day—nay, the popular caprice of an hour—might summon him to ascend the throne of his ancestors.

Who can wonder if the heart of the widowed queen occasionally thrilled with maternal pride, when she looked on her two fair scions, in the fresh-budding spring of life and promise, and thought of the sere and barren stems that intervened between them and a regal inheritance? The nearest protestant to Anne in the line of succession, Sophia, electress of Hanover, had, with a magnanimity rarely to be met with where a crown is in perspective, declared herself reluctant to benefit by the misfortunes of her royal kindred, generously expressing a desire that the nation would take into consideration “the unhappy case of *le pauvre prince de Galles*,” as she styled the son of James II.; “that he might rather be thought of than her family, since he had learned and suffered so much by his father’s errors, that he would certainly avoid them all, and make a good king of England.”<sup>1</sup> Sophia had, it is true, acceded to the flattering wish of parliament, that the protestant succession should be settled on her and her family; but her scruples, and the avowed reluctance of her son, prince George, to quit his beloved Hanover to reside in England, inspired Mary Beatrice with a sanguine hope that little contest was to be apprehended from that quarter. The sentiments expressed by the electress, regarding her youthful cousin, were frequently heard in England at the commencement of the last century, not only from the lips of those with whom attachment to hereditary monarchy was almost an article of faith, but from many who dreaded the horrors of civil wars. Sympathy for the calamities of royalty has always been a characteristic of the English; and there was a romantic interest attached to the situation of the widow and orphans of James II., which appealed so powerfully to the sensibilities of kind and generous hearts, that the baser members of the Dutch cabinet resorted once more to calumny and forgery, for the purpose of counteracting the revulsion of popular feeling, which was far more to be dreaded than the intervention of France. Scarcely had James II. been dead a month, when the notorious William Fuller,<sup>2</sup> publicly presented to the lords justices, the lord mayor, and several ministers of state, a book, entitled—

“A full demonstration, that the pretended prince of Wales was the son of Mrs. Mary Gray, undeniably proved by original letters of the late queen and others, and by depositions of several persons of worth and honour, never before published; and a particular account of the murder of Mrs. Mary Gray at Paris Humbly recommended to the consideration of both houses of Parliament. By William Fuller, gent.”<sup>3</sup>

William Fuller had, for many years, earned a base living by devoting

<sup>1</sup> Letter of the electress Sophia of Hanover to Mr. Stepney, envoy to the court of Brandenburg, quoted in one of speaker Onslow’s marginal notes to Burnet’s History of his own Times, octavo edition, vol. iv., pp. 489–90–91, from the original letter in the collection of lord Hardwick, generally called “the electress Sophia’s Jacobite letter.”

<sup>2</sup> London Post. October 17th, 1701.

<sup>3</sup> Sold by A. Baldwin, at the Oxford Arms, in Warwick-lane.

both tongue and pen to the fabrication of falsehood for political purposes. He was a kindred spirit with Oates, Bedloe, and Speke, and was employed by persons of similar principles to those who had paid and encouraged them. The book which peers, magistrates, and ministers of state were found capable of receiving, was the reprint of a libel on the exiled queen, Mary Beatrice, and her unfortunate son, the malignity of which was only equalled by its absurdity, being a new and very marvellous version of the old tale of her imposing a spurious child on the nation, who, instead of being the child of "*de brick-bat woman*," as before assumed, was, he now pretended, the son of the earl of Tyrconnel by a handsome gentlewoman called Mrs. Mary Gray, whom lady Tyrconnel was so obliging as to take the trouble of *chaperoning* from Dublin to St. James's palace, where she was secretly brought to bed of the pretended prince of Wales;" adding, "that the said Mrs. Mary Gray was conducted to France, and there murdered by the command of Louis XIV., with the consent of her majesty, during the absence of king James in Ireland." In support of this romance, he subjoined various forged letters, especially one in the name of the exiled queen, which he introduces with the following preamble:—"I shall first set down the true copy of a letter writ by the late queen to king James in Ireland, taken from Mr. Crane when he was apprehended for high treason, at the Ship tavern in Gracechurch-street, on the 5th of March, 1690; and being writ obscurely, I had the honour to make the writing apparently appear to his present majesty, his royal consort, and several noble lords then present in the king's closet at Kensington, by the steam of compound sulphur, &c., which secret was imparted to me by the late queen at St. Germain's, in order to my conveying the same to her majesty's chief correspondents in England."

The only assertion in this monstrous tissue of absurdity worth inquiring into, is, whether William and Mary actually committed themselves, by personally countenancing the barefaced trick of affecting to steal an autograph confession, of imposition and murder, out of "an obscurely written paper," for the purpose of villifying the innocent consort of the uncle and father whom they had driven from a throne. The most revolting libel in the book is contained in the statement, that a daughter and a nephew could outrage common decency, by acting openly as accomplices of the shameless slanderer. The indignation of the commons was excited against the originator of so foul a charge, and the house finally proceeded to declare—

"That the said Fuller was a notorious impostor, a cheat, and a false accuser, having scandalized their majesties and the government, abused the house, and falsely accused several persons of honour and quality; for all which offences they voted an address to his majesty to command his attorney-general to prosecute him."<sup>1</sup>

Which was done accordingly, and he underwent the disgrace of the pillory, which, to one so insensible of shame, was no punishment.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Journals of the House of Commons, 24th of February, fourth year of William and Mary; vol. x., p. 693; British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> Ralph's Continuation, vol. ii., p. 327.

Those who are familiar with the journals of parliament and other documentary sources of information, are aware that Fuller was constantly employed as an official spy and informer by William III. or his secretaries of state; that he suffered the punishment of the pillory several times for perjury in his base vocation, and continually returned to the charge with the pertinacity of a venomous insect. The accusation of correspondence with the exiled queen was constantly preferred by him against persons obnoxious to the existing government. Not long before king James's death he denounced at the bar of the commons several members of that house, as confederate with other gentlemen in a plot for restoring that prince, in pursuance of which treasonable design they had, he affirmed, "sent letters to the late queen Mary [*Beatrice*] in a mutton bone." As he could bring no evidence of this charge, the commons, out of all patience, voted him "a common nuisance."<sup>1</sup>

Fuller, strong in the protection of the existing government, regarded the censure of the representatives of the people as little as he did the law of God against false witness; and re-published the libel against Mary Beatrice in 1701, for which he had nine years before been branded with the strongest terms of condemnation a British parliament could express, and suffered the disgraceful punishment of the pillory. It was obvious that he had been suborned to revive his cruel calumnies against the exiled queen in the first month of her widowhood, in order to rob her of the sympathy of her former subjects in her present heavy affliction, in preparation for the blow which the magnanimous nephew and son-in-law of her late consort was about to aim against her and her son at the opening of parliament.

William III. was at Loo at the time of his unfortunate uncle's death. He was sitting at table with the duke of Zell and the electoral prince of Hanover, dining in the presence of his Dutch and English officers, when it was announced to him that this long expected event had taken place. William received the news in silence, uttering no word in comment, but it was observed that he blushed and drew his hat down over his face, being unable to keep his countenance.<sup>2</sup> The nature of his secret communing with his own dark spirit, no one presumed to fathom. He returned to England, put himself, his servants, and equipages, into mourning for king James, summoned his parliament, and caused a bill to be brought into the house of commons, for attainting the orphan son of that uncle for whom he and his household had assumed the mockery of woe.

"This bill could not be opposed," says Burnet, "much less stopped; yet many showed a coldness in it, and were absent on the days on which it was ordered to be read." The boy was but thirteen, yet our amiable prelate's censure on the coldness which many members of the English senate showed in such a proceeding, is not on account of their want of moral courage, in allowing the bill to pass, by absenting themselves, instead of throwing it out, but because they did not unite in the iniquity of subjecting the young prince to the penalty of being executed

<sup>1</sup> See Parliamentary Journals, Smollett's History of England, and Parliamentary History

<sup>2</sup> St. Simon. Dangeau.

without a trial, or any other ceremony than a privy seal warrant, in the event of his falling into the hands of the reigning sovereign. This was not enough to satisfy king William and his cabinet; their next step was an attempt to subject the widowed queen, his mother, to the same pains and penalties. "It," pursues Burnet, in allusion to the bill for attainting the son of James II., "was sent up to the lords, and it passed in that house with an addition of an attainder of the queen, who acted as queen-regent for him. This was much opposed, for no evidence could be brought to prove that allegation; yet the thing was so notorious that it passed, and was sent down again to the commons. It was objected to there, as not regular, since but one precedent, in king Henry VIII.'s time, was brought for it."

The right reverend historian ventures not to expose his party, by mentioning the precedent which they had shamed not to rake up from among the iniquities of Henry VIII.'s slavish parliaments, as a warrant for a procedure which casts an indelible stain on William III. and his cabinet, the precedent being no other than that of the unfortunate marquis of Exeter, whom the murderous facilities of a bill of attainder enabled the jealous Tudor tyrant to bring to the scaffold, in the year 1540, without the ceremony of a trial.<sup>1</sup>

This illegal attempt, on the part of William's house of lords, to introduce the name of the royal widow, *par parenthesis*, into the bill for attainting her son, by the insulting designations of "the pretended prince of Wales, and Mary, his pretended mother,"<sup>2</sup> is an instance of gratuitous baseness, unparalleled even in the annals of that reign in which they sought for a precedent.

The attainder of Margaret of Anjou and her infant son, Edward, prince of Wales, by the victorious Yorkists in 1461, was a case somewhat in point, as regarded the position of the exiled queen, and the irresponsible age of the prince; but it has always been regarded as one of the revolting barbarisms of the darkest epoch of our history. It took place, moreover, during the excitement of the most ferocious civil wars that had ever raged in England, and was voted by steel-clad barons fresh from the slaughter of a fiercely contested battle, where forty thousand men lay dead, among whom were sons, brothers, and faithful followers. Queen Margaret had introduced foreign troops into the kingdom, and had caused much blood to be spilt, not only in the field, but on the scaffold. Mary Beatrice had done none of these things; she had shed tears, but not blood; she had led no hostile armies to the field to contest the throne with William for her son; her weapons were not those of carnal warfare. She had not so much as recriminated the railings of her foes, or expressed herself in anger of those who had driven her into exile, stripped her of her queenly title and appanages, and not only violated the faith of solemn treaties and unrevoked acts of parliament, by depriving her both of her income as a queen-consort, and her jointure as a queen-dowager of Great Britain, but even robbed her of her private fortune, the solid eighty thousand pounds which she

<sup>1</sup> Journals of the House of Lords.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, and Parliamentary History.



brought from her own country, as her marriage portion. Conduct that appears disgraceful to the national honour, when it is remembered, that she and her two young children were destitute, and depended on the precarious charity of a foreign prince for a home and the common necessities of life, and that neither as duchess of York, nor queen consort of England, had she ever done anything to forfeit the esteem of her former subjects. She had been chaste, prudent, economical, and charitable; a fond and faithful wife, a step-mother against whom no act of unkindness or injustice could be proved; loyal and patient as a subject, gracious and dignified as a queen, and scarcely less than angelic in adversity. Her religion was a matter between herself and her God, for she never interfered with the consciences of others; superstitious in her own practice she might be, and probably was, but it is certain, that if her life and actions had not been irreproachable, her adversaries would not have been reduced to the base expedient of employing the slanders of a notorious criminal like Fuller, to blacken her with charges so monstrous and absurd, that they defeated their own ends, by exciting the indignation of every generous mind against the wretch who had been found capable of devising the foul calumny.

The commons, though well aware that Fuller acted but as the hireling tool of others, in thus ostentatiously calling public attention to the reprint of his condemned libel on the exiled queen, which they had pronounced "false and infamous," summoned him and the printers and publishers to the bar of their house to answer for the misdemeanor, and regardless of significant hints that he was employed by the secretaries of state, came to the resolution, *nemine contradicente*, "that Fuller having taken no warning by the just censure received from the house of commons, 24th February, 1691, and the punishment inflicted upon him by just sentence of law, has repeated his evil practices by several false accusations, in divers scandalous pamphlets, this house doth declare the said William Fuller to be a cheat, a false accuser, and incorrigible rogue; and ordered, that Mr. Attorney do prosecute him for his said offences."<sup>1</sup> In this vote the lords also concurred, yet they scrupled not, at the same time, to abet the creatures of the Dutch sovereign in their unconstitutional proceedings against the calumniated queen.

The commons had stoutly refused to pass the attainder of the widow of their old master, as an additional clause to that of the unfortunate young prince her son; and it is to be regretted, that no clerk or reporter was hardy enough to venture his ears, by taking notes of the stormy debates which shook the house, on a question so opposed to every principle of the English constitution, as that of an illegal attempt of the kind against a royal lady, of whom no other crime had ever been alleged, than the faithful performance of her duties towards a deposed consort and disinherited son; duties from which no reverse of fortune could absolve a wife and mother, and least of all a queen.

On the 1st of February, this desolate princess writes to her spiritual friend at Chaillot,—"I will try to lift up heart, which is in truth much

<sup>1</sup> See Journals of both Lords and Commons, thirteenth year of William III.

depressed, and well nigh broken. Pray for me near that dear heart which you have with you for the wants of mine, which are extreme."<sup>1</sup> In conclusion, she says,—“The news from England is very strange. God must be entreated for them, since literally they know not what they do.” The meekness of this comment on the vindictive proceedings of her foes, appears the more touching, from the circumstance of its having been penned the very day before the bill for the separate attainder of the royal writer was read for the first time in the house of lords, February 12th, O.S. From a refinement of malice, she is designated in that instrument, “*Mary late wife of the late king James.*”<sup>2</sup> The title of queen-dowager was, of course, denied her by the sovereign who had appropriated her dower, and whose design it was to deprive her also of the reverence attached to royalty. The widow of the late king James, he dared not call her, for there was something touching in that description, it came too close to her sad case, and in six simple words, told the story of her past greatness and her present calamities with irresistible pathos. They had attained a boy of thirteen, “the only son of his mother, and she was a widow,” and had been their queen; and they, the peers of England, were invited to attain her also, but not by her true description. Not as *Mary the widow*, but as “*Mary, the late wife of the late king James.*”<sup>3</sup> The violation of the English language in this subtle definition being less remarkable, considering that the measure originated with a Dutchman, than the profound observation of the susceptibilities of the human heart which it denotes, and the careful avoidance of the use of titles calculated to inspire reverence or compassion. The name of “widow” contains in itself a powerful appeal to the sympathies of Christian men and gentlemen, for pity and protection. The apostle has said, “Honour such widows as be widows indeed;” and such they all knew full well was the desolate and oppressed relict of their deposed sovereign. Noblemen there were in that house, as well as *peers*, some of whom remembered the forlorn widow of that unhappy prince, such as she was, when she first appeared before them in her early charms and innocence, as the bride of their royal admiral; many had bowed the knee before her when she stood before them, a few years later, in more majestic beauty on the day of her consecration as their queen; when if any one of them had been told that he would, hereafter, to please a foreign master, unite in subjecting her to the pains and penalties of a bill of attainder, he would perhaps have replied in the words of Hazeel, “Is then thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?” The dangerous contingency of awakening chivalric feelings or compunctious recollections in the hearts of that assembly was avoided—the sacred names of queen and widow were denied.

<sup>1</sup>Inedited letter of the widow of James II. to Francoise Angelique Priolk, in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MSS.

<sup>2</sup>See Journals of the House of Commons. The perversions, reservations, and misrepresentations in the unfaithful account given by Bishop Burnet of this transaction, have been too fully exposed by Ralph, and since by the acute commentator of Mackintosh, to require comment here.

Journals of the House of Lords.

The question was finally put, for the third time, on the 20th of February, in the House of Lords, "whether the bill for attainting Mary, late wife of the late king James, of high treason, should pass," and to the eternal disgrace of those peers, who either voted in the affirmative, or by absenting themselves from the house on that occasion, allowed the iniquity to be perpetrated, it was carried in the affirmative. Twenty peers, however, among whom the name of Compton, bishop of London, is included, had the manliness to enter a protest against the vote, as illegal, "because there was no proof of the allegations in the bill, so much as offered, and that it might be a dangerous precedent."<sup>1</sup>

The commons, when the bill was sent down to them, treated it with ineffable contempt; they did not so much as put it to the question, but, throwing it under their table, consigned it to oblivion.<sup>2</sup> That such a bill could pass a British house of lords must be attributable to the absence of those noblemen who had followed the royal Stuarts into exile, the number of timorous peers over whom the terror of arrest and impeachment hung, and also to the fact that several foreigners had been naturalized and elevated to the peerage by king William, whose votes were at his command.

Mary Beatrice writes on the 25th of the same Feb., N.S. (while the question was still before the lords) to the abbess of Chaillot, in increasing depression of mind—

"You are kind," she says, "my dear mother, to think always of your poor unworthy daughter, and of the means of comforting her. I doubt not but God will reward you for it, by giving you the recompence which he has promised to those who do the works of spiritual mercy. Among those, I believe there are none more agreeable to God than to console the afflicted; and I think that, of all afflictions, those of the heart and the soul are the most terrible, especially when they are joined together, which is at present my sad case."<sup>3</sup>

After mentioning her intention of coming to Chaillot on the 6th of March, for a little repose both of mind and body, of which she says all around her, especially her son, perceive that she is in great need, she adds—

"The affairs, of which I spoke in my last letter, are not domestic affairs, which go on well enough at present, but matters of great importance. I hope they will be concluded next week. I ought to go to Marli on Thursday, but I hope to be free to come to you on Monday, to open my poor heart and rest my body. All those who are about me are convinced of my need of it. They all pity me greatly, and my son is the foremost to recommend me to take this little journey. I believe that our dear mother and sisters will be very glad of it, and that the beloved *concierge* will prepare the apartment with pleasure."<sup>4</sup>

Among the Stuart papers, in the Hotel de Soubise, there is one extremely touching; it is an agitated scrawl, in the well-known autograph of the queen, in which she has translated the act of parliament

<sup>1</sup> Journals of the House of Lords.

<sup>2</sup> Parliamentary History. Ralph's History of England. Continuation of Mackintosh.

<sup>3</sup> Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

passed under the influence of William III., attainting her son of high treason, by the designation "of the pretended prince of Wales." It is indorsed thus, in another hand—1702. "*Quelles feuilles qui paraissent, ecrites de la main de la reine d'Angleterre, Veuve de Jacques II., contenant copie de l'acte pour la conviction du crime de haute trahison du putatif de Prince Galles (le Roi Jacques III.)*" The agony with which the widowed queen has translated this last injury of William against her child is apparent in the writing, which is crooked, hurried, and illegible. The attempt to subject herself to the same pains and penalties to which the young prince had been rendered liable, is unnoticed; it was the arrow that had been aimed at her son which pierced the heart of the fond mother. Proud and sensitive as Mary Beatrice was by nature, the insults and calumnies with which she had been assailed must have been keenly felt, but her personal wrongs are invariably passed over in silence. In one of her letters to her friend Angélique Priolo, without date, but evidently written at this agitating period, she says—

"I have need of consolation, for I am overwhelmed with chagrin, and these fresh affairs are very disagreeable. Alas, they are never otherwise for me! Entreat of God, my dear mother, that he would grant me gifts and graces to bear them; but, above all, those of wisdom of council and of strength, whereof I am at present in such extreme want."<sup>1</sup>

After some allusion to the prospect of public affairs in France, which she considered favourable to the cause of her son, she gives the following particulars of her own state:—

"Another consolation is, that my health is as good as you could wish for me. Considering how deeply my malady is seated, it certainly does not increase; and if there be any change, it is rather an amendment. I eat well. I have slept better for the last fifteen days, although, assuredly, my heart is not tranquil; but God can do all. He turns and disposes us as he pleases. He mingles the good and ill according to his holy, and always just and adorable will, to which I would conform, in all and through all, and against the struggle of my own sinful inclination.

"We have been to Marli on the Feast of Kings, and the king (Louis XIV.) came here three days after. He is always full of kindness and friendship for us. . . .

"Adieu, my dear mother, till Saturday, eight days' hence, in the evening, when I hope to embrace you, and to have more time to converse with you during this journey than I had in the last. My poor heart is oppressed and bursting, but not the less yours."<sup>2</sup>

It was the act of parliament, enforcing an oath for the abjuration of the young prince, her son, that so greatly depressed and agitated the heart of Mary Beatrice. The measure was strongly opposed in the house of commons, and much diplomacy was practised there, to throw the bill out by subtle amendments, in order to gain time; but the Jacobite party were out-manœuvred, and it passed the lords. The council ordered

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter of the widowed queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Autograph letter, dated St. Germain, Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MSS.

a special commission to be prepared, for giving the royal assent to it without delay, the forms requiring it to be signed by the king, in the presence of the lord-keeper and the clerks of the parliament. The awful sentence "*Je tire vers ma fin*," occupied the thoughts of the expiring monarch, before the deputation arrived at Kensington palace, and it was many hours ere they could obtain admission into his presence. The pause was of no common interest; the fortunes of the two rival claimants of the crown hung on the event. Parliament remained sitting; and the Jacobite party, well aware that William was not in a state to be troubled with business, raised the cry of "Adjourn, adjourn!" hoping that the bill would be lost by the demise of the sovereign; but a message from the lords prevented their plan from being carried into effect.

The deputation entered the royal chamber meantime, but William's nerveless hand being incapable of giving effect to the last office of hatred, which survived the corporeal powers of sinking nature, by signing the bill, the fac-simile stamp was affixed in his presence. This was the last regnal act of William's life, of which it might truly be said, The end crowns the works. He expired the next day, March 8th, 1702, having survived his unfortunate uncle, James II., scarcely six months.

This event had been long expected, and eagerly anticipated by the friends of the exiled royal family, as the epoch of a counter-revolution, in favour of the son of James II. Burnet complains that the young prince had a strong party in England, who were eager to place him on the throne.<sup>1</sup> In Scotland, the dread of a popish sovereign had become secondary to the fear of seeing the ancient realm degraded into a province to England. The health of the representative of the royal Stuarts had been publicly drunk, by the title of James VIII., and that of Mary Beatrice as "the queen-mother." Ireland only required a leader to rise and proclaim her son from one end of the Green Isle to the other as James III.; yet Anne succeeded to the throne of the three realms, on the death of William III., as peacefully as if there had been no such person in existence as a brother, whom a closely balanced moiety of her subjects considered their king *de jure*. That no effort was made in behalf of that prince by the Jacobite party, stimulated by the regent-court of St. Germain, and supported by his powerful allies, the kindred monarchs of France and Spain, has been regarded as an inexplicable mystery; but, like many other historical problems, may be explained by a little research.

From the inedited Chaillot correspondence, it appears that Mary Beatrice, overwhelmed with the difficulties and perplexities of her position, and, above all, with the feverish excitement of the crisis, was attacked with a dangerous illness just before the death of William, which brought her to the verge of the grave, and completely incapacitated her from taking any part in the deliberations of her council, on the momentous question of what ought to be done with regard to her son's claims to the crown of Great Britain. Her life depended on her being kept quiet, because of the violent palpitations of the heart, and other alarming

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<sup>1</sup> History of his own Times.

symptoms, with which her illness was accompanied. Her cabinet, torn with conflicting jealousies and passions, could agree on nothing; so, of course, nothing was done; and before she was in a state to decide between the opposing counsels of the rival ministers, Middleton and Perth, her step-daughter, Anne, was peacefully settled on the throne, and the hopes of royalty were for ever lost to her son and his descendants. The convalescence of Mary Beatrice was tedious, and her recovery was impeded by the fasts and other austerities which she practised, till her spiritual director, father Ruga, was compelled to interfere, as we find by a letter from that ecclesiastic to madame Priolo, dated March 15th, in which he says, "that he has given the ladies Strickland and Molza to understand the opinions of her majesty's physicians and surgeons on this subject, and that he shall do everything in his power for the preservation of a health so precious. However," continues he, "the queen has desisted from the mortification of her body in obedience to those councils, and is following the orders of her physicians and my directions. She has begun to go out for a walk after dinner, and they have taken measures for preventing the importunities of her officers about audiences."<sup>1</sup>

Almost the first use the royal invalid made of her pen, was to write the following brief note to her friend, Angelique Priolo, which bears evident traces of her inability for application to public business; but, as usual, she appears more troubled at the sufferings of others than her own:—

"St. Germain's, 13th of April.

"I know not whether I shall have strength to write to you, my dear mother, for this is the first letter I have attempted since I quitted you. I am in pain for our poor dear *deposée*. I send my physician to see her, and render me an exact account of her state. Embrace her tenderly for me. I pray for her with all my heart. The physician will give you an account of my poor health, which, I believe, will not permit me to pass the festivals with you, as I could have wished, but it is not often that I can do as I would. I am not strong enough to tell you more. I am yours, my dear mother, with all my heart, and the same to my dear portress.  
M. R."

Directed, "For our dear mother."<sup>2</sup>

In a letter of a later date, she writes more at length, and enters into some few particulars of her illness. From one allusion, it appears that her ecclesiastics had been amusing her with an account of the miracles said to have been wrought through the intercession of her deceased consort. Accounts that were at first very cautiously received by Mary Beatrice. It is, on the whole, a very curious letter:—

"At St. Germain's, this 2nd of May

"At length, my dear mother, I find a moment of time and enough health to write to you. It is certain that I have had a very bad cold for some days past. The nights of Friday and Saturday were so bad, I having passed them almost entirely in coughing, and with palpitations of the heart, that the doctors at last resolved to bleed me, of which they have no reason to repent, for I am now quite well, not having had any more of the cough, and the palpitations of the

<sup>1</sup> Inedited letters in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> *bid.*

heart have been much less; but this last night has been the best, and I can say the only entirely good one that I have had for eight months.

"But enough of my poor body. As for my heart, it is in the same state as it was when I left you, never better but often worse, according to the things which happen in the day. These are always wearisome to me, and very disagreeable. I have had, however, the day before yesterday, the pleasure of seeing the king (Louis XIV.) for an hour and a half, and yesterday madame de M—— was here nearly two and a half. But in truth their affairs are not pleasant, and they have throughout a bad aspect; but God can change all that in one moment when it shall please him, and he will do it if it be for his glory and for our good. It is this only that should be asked of him, without wishing for anything else.

"I am impatient to see the brother of the curé of St. Poursain. I hope that you will send him to me soon. I have seen about the conversion of souls, which is a greater miracle than the healing of bodies, attributed to the intercession of our holy king, and which gave me pleasure, although I am not so sensible of it as I could wish. Alas, I know not of what I am made; the only sensibility that remains in me is for pain. But I am obliged to you, my ever dear mother, for the holy jealousy you have of my love to God. Beseech him to renew it in this poor heart, which, after all, is devoid of rest when it is not occupied with him."<sup>1</sup>

The royal widow of England goes on to speak of a subject of distressing import to her, poverty:—"I am ashamed," she says, "of not having sent you all the money that I owe you. I will do it the first opportunity. I dare not tell you the state I am in for want of money; it would give you too much pain." It seems, however, as if a present to the convent was to be extracted out of the narrow finances of the royal devotee at this most inconvenient season—a present for which the abbess was to advance the purchase-money on her own account. "Let the veil of the chalice, and all the other necessary things, be provided," continues her majesty, "for it must be done, and in a few days you will be paid. Adieu, my dear mother; in three weeks you shall see us, if it should please God that my poor children be well."<sup>2</sup> The holy ladies of Chaillot had sent an offering from their garden to the queen; for she says, in her postscript, "the salad was admirable, and the flowers very beautiful. I hope that the king, my son, and my daughter will thank you for them by lady Almond; but I always do so, both for them and me. I am sorry," she adds, "that your nephew has not got anything. He must humble himself, and not attach himself to things of this earth, for all fail."

It was about this period that the dreadful malady which had appeared a few months before king James's death, began to assume a painful and alarming form. When her majesty consulted the celebrated Fagon on her case, and entreated him to tell her the truth, without reserve, he frankly acknowledged that the cancer was incurable; but assured her, at the same time, that her existence might be prolonged for many years, if she would submit to a series of painful operations, and adhere strictly to the regimen he would prescribe. She replied, "that life was too wearisome to her to be worth the trouble of preserving on such terms!" out, repenting of her passionate exclamation, as an act of sinful impatience, she added, "that she would endeavour to conform herself to the

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid

will of God, and was willing to do everything her physicians required of her."<sup>1</sup> She gives the following account of her progress towards convalescence in a letter to her friend Angelique Priolo:—

"It is certain that I have suffered enough with my breast during fifteen days, but it is also true that there were fifteen in which I did not suffer more, and that for the last three or four days it appears better than it has done for some months. Nevertheless, I fear that the anguish will return after a time. It must be as God pleases. I supplicate him always, and I intreat you to do the same, that he will deign to diminish my ills or augment my patience. I intreat him with all my heart for the alleviation of your sufferings, but above all, for the sanctification of your soul; for I regard that of the first importance, as I know you do that of mine.

"The king, my son, has continued well since my sickness; God never sends all my crosses at the same time. I hope that God of his grace will give me strength to go to Chaillot about the 11th or 12th of next month. My journey to Fontainebleau is not yet certain, nor can it be for the present. My daughter trembles with fear lest I should not go. I went the other day to Marli; the coach did not increase my indisposition, God be thanked."<sup>2</sup>

Unfit as poor Mary Beatrice was for the excitement and fatigue of business at that period, she was compelled to rouse herself from the languid repose in which her bodily sufferings had compelled her to indulge, in order to decide on a question of painful import to her. Simon Fraser, generally styled lord Lovat,<sup>3</sup> had immediately on the death of king William proclaimed the exiled representative of the house of Stuart king of Scotland, in his own county of Inverness; and soon after, presented himself at the court of St. Germain, for the purpose of persuading the queen-mother, as Mary Beatrice was there entitled, to allow the young prince to follow up this daring act in his favour, by making his appearance among his faithful friends in Scotland, engaging, at the same time, to raise an army of 12,000 men in the highlands, provided the king of France would assist them with arms and money, and land 5000 men at Dundee, and 500 at Fort William. Mary Beatrice, enfeebled by her long illness, depressed by the disappointment of the vain hope she had cherished, that her step-daughter, Anne, would not presume to ascend the throne of Great Britain, after her oft-repeated penitential professions to her unfortunate father, and in defiance of his death-bed injunctions, listened doubtfully to the project. Her two favourite ministers, Caryl and Middleton, had united in persuading her, that it was only through the medium of treaties and amicable conventions that her son could be established as the reigning sovereign of Great Britain; that his cause would be injured by the introduction of French troops; and that there was reason to believe his sister Anne cherished favourable intentions towards him, which would be inevitably destroyed by attempts to disturb her government. On the other hand, the duke of Perth, who

<sup>1</sup> Chaillot MSS. in the archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice to Angelique Priolo, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>3</sup> For the fullest particulars of this remarkable person, the reader is referred to his biography in that pleasing and valuable adjunct to the history of the royal Stuarts, "The Lives of the Jacobites," by Mrs. A. T. Thomson.



was the governor of the prince, and had been much beloved by the late king, endeavoured to stimulate the queen to a more energetic policy. He showed her a letter from the marquess of Drummond, his eldest son, assuring him that the principal lords of Scotland were ready to take up arms in favour of their hereditary sovereign, if he might only be permitted to appear among them—nay, more, that a deputation from them was ready to make a voyage to France, to tender fealty in person to the young king.<sup>1</sup>

The marquess of Drummond, sir John Murray, and sir Robert Stuart, the head of the clan of Stuart, wrote also to the queen and to the French minister, the marquis of Torcy, by lord Lovat, in whom they entirely confided, to urge the same, assuring her that Scotland was ready to throw off the yoke of the queen of England, and to assert her independence as a separate kingdom, under the sceptre of the representative of the royal house of Stuart. Ireland was eager to follow the same course; but it was necessary that he should appear among them, for it could not be expected that sacrifices should be made, and perils of life and limb incurred, for an invisible chief.<sup>2</sup> Middleton opposed their plans, and urged the doubtful integrity of Lovat, and the certain dangers to which the prince and his friends would be exposed, and that he had better await patiently, as queen Anne was childless, and, though still in the meridian of life, her extreme corpulence and general infirmity of constitution rendered it improbable that she would occupy the throne long, and, as a matter of course, the prince would, on her death, peacefully succeed to the throne. In the meantime, he was too young to exercise the functions of regality in his own person, and would be better employed in finishing his education, under the eye of his royal mother, than roaming about in a wild, unsettled country like Scotland, with rude highland chiefs, from whom he might acquire habits of intemperance and ferocity, and be exposed to the perils of battle and siege, where, as a matter of necessity, he must conduct himself with the daring gallantry that would be expected from a royal knight-errant. Above all, there was the chance of his falling into the hands of the party that had persecuted him in his cradle, and even before he saw the light. Mary Beatrice was only too ready to yield to reasoning, which was addressed to the fond weakness of maternal love and fear. The terrors of the act of attainder that hung over her boy were always present to her. She remembered the fate of another disinherited and rejected prince of Wales of disputed birth, "the gallant, springing young Plantagenet," Edward of Lancaster, stabbed by ruthless hands in the presence of the victorious sovereign, whose crown he had presumed to challenge as his right. There was also the unforgotten scaffold of the youthful Conradin of Swabia, the tearful theme of many a tale of poetry and romance in her native Italy, to appal the heart of the fond mother, and she obstinately and with impassioned emotion reiterated her refusal to allow her

<sup>1</sup> Macpherson's *Stuart Papers*. Inedited Memorial of the duke of Perth, in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid

boy to incur any personal peril during his minority, and while he remained under her guardianship.<sup>1</sup>

Severely as the conduct of Mary Beatrice at this juncture has been censured in the Perth memorials,<sup>2</sup> it must, at any rate, exonerate her from the calumnious imputation of having imposed a spurious heir on England, since, if she had been capable of the baseness imputed to her by Burnet, Fuller, Oldmixon, and their servile copyists, she would have used her political puppet in any way that appeared likely to tend to her own aggrandizement, without being deterred by inconvenient tenderness for an alien to her blood, especially as her young daughter would be the person benefited by his fall, if he became a victim. With the prospect of a crown for her daughter, and the dignity and power of a queen-regent of Great Britain for herself, would such a woman, as she has been represented by the above writers, have hesitated to place a supposititious prince in the gap for the accomplishment of her selfish object? But the all-powerful instincts of nature were obeyed by Mary Beatrice, in her anxious care for the preservation of the son of her bosom—that unerring test whereby the wisest of men was enabled to discern the true mother of the child from the impostor, who only pretended to be so. The leaven of selfish ambition had no place in the heart of the fallen queen. She was ardently desirous of seeing her son recalled to the throne, which she at any rate regarded as his rightful inheritance, and her portionless daughter recognised as princess royal of Great Britain and, after her brother, presumptive heiress of the realm—a station which the extraordinary beauty and fine qualities of the young Louisa promised to adorn. As for herself, she had felt the pains and penalties of royalty too severely to desire the responsibility of governing her former subjects in quality of queen-regent. The genuine simplicity of her character, and the warmth of her affections, are unaffectedly manifested in the following letter to her friend Angélique :

“St. Germain, this 17th of July.

“I have but one moment, my dear mother, to tell you that I am very well, and my children also. I went to Marli on Thursday and found M. de M—— (madame de Maintenon) ill enough, but, thank God, she finds herself at present much better.

“Lady Tyrconnell assures me that all the embroidery will be done for the beginning of September. I beg you not to spare my purse about it, for things of that kind should not be done at all, unless they be well done; and for this, above all, which regards the dear and holy king, I would give to my very chemise.

“I rejoice that our sick are cured, and that the ceremony of the new novice has been so well accomplished. I am hurried to the last moment. Adieu! I embrace you at the foot of the Cross.

Superscribed—“To the mother Priolo.”<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Posthumous memorial of the duke of Perth on the causes of the political errors of the court and regency of St. Germain during the minority of the son of James II. Inedited MSS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

<sup>2</sup> Portfolio of inedited State Papers in the Bibliothèque du Roi. St. Germain MSS.

<sup>3</sup> Autograph letter of the widow of king James II. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

The embroidery mentioned by Mary Beatrice in this letter, and which she exhorts the abbess not to spare expense in having well executed, was for the decoration of the tribune in the conventual church of Chaillot, where the heart of her deceased consort, king James, was enshrined, and was to be placed there at the anniversary of his death. That day was kept by Mary Beatrice as a strict fast to the end of her life, and it was commemorated by the *religieuses* of Chaillot with all the pompous solemnities of the Romish ritual. A vast number of persons, of whom the aged bishop of Autun was the foremost, asserted "that they had been cured of various maladies by touching the velvet pall that covered his coffin, and entreating the benefit of his prayers and intercessions." These superstitious notions were, doubtless, the result of highly excited imaginations, wrought upon by the enthusiastic reverence with which the memory of this unfortunate monarch was held in France. The grief of his faithful consort was beguiled by these marvellous legends, although she at first listened doubtfully, as if conscious of her own weak point, and dreading imposition; but the instances became numerous, and being attested by many ecclesiastics of her own church, she soon received them with due unction, and flattered herself that the time was not far distant when the name of the departed object of her undying love would be added to the catalogue of royal saints and confessors, in the Romish calendar.

When Mary Beatrice entered upon the second year of her widowhood, she passed several days in meditation, prayer, and absolute seclusion from the world; during that period she neither received visitors, wrote letters, nor even transacted business, farther than works of absolute necessity.<sup>1</sup> On the 2d of October, the day she came into public again, she and her son visited king James's nearest paternal relative and dearest friend, the abbess of Maubisson, the eldest daughter of the queen of Bohemia, for whom she cherished a spiritual friendship. She also held an especial conference with the celebrated father Masillon, the bishop of Autun, cardinal Noailles, and other dignitaries of the church of Rome, on matters which she appeared to consider of greater importance than affairs of state—namely, an inscription for the urn which contained the heart of her deceased lord, and the various tributes that had been paid to his memory, in funeral sermons, orations, and circular letters. She writes on these, to her, interesting topics, a long letter to the ex-abbess of Chaillot. The following passage betrays the proneness of human affections to degenerate into idolatry:—

"With regard to the epitaph on the heart of our sainted king, I am of opinion that it ought not to be made so soon, since it is not permitted to expose that dear heart to the public to be venerated as a relic, which, however, it will be one day, if it please God, and I believe that it ought to be delayed till that time. M. d'Autun appears of the same opinion, and also M. le Cardinal, who was with me yesterday two hours on my coming out of my retreat, which has decided me entirely on that point, by saying it ought not to be done at present. Meantime, they are going to make that (an epitaph) for our parish here, which I forgot to

<sup>1</sup> Letter of lady Sophia Bulkeley to the abbess of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

tell him (the cardinal) yesterday, or, rather, I should say, to remind him of it for he knows it very well."

The literary reader will perhaps be amused to find her majesty in the next place entering so far into the technicalities of publishing, as to discuss new editions, printers, and the business of the press with sister *Françoise Angelique Priolo*, who appears to have been the fair chronicler of the convent of *Chaillot*, to whose reminiscences of the royal widow her biographer is so much indebted. The well-known obituary of *James II.*, published in the circular letter of *Chaillot* seems to have emanated from the same friendly pen, for *Mary Beatrice* says—

"About the new edition of our circular letter, I pray you to tell our mother (who is willing, I believe, that this letter should serve for her as well as you) that it is true I told *M. d'Autun* that we would talk it over together at the end of the month, not thinking that you were obliged to go to press before then. *M. le Cardinal* told me yesterday, that unless I wished for the impression myself, he saw no immediate reason for the reprint; but if you are pressed for it, or if you apprehend the printer will be otherwise engaged, I have nothing to say against the first part, but you must see that they omit all that regards me—that is to say, that they content themselves with naming my name, and mentioning that I was among you for three days. As to the rest, I confess that I am not of opinion that they ought to add anything new to the letter, at least not before the abridged copies that I had printed are all gone; and *M. d'Autun* and *M. le Cardinal* are of the same mind. But really I cannot imagine that there can be any such hurry about it, as to prevent us from waiting till we shall have discussed the matter together; for I intend, if it please God, to come to *Chaillot* on the 23d till the 27th, and then, perhaps, my reasons will convert you to my opinion, or yours may make me change it, for it seems to me in general that we are much of the same mind.

"I thank our mother and all our sisters with my whole heart, and you especially, my beloved mother, for what you did at the anniversary of my sainted king. All those who were present considered that everything was admirably performed, and with much solemnity, which gave me great pleasure; for if there remain in me any sensibility for that, it is only in those things connected with the memory of the dear king. I have read with pleasure, although not without tears, his funeral oration, which I consider very fine, and I have begged the *abbé Rognette* to have it printed. I entreat our mother to send the bills of all the expenses, without forgetting the smallest, any more than the largest. I will endeavour to pay them immediately, or at least a good part of them: and after that is done, I shall still owe you much; for the heartfelt affection with which you have done all, is beyond payment, and will hold me indebted to you for the rest of my life. *Madame de Maintenon* has been very ill since she came to *Fontainebleau*. Last Thursday the fever left her, and for four days she was much better. She went out last Sunday, was at mass, and they considered her recovered, but on Monday the fever attacked her again. I await tidings of her to-day, with impatience, having sent an express yesterday to make inquiries. *M. d'Autun* was charged to request *père Masillon* from me for his sermon on *S. Francis de Sales*. I hope he will not have forgotten it.

"On reading over my letter, I find it so ill written in all respects, that I know not whether you will be able to comprehend anything. Did I not force myself to write, I believe I should forget how to do it entirely. I am ashamed; but with you, my dear mother, who know my heart, there is less need of words."

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter of the widowed queen of *James II.* in the Archives au Royaume de France. *Chaillot MSS.*

The royal widow was roused from her dreams of spiritual communion with her departed lord, by the turmoils and perplexities which awaited her in the affairs of her nominal regency. In the autumn of 1702, the subtle adventurer, Simon, lord Lovat, presented himself once more at St. Germain's, bringing with him letters from two faithful adherents of the house of Stuart, the earl of Errol and the earl mareschal of Scotland, lord Keith. Aware that he had been an object of distrust to Mary Beatrice, he sought to win her confidence and favour, by professing to have become a convert to the doctrines of the church of Rome. He had succeeded in persuading not only the duke of Perth, but the pope's nuncio, of his sincerity, and he was presented by that ecclesiastic to her majesty as a perfectly regenerate character, who was willing to atone for all past errors by his efforts for the establishment of her son as king of Scotland, as the preparatory step for placing him on the throne of Great Britain.

Simple and truthful as infancy herself, Mary Beatrice suspected not that motives of a base and treacherous nature could have led him to a change of creed so greatly opposed at that time to all worldly interests. She was willing to believe that all his professions of zeal for the church, and devotion to the cause of her son were sincere. His specious eloquence was employed to persuade her that Scotland was ready to declare her son king, and to maintain him as such against the power of his sister Anne, but they wanted money, and for the present secrecy.<sup>1</sup> The latter was a quality in which the regency court of St. Germain's was notoriously deficient, as the devoted partisans of the Stuart cause had found too often to their cost. The fact that no secret could be kept at St. Germain's, had past into a warning proverb with the great nobles of Scotland, and served to deter several of those who were desirous of the restoration of the old royal line from taking steps for compassing this object.<sup>2</sup>

Although Mary Beatrice was in the habit of disclosing her cares, whether spiritual, personal, or political, to her friends at Chaillot, she relied so implicitly on the supposed impossibility of confidence that was reposed in such a quarter ever finding its way to the rival court at St. James's, that she suffered her mind to be imbued with suspicions that the earl of Middleton was not trust-worthy. Lovat assured her that the success of the confederacy of his friends in the highlands, depended entirely on her keeping it secret from him. Thus she was cajoled into the folly of deceiving her ostensible adviser, the man who stood responsible for her political conduct, and she stripped herself of the last poor remnant of property she possessed in the world, by sending the residue of her jewels to Paris, to be sold for 20,000 crowns, the sum demanded by Lovat for the equipment of the highlanders, whom he had engaged to raise for the restoration of her son. Lovat also insinuated suspicions that the most powerful partisan of her family in Scotland, the earl of Arran, afterwards duke of Hamilton, intended to revive the ancient claims of his family to the crown of that realm, and thus probably tra-

<sup>1</sup> Macpherson's State Papers.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., from Nairne's MSS.

versed the secret overtures for a future marriage between the heir of that house and the young princess Louisa: nothing alarmed the widowed queen so much as the possibility of her daughter ever being set up by any party, whatsoever, as a rival of her son.

The ruin that might have ensued to the Jacobite nobles and gentry from the rash confidence placed by Mary Beatrice in Lovat, was averted by the sagacity of Louis XIV.'s minister, Torcy, who gave the earl of Middleton timely warning of the intrigue. Middleton, though deeply piqued at the want of confidence shown by his royal mistress, was too faithful a servant to allow her to fall into the snares of the unprincipled adventurer. He gravely discussed the matter with her, complained of being a useless tool himself, but besought her not to send Lovat to Scotland without being accompanied by some person of known and tried integrity, to keep watch on him, and report his proceedings to her and her council of regency. Torcy made the same demand in the name of the king his master. Captain John Murray, brother to sir David Murray of Stanhope, was entrusted with this office, and arrived with Lovat, in the north of England, early in the summer of 1703.<sup>1</sup>

The exiled queen, in the midst of the cares and perplexities with which she found herself beset, as the guardian of a prince so unfortunately situated as her son, was struggling with the pangs and apprehensions excited by the progress of her terrible malady. In one of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, dated St. Germain's, this 2d of September, she gives the following account of herself:

"I continued in the same languishing state in which I was at Chaillot, three or four days after I left you; and since that, on my return here, I had my breast lanced many times for several days; after this was over, the pain ceased, as well as the languor, and I am much better. I took, the day before yesterday, a little bath, which I shall repeat more or less, for I have already bathed fifteen times.

"Beaulieu will see you to-morrow or Tuesday, and he will give you an account of what Mareschal said after he had seen me. He goes to Paris to see that woman of whom you know, and those who are in her hands, who are better. They will bring her others on whom to try this remedy. Mareschal has assured me that there are not any of them whose case is near so bad as mine. In the meantime, I avow to you that I am not without apprehension, and that I have great need of prayer; for we must begin and finish with that. I request of our dear mother and sisters to unite with me in this, having no necessity to explain to them my wants, which they know of old. I must ask you to send the money to the Benedictine fathers for the masses, in order that they may not know that it is for me."

Mary Beatrice goes on to explain the object which she hoped to obtain by means far less likely to be pleasing to the Almighty, than the holy and humble spirit of pious resignation which she expresses.

Her "sainted king," as she fondly calls her departed lord, "is to be invoked to the end," continues she, "that he may entreat for me, of God, an entire resignation to his holy will, like what he had himself when on earth, and that I may feel a holy indifference as to the cure or augmentation of my malady, and that the Lord would inspire the physicians and surgeons, in their treatment of me, to do whatever may con-

<sup>1</sup> Stuart Papers. Macpherson's History of England. Life of Lord Lovat.

duce most to his glory, and the good of my soul, in healing me, if by that means, I am still able to serve him better, and to be useful to my children, or else to give me the patience and fortitude necessary to suffer the greatest orments, if it should be more agreeable to him."<sup>1</sup>

"It is two years to-day," continues the royal widow, and this remark proves that her letter was written in the year 1703, "since the king (James) fell ill on the day of St. Stephen, king of Hungary." After a few more explanations about the course of religious exercises she wished 'o have performed in her behalf, she sends her kind messages to several of the ladies of Chaillot, and especially to sister M. Gabrielle, "in whose grief," she says, "I sympathize with all my heart, for I know what it is to have lost a good mother, but her virtue will sustain her under it, and God will be to her in the place of all she has lost. It is that consolation I desire for her."

Notwithstanding the earnest wish of Mary Beatrice to submit herself to the will of her Heavenly Father, feeble nature could not contemplate the dreadful nature of the death that awaited her without shrinking; the regular medical practitioners could only palliate the anguish of the burning pangs which tormented her. The nuns of Chaillot, though to this day the remnant of that community profess to be possessed of a specific for cancers, had failed to arrest the progress of the disease in its earlier stages, and now she was tempted to put herself under the care of a female who boasted of having performed great cures in cases of the kind. Madame de Maintenon, knowing how desperate were the remedies often employed by empirics, was alarmed lest the sufferings of her unfortunate friend should be aggravated, and her death hastened, by allowing any unqualified person to tamper with her disease. This lady appears to have behaved in a tenderly, sympathizing manner to the royal sufferer, whose account of the interview must be given in her own words.

"We wept much together at St. Cyr, at the sad state in which I found myself. She does not much advise me to put myself into the hands of this woman. She said that if I began to give ear to those sort of people, I should have *charlatans* besetting me every day with offers of remedies, which would keep me in a perpetual state of uncertainty and embarrassment. However, she agreed that they ought to give a fair trial of her (the doctress's) remedy. This we will do; and, in the meantime, I will try to tranquillize my mind, and resign myself entirely into the hands of God, and I can do no more."<sup>2</sup>

The progress of her direful malady appears to have been arrested for a time by the operations to which she had submitted; she describes herself, in her next letter, as better, though very weak. She says "she hopes to have the pleasure of coming to spend a week at Chaillot, if her health continues to improve, and to go one day to Paris while there, if strong enough; but if not," continues she, "I shall repose myself with my dear good mother, I shall hope to find myself in excellent

<sup>1</sup> Autograph Letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot Collection, Hotel de Soubise

<sup>2</sup> Autograph letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

health after your broth.”<sup>1</sup> Her majesty appears to have derived benefit both in health and spirits from this little journey.

Mademoiselle de la Motte, a lady of noble family, who boarded in the convent, was suffering from the same complaint as the poor queen, and was disposed to try the cancer doctress at Paris. The queen's French surgeon, Beaulieu, had placed a poor woman who was thus afflicted under the care of the doctress, in order to give her remedies a fair trial, and he was disposed to think favourably of the result.<sup>2</sup> After her return to St. Germain's, the queen writes the following letter to calm the apprehensions of her friend Angelique Priolo, who had heard that she was alarmingly ill :

“ St. Germain's, 9th November.

“ In the name of Heaven, my dear mother, be at rest with regard to me. I can assure you with truth that my health is good, my strength entirely renewed. I eat well. I sleep, not always well, but never very ill. As for my breast, if there be any change since I quitted you, it is for the better. I think so myself, and I am not accustomed to flatter myself.

“ Beaulieu went yesterday to Paris, and assures me that he found the sick woman considerably better since the fortnight that he has placed her in the house of the woman, where she has been well looked to and attended, and eaten nothing injurious. I know not if mademoiselle de la Motte has done what we resolved on, but there is yet time, for I believe it is nothing so much advanced as my malady. I have had no pain myself for some days, and I find myself at present sufficiently at rest. Be so yourself, my dear and too good mother, and begin your retreat without disquiet. I suppose you will enter upon it to-morrow, for it will not be more than ten days before we shall see each other. Send me, this evening, tidings of your health, and take care of it for the love of me, who have such need of your care and of your advice. Adieu, my dear mother. Let us come to God; let us live but for him, and let us love only him.

“ Since writing my letter, they have resolved to give the holy viaticum to lady Almond.

“ I send to you six books to distribute thus — to our mother, yourself, mademoiselle de la Motte, M. d'Autun, M. de Brienne, l'abbé de Roguette, but do not send this till the last, as I have not yet given to M. le cardinal de Noailles, or to M. le Nuncio; which I shall do in two or three days, after having sent to the princes of the blood, having, as yet, given but to the king and to madame de Maintenon.”<sup>3</sup>

The books mentioned by Mary Beatrice, were copies of a brief memoir of James II., which had been prepared and printed at her expense. It is written in French, in a feeble inflated style, having many words and few facts, and those by no means interesting to historians, being chiefly descriptive of his devotional exercises. The royal widow, however, frequently alludes to this work in the course of her correspondence with the holy ladies of Chaillot, who were of course highly edified with it. In a subsequent letter to the abbess of that house, she says, “ I send you this letter by father Bouchet, and a book of the life of the king for him to give you, to replace that which you have given to him

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France



"We are all very well," continues her majesty, "and my son does not mount his horse with such impetuosity as to incur any danger."<sup>1</sup>

Other letters of the widowed queen, at this period, are of a less cheerful character; sickness was in her household and her family. Her son was dangerously ill, and the friend of her childhood, the countess of Almond, struggling with a mortal malady. Death had already entered her palace, and begun to desolate her little world, by thinning the train of faithful servants who had followed her and her deceased consort into exile. On the 6th of December, 1703, she writes to her friend Angelique Priolo:—

"We have lost, this morning, a good old man, named Dupuy; he had been with our sainted king more than forty years, and was himself turned of eighty. He was a very good man, and I doubt not that God has taken him to his mercy.<sup>2</sup> Our poor lady Almond has begun to amend a little since yesterday. I hope that we shall accomplish her business, if it pleases God. I thank our mother and sisters for the prayers they have made for her, and request their continuation, for she is a person very dear to me, and has been useful to me for nearly forty years. But we have another want for your prayers, for the king, my son, was attacked with fever yesterday afternoon. I hope, however, nothing will come of it, for he is not worse this morning. The shivering began at seven o'clock. He did not go to bed till near nine, and the perspiration lasted till near five. They have given him a remedy this morning, which has greatly relieved him, and I hope the worst is over. We cannot, however, be sure till to-morrow is past; so, if you have no tidings from me after to-morrow, you are to conclude that he is better. My own health appears to me better than it has ever been. God grant that I may serve him the better for it."

The countess of Almond, for whom Mary Beatrice expresses so much solicitude in the above letter, was the Anna Vittoria Montecuculi of the early pages of her biography, the same who accompanied her to England when she left her own country as the virgin bride of the duke of York. Lady Almond was, with the exception of Madame Molza, the last surviving of the companions of her childhood by whom Mary Beatrice was attended on that occasion. One of the few who could sympathize with her feelings towards the land of her birth, or enter into her reminiscences of the old familiar palace where they were both brought up. Her majesty mentions her again with tender concern, in the following letter to Angelique Priolo:—

"St. Germaine, 26th of March.

"The abbé de Roguette will charge himself with this letter, and save me from sending my courier to-day, as I had intended. The letter of milady Strickland was already written. You will see that I greatly approve of your thought of putting mademoiselle de Dempsey at Amiens. I wish they would take her for three months, and I would pay her pension. She will give you an account also

<sup>1</sup> Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Monsieur Dupuy was one of those who were present when Anne Hyde, duchess of York, the first wife of James II., received the last sacraments of the church of Rome. Mrs. Dupuy, the accomplished author of that very elegant work, "*Illustrations of British Costume*," is possessed of several interesting family heir-looms, gifts of the royal Stuarts, traditionally derived from the old and faithful servant of James II., whose loss Mary Beatrice laments in this letter.

of lady Almond, who has had a bad night. However, I don't think she is so near death as I believed, the other day. They decide absolutely that she goes to Forge; I greatly fear she will never return, but they must do all they can, then leave the event to God. Milady Strickland gives you the account of my health, which is good—better, indeed, than usual. I hope that nothing will prevent me from embracing you, my dear mother, on Monday next, before Complin. It must not, however, wait for me, for I am not very sure of my time. I believe that I shall go to Marli one day this week."

On the 19th of April, her majesty thanks Angelique Priolo for the sympathy she had expressed for the great loss, "Which," says she,—

"I have had of our dear lady Almond.<sup>1</sup> You know better than any other the cause I have to regret her; and you give so true a description of my feelings, that I have nothing to add to it. Yet I must own to you that my heart is so full of grief in its desolation since my great loss, that all others appear of less account to me than they would have done before that time." \* \* \*

"I have been so often interrupted, since I have been writing to you, that I know not what I have said, and I am too much pressed for time to write to our mother. \* \* \* The king, Louis XIV., came to-day; madame de Maintenon may, perhaps, to-morrow. Lady Bulkeley gives you an account of the sickness of the king, my son. It will be of no consequence, please God, but I was alarmed the day before yesterday, in the evening.

"I am grieved for the indisposition of mademoiselle de la Motte. Assure her of my regard, and the beloved *économ*. I see well how much the good heart of the dear portress has felt the death of lady Almond. I thank you and our mother for all the prayers you make and have made for that dear departed one. They cannot doubt of her happiness from the history of her life, and of her death, which had all the marks of a death precious in the sight of God. Alas, I did not believe it had been so near! It is impossible to tell you more, for I have not a moment of time."<sup>2</sup>

The occupations of Mary Beatrice were anything but agreeable at this period, when the treachery of a plausible villain made the loss of the tried friends of early life appear irreparable calamities. Lord Lovat had returned to St. Germain, in the preceding January, 1704, and delivered a false account of the proceedings in Scotland and the north of England. "At Durham," he said, "in particular, the catholics received him with open arms, and when he showed them the picture of the young king, knelt down and kissed it, and prayed for him; that there was a general meeting of all the gentlemen of that persuasion soon after, and that they sent four of their number to entreat him to inform the queen, that all the catholics in the north of England were ready to venture their lives and fortunes for the king, whenever his banner should be displayed in that country; also, that an Irish nobleman declared, that if the king of France would send them arms, he would engage 5000 men to rise in Ireland. That the earl of Leven, on his representations, begged him to make his peace with the young king, and even the earl of Argyll had said, that rather than the duke of Hamilton should get the crown, he and his kindred and clan would be the first to draw his

<sup>1</sup>Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid.

sword for that prince.”<sup>1</sup> Mary Beatrice listened at first with eager credulity, to tales so flattering to her maternal hopes, and returned a gracious answer, without consulting lord Middleton. She had not seen, though her biographer has the irrefragable evidences of Lovat’s treachery in the letters addressed by him to the earl of Nottingham,<sup>2</sup> commencing with the date of his first appearance at St. Germain in 1699, proving that he came there as the accredited spy of king William’s cabinet, to earn, not only pardon for his past offences, but rewards for betraying the secrets of the exiled court. Mary Beatrice had misdoubted him then, and regarding his private character with disgust, induced her royal husband to forbid him their presence; but his pretended conversion and zeal for the church of Rome, made her fancy that he was a regenerate person. Her cooler minister, lord Middleton, detected at a glance discrepancies in Lovat’s statements; he waited on the queen and showed her a duplicate memorial which Lovat had sent to him. Her majesty replied, “that she had received one of the same date, and to the same purpose, to which she had given her answer already.” Middleton, surprised and mortified, replied, drily, “that was enough,” and withdrew, observing in the bitterness of his heart, that “he was but an useless tool.” He determined, however, not to indulge his resentful feelings so far as to leave the game in the hands of Lovat, by resigning his post, after the diplomatic affront he had received from her majesty. He laid the matter dispassionately before the French minister, de Torcy and the nuncio, and got the latter to disabuse the queen. He also induced him to propound a list of questions to Lovat, in the name of her majesty; especially demanding who the Irish nobleman, and the gentlemen in the north were, who had, as he pretended, made such large promises of assistance to the cause. Lovat declared, “that one and all had engaged him to promise not to tell their names to any one but the queen, to whom,” he said, “he was ready to declare them in private audience; and then only on her majesty giving her royal word not to reveal them to the members of her council, because they had experienced how little they regarded secrecy.”<sup>3</sup> When captain John Murray, the companion of Lovat’s journey, whom he had contrived to leave in the lurch, arrived at St. Germain, he produced many proofs that the latter was the bribed instrument of queen Anne’s cabinet. Lovat took up the tone of an injured person, and wrote to the earl of Middleton:

“I am daily informed that the queen has but a scurvy opinion of me, and that I rather did her majesty bad than good service by my journey. My lord, I find by that that my enemies have greater power with the queen than I have; and to please them and ease her majesty, I am resolved to have no more to do with them till the king is of age.”

In conclusion, he tells Middleton, “that he relies on the promises the lady,” meaning Mary Beatrice, “had made in his behalf.”<sup>4</sup>

A letter from the earl of Aylesbury to the young prince’s almoner

<sup>1</sup> Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

<sup>2</sup> Inéditè MSS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

<sup>3</sup> Stuart Papers. Macpherson.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

Saunders, soon after arrived, stating that the expenses of Lovat's journey to St. Germain's, had been defrayed by the cabinet of St. James's.

The duke of Berwick wrote also to Mary Beatrice, warning her against Lovat, and enclosed a letter from an Irish priest, called father Farrell, exposing the base treachery he had practised against a faithful adherent of her son's cause in London :

"Your majesty," says Berwick, "will see here a new confirmation of Lovat's knavery; and I believe it is absolutely necessary that your majesty send a French translation of this paper to the marquis de Torcy. The affair is of great consequence, and your majesty may depend that the king's affairs are ruined unless lord Lovat is apprehended."<sup>1</sup>

In consequence of Berwick's advice, Lovat was arrested by the French government, and sent to the castle of Angoulême: abundant reason appeared for detaining him a close prisoner for several years. One of his objects in cajoling the widowed queen of James II., was to obtain credentials to the adherents of the Jacobite cause. Mary Beatrice had entrusted him with a letter to the duke of Gordon; this he used as a weapon in a quarrel of his own, by transferring it to an envelope addressed to his great enemy, the duke of Athol, and then placing it in the hands of Queensberry, as an evidence that Athol was in correspondence with the mother of the disinherited representative of the house of Stuart. There can be no doubt but the employment of so unprincipled a person as Lovat did an infinity of mischief to the Jacobite cause in Scotland, especially as the cabinet of queen Anne made use of his information as a pretence for pursuing arbitrary measures to overawe the opposers of the union. The intrigues and counter intrigues, the double treasons, the bribery and corruption, the agitation and the follies, that were perpetrated at that momentous crisis, belong to general history, and can only be occasionally alluded to in these pages, in illustration of the letters and personal conduct of the unfortunate widow of the last of our Stuart kings, in fulfilment of the duties which her titular office of regent, or guardian to the young prince, their son, imposed on her. Alas, for any woman who is placed in circumstances like those, with which Mary Beatrice had to struggle, while carrying the fire in her bosom, that was slowly consuming her living frame, denied the repose for which her suffering body and weary spirit sighed, conscious of her own helplessness, and tossed like a feather on a strong stream, by the adverse currents of warring parties.

The duke of Marlborough, in his secret correspondence with the court of St. Germain's, lamented that his nephew, the duke of Berwick, should have been removed to Spain, instead of remaining on the spot, to be in readiness for action. He was, in fact, the proper person to have acted for the young prince, his half-brother, being the only man of talent and decision, at the exiled court. He enjoyed, moreover, the entire confidence of his royal father's widow, who entertained almost a maternal affection for him, and he always treated her with profound respect, and bears the highest testimony to her moral worth, in his me-

<sup>1</sup> Stuart Papers. Macpherson.

moirs, where he speaks of her testimony, in a disputed matter, as decisive. "The queen told me so," says he, emphatically, "and she was a princess of great veracity." Berwick had good reason to think well of Mary Beatrice. She had stood his friend with his royal father twice, when he had displeased him by contracting love marriages; Berwick having, after the death of his first duchess, wedded one of her majesty's maids of honour, the daughter of colonel and lady Sophia Bulkeley, Mary Beatrice kindly appointed the young duchess of Berwick as lady of the bed-chamber, and treated her almost as if she had been a daughter of her own, retaining her about her person during the duke's absence in his campaigns.<sup>1</sup> After the death of king James, Berwick wishing to be naturalized as a subject of France, her majesty exerted her utmost influence with Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon, to promote his interests. She also wrote in his behalf so warmly to the princess des Ursins, whom she had formerly known in her early youth, and, indeed, claimed kindred with, through her mother, the late duchess of Modena, that she succeeded in obtaining for him the post of generalissimo of the French armies sent by Louis to support his grandson's pretensions to the crown of Spain, against the archduke Charles, queen Anne's protégé.<sup>2</sup> The brilliant exploits of the son of James II. in that campaign were certainly such as to do honour to the earnest recommendation of his royal step-mother, if that title may be bestowed on Mary Beatrice.

Those who are familiar with Marlborough's secret transactions, under the feigned name of Armsworth, with the court of St. Germain, and its agents in England and Holland, and, at the same time, trace the rise and progress of the deadly hatred between his imperious helpmate and queen Anne, will be at no loss to divine the nature of the project that was inadvertently traversed by the successful efforts of Mary Beatrice, for the employment of the brilliant talents of one so near and dear to her departed lord, in a more important sphere than her impoverished shadow of a court could offer. If she had possessed the selfish talents meet for the position she occupied, she would have prevented Berwick from divorcing his fortunes from those of her son, in order to secure those services in his cause, which were eventually the means of establishing the intrusive Bourbon dynasty on the throne of Spain. Berwick was, perhaps, the only man attached to the cause of her son, whom the cautious favourite of fortune, Marlborough, could rely on; and when he was removed from the scene, the game might be considered a losing one.

In August, 1704, Louis XIV. gave a grand fête and illuminations at Marli, to celebrate the birth of a great-grandson of France, the infant duke of Bretagne, the first-born of the duke and duchess of Burgundy. Mary Beatrice, with her son and daughter, were among the guests: out of compliment to the titular rank they held in that court, they were given the place of honour, taking precedence of every person but the king of France, who, according to his invariable custom, gave the hand

<sup>1</sup> St. Simon.

<sup>2</sup> Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

to the widowed queen.<sup>1</sup> Her feelings were little in unison with the pomp and pageantry of royalty, if we may judge from the strain in which she writes the next day to her friend at Chaillot, her faithful heart occupying itself neither on the splendid festivities of which she had been a joyless spectator at Marli, nor the anticipation of those in which she was about to join during her approaching visit to Fontainebleau, but in making arrangements to assist in the services of her church for the mournful anniversary of her beloved consort's death:—

“St. Germain, this Wednesday.

“These three days have I sought for a moment to write to you, my dear mother, to let you know that I shall be, please God, at Chaillot, on Monday next, 15th, at five o'clock. I hope you will defer the vespers of the dead till that hour. I cannot come till the day when I am returning here from Fontainebleau, where I shall go on Monday: it will be two days' journey by land, not by water, as M. Fagon does not approve of the latter.

“I went yesterday to Marli, and my daughter also, for the first time. We supped there. I found Madame de Maintenon not half-well. All have their afflictions. I had not seen her since your misfortune. I can feel with all my heart for desolate wives and mothers. The *religieuses* are happier, for they have nothing nearer than nephews to lose. I am, however, very sorry for that of my dear portress: for the love of her, I have sent to M. de Montespan and M. de Valmy to make my condolences to her sister-in-law, and to say that it was you who informed me of the death of her only son.”<sup>2</sup>

The rest of this letter consists of messages of congratulation or sympathy to various members of the sisterhood of Chaillot, and the royal writer adds, with some naïveté:—

“Accommodate all these compliments, for good or ill, properly, my dear mother, for I am so pressed for time that I know not what I say.”

The health of her beloved son, that “child of vows and prayers,” as his fond father had, with his last breath, called him, was very delicate; indeed, he appeared to hold his life on a tenure so precarious as to be an object of perpetual anxiety to his widowed mother. On the 15th of December, 1704, she writes to the abbess of Chaillot:—

“I thank you for your prayers for the king, my son, and I entreat you to continue them, for certainly he is not better; he had the fever again on Saturday and Sunday. They bled him yesterday morning, and I did not find that his cold was at all relieved by it, but he has no fever to-day. God is the master, and he must do for him and me whatever it shall please him. My daughter is very well, and I am better than usual; but, my dear mother, it will be impossible to be at Chaillot till the Sunday after Christmas. I had reckoned that my sister Le Vayer would take the habit on the Friday, and I should return on the Saturday morning, but in the state in which I see my son, I cannot quit him for some days, and unless he should be better than he is now, I cannot hope to pass Christmas with you.”<sup>3</sup>

In the early part of the year 1705, all other cares and anxieties that oppressed Mary Beatrice appear to have been forgotten in her trembling solicitude for the health of her boy. On the 14th of February, she in-

<sup>1</sup> Memoirs of the duke de St. Simon.

<sup>2</sup> Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume.

<sup>3</sup> Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume de France.

forms her friends at Chaillot, that he continues in a languishing condition, and recommends him to their prayers. Six days later, he was so seriously ill, that the fond mother, in the anguish of her heart, despairing of the power of medical skill to save him, wrote an agitated letter to the abbess of Chaillot, imploring the intercession of that friendly community with Heaven in his behalf; and also that they would endeavour, by earnest prayers, to obtain that of the deceased king, her husband, in whose canonization she was a devout believer, for the recovery of her son.<sup>1</sup>

Her letter contains evidences of fervent but misdirected faith, a fond reliance on the prayers of others for that which should have been sought of God, through the intercession of a divine Mediator, alone. Due allowance ought, however, to be made for the effects of a conventual education on an ardent daughter of the South, and, above all, for the agony of maternal apprehension for the life of her only son, under which she wrote.

No one, but the most tenderly devoted of mothers, could have desired the life of a male claimant of the crown of England to be prolonged, whose existence, alone, prevented the amicable arrangement of all disputes and difficulties, by the recognition of her daughter, the princess Louisa, as the successor of queen Anne. No jealousies could have been entertained by that sovereign of rivalry from a younger sister, and all national fears for the interests of the church of England might have been obviated by a marriage with the hereditary prince of Hanover—a measure that could not even be proposed during the life of her brother. As regarded the succession to the throne of England, the princess Louisa lay under no disabilities; neither acts of attainder nor oaths of abjuration had passed against her; and if the personal existence of this youngest and most promising scion of the Stuart line had never been publicly noticed by contending parties, it was, perhaps, because her political importance was secretly felt by the subtle calculators, who were aware of the delicacy of her brother's constitution, and the yearning of the childless Anne towards a successor of her own name and blood. The death of the unfortunate son of James II., at that epoch, would have excited a general feeling of sympathy for his mother and sister; the stumbling-stone of offence would have been removed, and all fears of civil wars averted, by restoring the regal succession to the regular order. In that case, Mary Beatrice would, as a matter of course, have been recalled to England with her daughter. She would have been relieved from all her debts and pecuniary difficulties by the payment of her jointure and its arrears. She would have had one or more of her former royal abodes assigned for her residence, with a suitable establishment for the youthful heiress-presumptive of the realm, and the prospect of increased power and importance in the event of the princess succeeding to the crown during her minority.

The unexpected recovery of the prince, prevented the realization of this flattering perspective. He completed his seventeenth year, and his sister her thirteenth, in the following June. The princess Louisa, who

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume de France.

nad inherited all her mother's beauty, was now regularly introduced at the French court, where, as the daughter of a king and queen of England, and sister to a prince whose title to the crown of that realm was supported by France, she was given precedence over every lady there, except her own mother, who always had the place of honour allowed her by Louis XIV. The following particulars of a grand ball at Marli, in July, 1705, at which the royal exiles of St. Germain's were present, will show the respectful consideration with which they were treated. At the upper end of the long spacious saloon in which the ball took place, three fauteuils were placed for the king of France, the widowed queen of England, and her son. Mary Beatrice, as in the life-time of her royal consort, occupied the middle seat. Opposite to them were benches for the dancers; the other members of the royal family occupied piliers. Behind the royal dais were the refreshments. The titular king of England opened the ball with his sister, and the king of France stood all the time they were dancing. This he always would have done every time this young royal pair danced together, if Mary Beatrice had not entreated him to be seated; but it was not till he had paid them this mark of respect twice or thrice, that he would consent to sit down.<sup>1</sup> Mary Beatrice always sat between Louis and her son at supper, with her daughter and the immediate members of the royal family of France. There was a separate table for the officers of her household on these occasions, at which the duke of Perth presided. The attention which had been paid to herself and her children, must have been cheering to the royal widow, for she writes in better spirits than usual to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, immediately after.

St. Germain's, 27th July, 1705.

"I believe, my dear mother, that you are almost ready to be in a pet with lady Bulkely and me, because we have been so long without sending you any news. It is true that we are to blame, but you would be much more so if you could think that it was from forgetfulness; for I should as soon forget my children and myself as forget Chaillot and my dear and good mother, Priolo. But since Thursday we have had journeys and fêtes, besides which, my little malady often prevents me from writing, and lady Bulkely likes better to wait till she can send you one of my letters, believing that it will give you more pleasure."

\* \* \* \* \*

"We are all well here, thank God, and my son much better than usual, and more lively. The last news from Flanders is not good, but he must not be discouraged, nor cease to pray."<sup>2</sup>

From the same letter we learn that Mary Beatrice had spent some days at Chaillot in the beginning of that month, and that she purposed paying another visit to the community there, in the course of a fortnight. She was, however, attacked with a severe relapse of her alarming malady, and she announces her disappointment to the abbess and La Déposée in these words:—

"At St. Germain's, this 12th August, 1705.

"After all, my dear mother, there is no more hope of your seeing me for this next holy festival. God wills it not, since he permits my illness to continue.

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs de St. Simon*, vol. iv., pp. 395-6.

<sup>2</sup> Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in *Archives au Royaume de France*.



and it is for us to take patience, and submit ourselves to His holy will. I entreat you and my dear mother Priolo, for this letter is written for you both, not to be disquieted on my account, but to recommend me fervently to God, and leaving me in the arms of His providence, be yourselves at rest, for although it is fifteen days that I have suffered from pangs in my bosom almost perpetually, and I have few good nights, yet the pains are not violent, but I cannot bear the motion of a coach. I will send Beaulieu in two or three days, who will render you an exact account of my state, and in the meantime I am very sure that my dear mothers and all our sisters will pray for me to the end that God will grant me either a diminution of my malady, or an augmentation of my patience, for I confess to you that it fails me sometimes.

“I fear that my dear mother, Priolo, and my poor little portress will make themselves ill again by afflicting themselves too much about my malady. Try to console them my dear mother, and they will console you with God, who does all for our good.

“There is no opening in my breast, neither does it appear worse than when the mother Priolo saw it the last time.

“I have the three thousand francs already, but I counted on bringing them to you to-morrow. You see what I would have done, and if you can wait till my other journey, which I hope God will not prevent me from making in September, I will bring them then.”

“M. R.”

Endorsed, “For our mother.”<sup>1</sup>

The poor queen continued under surgical treatment for several weeks. In a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, dated September 14th, expressive of her disappointment at being unable to attend the commemorative service at the conventual church, for the anniversary of king James's death, as the physicians had ordered her to keep her chamber, after making some touching allusions to her sufferings, she says,—“But God is the master, and it is for me to obey and to submit myself with patience, when I cannot with joy, to that which he is pleased to ordain for me, and he has renewed the anguish in my breast for the last four days. \* \* If after four days,” continues her majesty, “I return to my usual state, I think of endeavouring to go to Fontainebleau by water; nothing would draw me there but the love of my daughter, and it will be for the last time in my life, even if that life should be prolonged.”<sup>2</sup> Mary Beatrice did not adhere to this resolution, made in the sadness of her heart, at a time when, she declares, that the motion of a coach was insupportable to her, and all the pageantry of a court, full of fatiguing ceremonies and frivolous etiquettes, appeared in the light of vanity and vexation of spirit to her overburdened mind and suffering frame.

In another of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, evidently written at this period, she says—

“I sent my daughter to you, the other day, my dear mother, and with her my heart and soul, not having power at that time to drag my body thither, but now I hope to have the pleasure of embracing you myself next Thursday. I have been dying to go to Chaillot for the last three months, and at last I cherish the hope that God will permit me that pleasure in three days.”<sup>3</sup>

The fallen queen adds, with impressive earnestness—

<sup>1</sup> Autograph Letters of Mary Beatrice: Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Inedited Chaillot Correspondence preserved in the Hotel de Soubise.

"But we must strive, above all, to profit our souls by it, and for this purpose we must excite and encourage each other reciprocally to adore and to love the very holy decrees of God in everything that he is pleased to do with us, that we may submit to it with meekness and patience, if we cannot with joy, to which I confess I have not yet attained; but God will assist us in his mercy, and will give us strength proportioned to our difficulties.

"I supplicate this of him with all my heart, and am in Him my dear mother entirely yours,  
"M. R."

Endorsed, "For my dear mother Priolo."<sup>1</sup>

It is certain that the queen's surgeon, Beaulieu, must have possessed great skill in the treatment of cancer, for the fatal progress of this dreadful malady was once more arrested, and the royal patient, to her own surprise, and that of all the world, became convalescent.

A cheering account of the improved health of both mother and son, in the autumn of the same year, appears in the private correspondence of the prince's confessor, father Saunders,<sup>2</sup> dated November 28th, 1705. "The king is very well, and grows tall and strong. The queen, also, is much better than she was, and it is hoped that the lump in her breast is not so dangerous as was once thought. The princess is one of the most complete young ladies of her age, very witty and handsome, and of a most excellent good humour, which gains the hearts of all who know her."

The secret correspondence of the court of St. Germain with the Jacobite agents in England and Scotland, meanwhile, is rather curious than important. Marlborough under the *nom de guerre* of Armsworth, and Godolphin, under the name of Gilburn, or Goulston, are frequently mentioned in Caryl and Middleton's letters as making professions to the exiled family. The following observation is in one of Caryl's, dated June 30th, 1705:—

"I must also own the receipt of yours of the 3d of May, wherein you relate what passed between you and Mr. Goulston, which merchant is not so prodigal of his words as his partner Armsworth, and therefore they are somewhat more to be relied on, and unless they both join to deceive, much may be hoped from their agreeing in the same story."<sup>3</sup>

Those double-minded statesmen had assured the widow of James II., that the bill for the protestant succession should be rejected in the Scottish parliament, and that everything that honour and justice could require should be done for "the prince of Wales," as they still termed the son of their late master.<sup>4</sup> Mary Beatrice was only too willing to be deceived; and when the bill for extinguishing the hopes of her son was actually thrown out by that senate, she was persuaded by her cabinet to impute it rather to the friendly policy of lord Godolphin, in refraining from attempting to carry the measure by bribery, than to the unalienable attachment of the northern aristocracy to the representative

<sup>1</sup> Inedited Chaillot Correspondence preserved in the Hotel de Soubise.

<sup>2</sup> Letters of F. Saunders to Meredith, a priest at the English seminary at Rome. Rawlinson's Miscellaneous MSS., No. 21. Bodleian Library, Oxford. Communicated by Mrs. Green.

<sup>3</sup> Stuart Papers in Macpherson, from Nairne.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

of their ancient monarchs. Godolphin's lingering regard for the exiled queen rendered him really desirous of arranging matters with queen Anne and her cabinet, for the payment of her dowry and its arrears; and if he had possessed the moral courage to come forward openly in parliament, with a manly appeal to the compassion and justice of a generous and chivalric nation, in behalf of the royal widow, (whose destitution was a reproach to those who had been proud to bend the knee before her in the short-lived days of her greatness,) there can be little doubt but her claims would have been allowed. She had an act of parliament in her favour, which even those who had disgraced the name of English peers, by their unconstitutional attempt to attain her, had not so much as endeavoured to get repealed, because the sense of the house of commons had been clearly shown; by furnishing king William with supplies for the express purpose of fulfilling that obligation, though he had, as before explained, applied it to his own use. Godolphin was aware of all this, but his own crooked paths rendered him timid and irresolute. His correspondence with the exiled queen and her agents was more than suspected by the whigs. Lord Wharton boldly declared in the upper house, "that he had my lord treasurer's head in a bag." This menace paralyzed the vacillating minister; he crouched like a beaten hound, and submitted to do all and everything that was demanded by his political antagonists, even to the outlay of an enormous sum, in purchasing a majority in the Scotch parliament, to carry measures perfectly opposed to his own inclinations; and it was supposed no less so to the secret feelings of his sovereign lady, queen Anne.<sup>1</sup>

It was in vain that the Scotch Jacobites urged Mary Beatrice and her minister for money and arms, or that they represented to the arbiter of her son's destiny, Louis XIV., how serviceable even the small sum of thirty thousand livres would be, to enable their friends to put arms in the hands of those who burned to decide the question of the union, not in the senate, but in the field. Louis had already paid too dearly for yielding to the dictates of his lively sympathy for the widow and orphans of his unfortunate cousin James, to venture to act independently of his cabinet at this crisis. The expensive wars in which that political blunder had involved France, had crippled his resources. The victories of Marlborough taught him that he had work to do to guard his own frontier; and although he might perhaps have made the best diversion in his own favour, by sending troops and arms to assist in raising an insurrection against queen Anne's government in Scotland, his ministers could not be induced to hazard the experiment.

On the 20th of March, 1706, Saunders again notices the improved health of the queen, and that the painful tumour in her bosom was decreasing. He adds the following particulars of her son and daughter:—"The king is very well, and grows strong and tall. He has begun to ride the great horse, and does it very gracefully, and all say he will make a very good horseman. He has a great desire to make a campaign, and the queen has asked it of the king of France, who has not as yet consented

<sup>1</sup> Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

to it. In all appearance it would do our king a great deal of good, and be much to his honour and reputation, but the king of France will be loth to let him go till he can send him like a king. The princess is very tall of her age, and by her wit and gracious behaviour charms all that come near her."<sup>1</sup>

The son of Mary Beatrice and James II. obtained his political majority on the 10th of June, 1706, when he completed his 18th year. The regency of the queen-mother was then supposed to terminate, but she continued virtually the leading power at St. Germain's as long as she lived, though her son was treated by herself, and every one in the exiled court, as their sovereign and master. He began now to take some share in affairs of state. Lord Middleton commends the industry and application of this prince to business, and extols his abilities;<sup>2</sup> but these were only shown in the easy, pleasant style of his epistolary correspondence, whether diplomatic or personal, in which he excelled most of his contemporaries. The following affectionate congratulation to his friend the marquis of Drummond, on the approaching marriage of that nobleman, is one of the earliest specimens of his familiar letters, and is, through the courteous indulgence of the baroness Willoughby de Eresby, presented for the first time to the public, being an inedited document from the family archives of that noble lady :

"St. Germain's, June 29, 1706.

"Having found a safe opportunity of writing into Scotland, I take that occasion of writing this note to you. I will say nothing to you of my own affairs, referring to what I write to you, and my other friends, which will be communicated to you by the countess of Errol, your aunt, and so will only add here, how pleased I was to hear that your marriage with the duke of Gordon's daughter is like to be soon concluded. The kindness I have for you and your father, makes anything agreeable to me that I think so much for your interest, as I think this is. I am very sensible of your own and family's services, as I hope one day to be in a condition of showing you, and of giving you proofs of my kindness for you.

"JAMES R.<sup>3</sup>

"Pray remember me very kindly to lord John Drummond; do the same to lord Stormont, and assure him I shall not forget the zeal he has for my service, nor the care he took of me when a child."

All that personal kindness and courtesy could do to render the widowed queen and her son easy under the tantalizing fever of hope deferred, was done by Louis XIV. He treated them, in all respects, as his equals, and caused the same honours to be paid to them. A fortnight never passed without his making them a visit in state at St. Germain's, besides coming much oftener in private with Madame de Maintenon. He invited them and his young god-daughter, the princess Louisa, to all

<sup>1</sup> Correspondence with Meredith. Rawlinson's MSS. Bodleian Library, Oxford.

<sup>2</sup> Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

<sup>3</sup> Royal autograph letters in the archives of the noble house of Drummond of Perth, No. 14, inedited. Courteously communicated by the representative of that ancient historical family, the baroness Willoughby de Eresby, to whom my best acknowledgments are gratefully offered.

his fêtes at Marli, Versailles, and Trianon, where he invariably treated them as the dearest of relatives, and most honoured of guests.<sup>1</sup> If the queen came in state, he received her as he had done in the life-time of king James, at the entrance of the first ante-room, and leading her into the presence chamber, stood conversing with her, and her son and daughter, for some minutes, before he conducted them into his private saloon, where madame de Maintenon was waiting to receive them. Mary Beatrice, in fact, was paid the same deference in that court, as if she had been a queen of France, and took precedence of every lady there.<sup>2</sup> The near relationship of Adelaide of Savoy, duchess of Burgundy, to James II. and his children, on the one hand, and to Mary Beatrice on the other, precluded jealousy on her part. She had grown up from infancy in habits of intimacy and affection with the royal exiles. Mary Beatrice was always invited to be present at her accouchements. The affectionate interest with which her majesty alludes to one of these events, in a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, January, 1707, is very pleasing. She says—

"God has accorded a great mercy to us in granting us another prince; he must be entreated for him. I could not possibly arrive at Versailles before the birth of the child, since the king himself did not enter the chamber till after it was over. Madame the duchess of Burgundy, was only ill three quarters of an hour. She is wonderfully well. I saw her after dinner, and the infant. He is not so beautiful as the other, but he has a smaller head, and is better proportioned, and looks as if he would live long, as I hope he may, through the grace of God."<sup>3</sup>

Sometimes Louis XIV. would invite Mary Beatrice to come with her son and daughter, and ladies, on fine summer afternoons, and walk with him and his court in the royal gardens of Marli; and it was on these occasions that the widowed queen used to take the opportunity of preferring any little request, either for herself or others, to her royal friend.

The public promenade was always one of the recreations of the court of St. Germain, even in the sorrowful days of king James II.; but it became much more attractive after the decease of that unfortunate king, when his son and daughter, and their youthful attendants, the children of the Jacobite aristocracy, English, Scotch, and Irish, who had followed their majesties into exile, grew up, and the vivacity of French habits and associations in some degree counterbalanced the depression caused by penury and ruined prospects. The lively letters, and doggerel lyrics of count Anthony Hamilton, the self-appointed poet laureate of the court of the exiled Stuarts, prove that after time had a little assuaged the grief of the queen and her children, a good deal of fun and frolic occasionally went on in the old palace and its purlieus.

In one of Hamilton's letters to his friend the duke of Berwick, he says—"The king our young lord increases every day in wit, and the princess, his sister, becomes more and more charming. Heaven pre-

<sup>1</sup> *Memoires de St. Simon.* Dangeau.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Autograph Letter to the Abbess of Chaillot, dated January 12th, 1707. Archives au Royaume.

serve her from being stolen from us, for her lady governess seems to have no other fear than that! These two are always near their august mother, to whom they pay the most tender and dutiful attention. To these precious ones of hers, who are adorned with the virtues of their father, it is her care to inculcate sentiments of gratitude towards the illustrious protector, who in a foreign land, by a thousand friendly cares, mitigates the hardships of their adverse destiny. We will now,"<sup>1</sup> continues the sprightly old wit, "speak of our beauties, those stars of St. Germain, who are always cruel and disdainful. Winter is drawing to an end; and they are beginning to prepare their nets against the spring. They have repaired, washed, and spread out all the delicate laces of which their cornettes are composed, to bleach in your garden—all the bushes there are covered with them, like so many spiders' webs. They are putting all their *falbalas* into order, and, in the meantime, plunged in sweet reveries, they permit the designs to sleep on their tapestry frames." Hamilton describes the son and daughter of Mary Beatrice as possessing great personal attractions. "The figure of our young king," says he, "might be chosen by a painter, for the model of the god of love, if such a deity dared be represented in this saintly court of St. Germain. As for the princess, her hair is very beautiful, and of the loveliest tint of brown; her complexion reminds us of the most brilliant yet delicate tints of the fairest flowers of spring; she has her brother's features in a softer mould, and her mother's eyes." In another description of her he says, "She has the plumpness one adores in a divinity of sixteen, with the freshness of an Aurora, and if anything more can be said, it must be in praise of the roundness and whiteness of her arms." The portrait of a beautiful nameless princess, in the costume of the beginning of the 18th century, in the guard-chamber at Hampton Court, will readily be identified by this glowing description of the honorary laureate of St. Germain, as that of the youngest daughter of James II., even by those who are not familiar with her other portraits. How it came there is the question, but there can be little doubt of its having been sent to her sister, queen Anne, by the proud mother of this exquisite creature, who was good as she was fair.

Notwithstanding all the cares and pecuniary disappointments that at times oppressed the exiled queen, her family, and faithful followers, they led a pleasant life in summer time—a life, which, as described by Hamilton, appears to have been a complete realization of the classic Arcadia. Sometimes the prince and his sister led their young court into the depths of the adjacent forest, in quest of sylvan sports, or to gather flowers and wild strawberries; sometimes they are described as embarking on the calm waters of the Seine in their barge, which if not very splendidly decorated, or of the most approved fashion, was large enough to accommodate a joyous party. Pontalie, the haven to which the voyagers were usually bound, was a rural chateau on the Seine, within less than a league from the palace of our exiled queen: it was the residence of the countess de Grammont, formerly one of the most cele-

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<sup>1</sup> Œuvres du count Hamilton.

brated of the beauties of Charles II.'s court. She was now a rich and prosperous lady, able and willing to contribute to the happiness of the royal Stuarts in many ways, and anxious to prove that her affection for that family had augmented, instead of diminished, with the adversity which had distanced many of the creatures of the late king's bounty. It was her delight to provide banquets and entertainments of all descriptions for the royal brother and sister, whom she had seen grow up from infants. She had obtained a lease or grant of the old mill-house of St. Germain, and its adjacent meadows, and, for the sake, perhaps, of being near the English colony, she had exerted her taste and expended some of her wealth in turning it into a Grecian villa; her brother, Anthony Hamilton, had changed its homely name, *Molin-eau*, into the euphonious appellation of *Pontalie*, and there she frequently had the honour of receiving the exiles of St. Germain, in the course of the summer.<sup>1</sup>

The royal brother and sister, who, perhaps, were much happier in their free and natural way of life, amidst the poverty and mockery of royalty at St. Germain, than if established in regal splendour at Windsor or Versailles, delighted in performing minor pilgrimages, with their followers, to any of the churches or chapels, within a walk of the palace. On these occasions they carried a light refectory of fruit, cakes, and wine, with them, and made their repast in some pleasant forest bower, on their return.<sup>2</sup> Count Hamilton writes to his friend, Berwick, partly in prose, and partly in untranslatable doggerel rhyme, a piquant description of one of these devotional pic-nic excursions, which was undertaken by the princess Louisa and her ladies of honour, matronized by the duchess of Berwick.

"Towards the centre of the forest," he says, "there is a little chapel, dedicated to St. Thibaut, and this St. Thibaut cures the ague; now, there is a worthy man at St. Germain, named *Dikesson*, who had several fits of it. You know our ladies are always charitable to their neighbours, so they all set off in company to recommend the invalid to monsieur St. Thibaut. The fair Nannette, [*the duchess of Berwick*,] as she knew the least about him, chose to beguile her pilgrimage by looking for strawberries by the way. I will tell you the names of some of these fair pilgrims, who went with her royal highness to make intercessions for the lord *Dikesson*."<sup>3</sup>

This gentleman's name, which Mary Beatrice herself does not always spell right, though he was one of her private secretaries, and the comptroller of the household, was Dicconson. Hamilton tells his friend "that the charming Miss Plowden was there, and those two divinities, the ladies Dillon and Marischal, but none were more agreeable than the duchess of Berwick, unless it were the princess, and that they all went in procession, singing and saying every office in the ritual, from early mauns, for the sake of their amiable friend *Dikesson*. When they had performed all these charitable devotions, they sat down to take a sylvan repast, making the green grass their table; but a French gentleman of

<sup>1</sup> Œuvres du count Antoine Hamilton.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

the household, the chevalier de Salle, who had attended them, not out of devotion, but gallantry, was forbidden by the princess to join the circle, because he had not conducted himself with becoming piety on the occasion. Instead of allowing him to have anything to eat, she ordered him, by way of penance, to go and kneel at the chapel door, and offer up prayers for the recovery of Mr. Dicconson, while they dined. The chevalier very humbly recommended himself to mercy, alleging in excuse, that he had forgotten his breviary, and did not know a single prayer by heart, so the princess, in consideration of his penitence, gave him something to eat, but made him sit at the foot of a tree at a respectful distance from her and the rest of the pilgrims, and rinse all their glasses for them, while the forest glades rang with their laughter, for our fair devotees could laugh as heartily as pray on those occasions. In the midst of their mirth the invalid, in whose behalf the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thibaut had been undertaken, and whom they had all forgotten, made his appearance unexpectedly before the festive circle. They greeted him with shouts of "A miracle! a miracle!" and demanded of him the precise hour and minute when the fever left him; and according to his account, it was as they all agreed, just as they had addressed the last prayer to St. Thibaut in his behalf. The repast did not conclude the more gravely on this account, nor was the homeward walk the less agreeable. The shepherds, shepherdesses, and woodcutters came to have a look at the courtly pilgrims, and admired their hilarity and good humour.<sup>1</sup>

Sometimes the royal brother and sister, and their noble attendants, enacted the characters of shepherds and shepherdesses, themselves, and never allowed the merry month of June to pass without having one day's fête among the haymakers on the banks of the Seine; the princess and her stately governess, lady Middleton, always boasting that the haycock, which they constructed, was neater and more worthy of admiration than those raised by the duchess of Berwick and her compeers. Winter had its pleasures for the British exiles as well as summer. Mary Beatrice gave then her balls and receptions in the château, and the members of her court were always bidden to the Christmas and new-year festivities at Versailles.

Count Hamilton gives a lively description of the Shrove-Tuesday masquerade at St. Germain, to which the whole town was admitted, the barriers being thrown open for that purpose by the orders of the widowed queen, in order that high and low, young and old, English and French, might join in the carnival. Etiquette forbade the prince and princess from wearing masks, or assuming any particular characters, on these occasions; yet they are described as dancing merrily in the midst of the motley throng, the princess with peculiar grace and lightness, but both excelled in this accomplishment.<sup>2</sup> Mary Beatrice forgot her calamities and her grief on these occasions, and smiled to see her children happy in spite of adverse fortune.

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<sup>1</sup> Œuvres du count Antoine Hamilton.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid



# MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

## CHAPTER X.

Change of cheer at St. Germain's—Her son leaves the queen, to embark for Scotland—He is attacked with measles—Delay fatal to his cause—Queen falls sick from anxiety—Her letter about her son—She goes to Chaillot with her daughter—Her dream—Ill success of the prince's expedition—Queen's letter on his return—Her son, first called the Pretender, assumes the title of chevalier de St. George—Serves in the French army as a volunteer—Queen's letters about him—Pecuniary difficulties of the queen—Unpunctual payment of her pension—Mortification about her apartments at Chaillot—Gallant conduct of her son—Sickness of her vice-chamberlain, Robert Strickland—His faithful services—Marlborough's secret correspondence with queen Mary Beatrice—Her letter to him—She goes to Chaillot with her daughter—Her way of life there—Habits of self-denial—Jacobite poachers at St. Germain's—Complaints made to the queen—Her vexation—Return of her son—Letters of her daughter, princess Louisa—Queen returns to St. Germain's—Her visit of condolence to Louis XIV. and the royal family—Etiquette of her receptions—Her son leaves St. Germain's to travel—She goes to Chaillot with the princess—Letters from her son—Her conversations with her daughter—Reminiscences of her past life—Improvement in health—Kindness to her attendants—Amiable traits of character—Visit of the dauphiness—Princess Louisa invited to the chase—Difficulties about it—Dauphiness writes to Mary Beatrice—Her affectionate reply—Queen and Louisa go to Versailles—Anecdotes of both—Tender affection between them—They visit the hearse of king James incognito—Blunt remark of the coachman—Queen informed of overtures for peace—Her behaviour thereupon—Annoyed at a present made to her daughter—Instance of her pride—Distress about her debts—Her son joins her at Chaillot—Reluctance of the queen and princess to return to St. Germain's—Her letter to madame Priolo—Marlborough's offers of service to her majesty—Her grief for the death of the dauphin and dauphiness—Adds oedipus to her will—Melancholy forebodings—Her son and daughter both attacked with small-pox—Anxiety of the queen—Touching scene between her and princess Louisa—Death of the princess—General regrets and sympathy for the queen—Her grief and dangerous illness—Her pathetic letter on her daughter's death—Recovery of her son—He is warned to leave France—Desolation of the queen—She visits Louis XIV. at Marli—Their mutual grief—Her melancholy visit to Chaillot—Visits her daughter's heart—Her anguish—Returns to St. Germain's—Sends lady Strickland with a present to the convent.

THE frolic and the fun that, in spite of care and penury, enlivened the exiled court of St. Germain's, were suddenly sobered by a change in the politics of Versailles. After trifling with the exiled queen and her council, and above all with their faithful adherents in Scotland, during the momentous crisis of the union, when even the semblance of support from France would have been followed by a general rising in favour of the son of James II., Louis XIV. determined, in the spring of 1708, to

fit out a fleet and armament, for the purpose of effecting a descent on the coast of Scotland, headed by that prince in person. This expedition had been kept so secret, that neither Mary Beatrice nor her son were aware of what was intended, till the latter received a hasty summons to join the armament. The young prince tarried not for preparations, but bidding his mother and sister a hasty farewell, he set off to Dunkirk, the place of embarkation, attended only by two or three of the officers of his suite, leaving his baggage to follow. Unfortunate in everything, he had scarcely reached the coast, when he was attacked with the measles. Every one knows the nature of that malady, which requires the patient to be kept in an equal temperature till after the third day. The prince was of a consumptive constitution, and the weather very cold, for it was in March, nevertheless he would have embarked at all hazards, if his attendants would have allowed it. His impatience of the delay was almost as injurious to him as the risk of striking in the irruption by exposure to cold would have been. Aware of the necessity of acting with energy and promptitude, he caused himself to be carried on board the French fleet, before prudence warranted him in quitting his chamber. The wind had, meantime, changed; foul weather ensued, and it was not till after several ominous mischances, and some personal peril to the royal adventurer, that the armament succeeded in getting out to sea; and by that time, the English fleet, under the command of sir George Byng, had sailed, and was on the look out.<sup>1</sup>

The feelings of the royal mother, during that anxious period of suspense, will be best described by herself in one of her confidential letters to her friend, Angélique Priolo. After detailing the symptoms of a fit of illness, brought on by her distress at parting with her son, she says, "I must take patience in this as in many other things, which disquiet me at present, and keep me in a state of great agitation: for I know nothing certain of my son, as you will see by the copy of the newspaper they shall send you. My only consolation is the thought that he is in the hands of God, and in the place where he ought to be, and I hope God, in his mercy, will have a care of him. Cease not to pray, my dear mother, for him and for me, for our wants are extreme, and there is no one but God who can or will support us. I am, in spirit, with you all, although my mind is in such agitation that I cannot remain long in a place; but my heart will be always with you and my dear mother Priolo, who, I am sure, suffer with me and for me."<sup>2</sup>

The princess Louisa, who was passionately attached to her brother, and earnestly desired to see him established in the regal dignity, which she regarded as his right, fully shared her mother's anxiety on this occasion. As soon as the queen was able to bear the journey, they both proceeded to Chaillot, fondly imagining that the prayers which they and their ladies were incessantly preferring to God, for his personal safety and success, would be more efficacious if offered up in the tribune of the conventual church there, where the hearts of queen Henrietta Maria, and her son, king James, were enshrined. The all-powerful

<sup>1</sup> St. Simon. Continuator of Mackintosh. Calamy.

<sup>2</sup> Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France

affection of Mary Beatrice for her deceased husband persuaded her that his spirit, which she firmly believed to be in a state of beatitude, always united with her in prayers to God for the attainment of any object of peculiar interest to both, such as the recovery from sickness, the spiritual enlightenment, or personal safety, of their children. The day the queen and her daughter arrived at Chaillot, it was confidently reported in Paris, that the prince had succeeded in effecting a descent on the coast of Scotland, and had been well received. The next morning, Mary Beatrice told the nuns, that she had dreamed a little old woman came and said to her, "No; he will not land this time."<sup>1</sup> Now, although it was evident that the queen's nerves were unbraced by sickness, anxiety, fasting, and prayer, the vision of the oracular little old woman made a great impression, both on the community and her ladies, and they all began to relate stories of signs and omens. "I can remember well," said the princess Louisa, "though I was not quite four years old at the time, that when the late king, my father, left St. Germain to join the armament at Calais, expecting to embark for England, I dreamed that I saw him return in a blue cloak, instead of the scarlet coat he wore when he went away, and that he said to me, 'This place must be my England.'"<sup>2</sup> It was not the first time that the dream of the youngest daughter of James II. had been related in that circle: for even in her infancy, it had been recorded as a solemn revelation, that the exiled king was to behold his native land no more, but to end his days at St. Germain. To imagine anything of the kind into an augury, is almost to ensure its fulfilment. James II. allowed more than one good opportunity for effecting a landing in England, in the absence of the rival sovereign, to slip, from the idea that a decree had gone forth against his restoration.

The dream of Mary Beatrice had, in a manner, prepared the ladies of her court for the news of the failure of the expedition. The cause of its failure remains to this day among the unexplained mysteries of history. It is true, that in consequence of the fatal three days' detention of the prince, before the turn of his malady permitted him to embark, the wind, which had been previously fair, changed; that Fourbin, the French admiral, was out of temper, and could not be persuaded to leave the port till the 6th of March, and then encountered a heavy storm. Meantime, the English fleet, under sir George Byng, got out to sea, gave chase, and took the Salisbury man-of-war, an English vessel, belonging to Fourbin's fleet. Byng was greatly superior in force.<sup>3</sup> Fourbin entered the Frith of Forth just below Edinburgh: it has been affirmed by some that the prince vainly implored to be permitted to land with the troops provided for that purpose by the king of France, or even accompanied only by the gentlemen of his suite, so sure did he feel that he should receive an honourable reception; but nothing could prevail on Fourbin to permit it.<sup>4</sup> Others have said, that the prince was actually captured in the Salisbury, and that Byng preserved his royal

<sup>1</sup> Inedited Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Macpherson. French State Papers.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Macpherson.

mistress, queen Anne, from a most painful and perplexing dilemma, by sending him privately on board Fourbin's ship, having taken his word of honour that he would return to France without attempting to land.<sup>1</sup> If this romantic tale be founded on fact, Byng acted with consummate wisdom in ridding the queen of an invasion, at the easy rate of releasing a prisoner, whom she could scarcely have ventured to proceed against according to the severity of the law. There was a prodigious run on the bank of England at this crisis, and some danger of cash payments being suspended, national credit being at a low ebb. The squadron, however, which had created such great alarm, returned to Dunkirk without having attempted, much less effected, a single stroke.<sup>2</sup>

A letter from Mary Beatrice to her friend the abbess of Chaillot, apparently written the day after the arrival of her son at St. Germain, betrays the harassing state of affairs in her little court, where every one was charging the disappointment on some inimical person or other. "The desolation of my soul," she says, "would excite your pity, if you could look into its depths; my heart is also much broken, and I have had for these ten days past, business and domestic quarrels that have disquieted and vexed me to a degree of which I am ashamed; and I declare to you, that coming so immediately on the rest of my troubles, I have been completely overwhelmed with it all. Pray God, my dearest mother, to succour and support me, and to increase my strength, for never have I had greater need, and never have I appeared so feeble. I dare not tell you that I have not yet been with my son. I know it is

<sup>1</sup> Calamy's Life and Notes.

<sup>2</sup> The landing of the son of James II., at this juncture, was eagerly expected by the Jacobite aristocracy on the banks of the Forth. James Stirling, esq., laird of Kier, Archibald Seton, esq., laird of Touch, and other territorial chiefs in that neighbourhood, had armed themselves, their tenants and servants, and marched in a body from Kier to the bridge of Turk, where they had a rendezvous with their Highland friends, and laid their plans for the general rising that was to take place the moment it should be proclaimed that the royal Stuart had set foot on Scottish ground. The laird of Kier and his neighbours, determined to set an example of fearless devotion to the cause, by being the first to join him, they marched up and down in the counties of Stirlingshire and Perthshire, in expectation of the descent, till the news reached them that Sir George Byng had driven the French fleet off the coast. Kier and the ringleaders of this levy were afterwards arrested, and thrown into the Tolbooth. They were indicted at Edinburgh, on the 28th of the following November, "on the charges of having convoked themselves, and appeared in arms to levy war against her majesty, at the time when an invasion of Scotland was threatened; and in addition to this offence, they had also publicly drunk the good health of 'their master,' as they called him, who could be no other than the Pretender."

The laird of Kier defended himself and his friends, with great courage and ability. He said "that the gentlemen and himself were friends and kinsmen, and had met peaceably to enjoy their own diversions; that they had neither hired nor paid men for seditious purposes; and as for drinking to their master's good health, he defied them to make that out to be an act of high treason; first, because there was no law against drinking any person's good health; and secondly, no name had been mentioned; therefore, that the Pretender was meant could only be a conjecture."—State Trials, vol. vi. They were unanimously acquitted by the jury.

a great fault; but these last affairs have scarcely left me time for my prayers; and although during the octave of the holy sacrament, I have tried to go oftener to church, God knows with what distraction of mind! I have missed the first procession and the journey to Versailles. I shall go to Marli, to-morrow. I was, on Friday, at the review; my son was there, and many of the English, who were, as it was said, well pleased with him. My God, what a world this is, and who can understand it: for my part, the more I know of it, the less I comprehend it; unhappy are they who have much to do with it! My son had arrived before me on my return from Chaillot."<sup>1</sup> This appears to have been the reason she had missed seeing him, as he had been compelled to show himself at the review, where it should seem he had been very well received, notwithstanding the failure of the late expedition, in which he had been evidently the victim of state policy, as absurd as it was incomprehensible.

The queen concludes her letter in these words: "Madame de Maintenon was here nearly two hours yesterday. Lady Bulkeley makes me pity her, although she does not know the unhappy manner of her husband's death." This sentence implies some tragedy connected with the fate of the gallant colonel Bulkeley, which the queen had learned, but had not courage to communicate to her faithful attendant, lady Sophia Bulkeley.<sup>2</sup>

Several persons of high rank in the British emigration had been captured in the "Salisbury;" among the rest the two sons of the earl of Middleton, lord Clermont, and Mr. Middleton, and the old attached servant of king James, lord Griffin. Mary Beatrice was greatly afflicted when she learned that they were all committed close prisoners to the Tower, to take their trials for high treason. She wrote, with her own hand, an earnest letter to the French minister, Chamillard, begging him to claim them as officers in the service of his royal master, and exerted her influence in every possible way for their preservation.<sup>3</sup> Simultaneously with these events, queen Anne's cabinet proceeded to set a price on her brother's head.<sup>4</sup> Anne, herself, who had hitherto styled him "the pretended prince of Wales," now gave him a new name, in her address to parliament, calling him, for the first time, "the Pretender"—a cunningly-devised sobriquet, which, perhaps, did more to exclude him from the throne than even his unpopular religion. The young prince served in the French army in the Low Countries the same spring, as a volunteer, under the appropriate title of the chevalier de St. George; for, being destitute of the means of providing a camp equipage, and maintaining the state consistent with royalty, he claimed no higher distinction than the companionship of the national order, with which he had been invested in his fourth year by the late sovereign, his father. He conducted himself during the campaign so as to win the affection and esteem of his comrades, and especially of his commander, the duke de Vendôme.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Stuart Papers

<sup>4</sup> Burnet.

<sup>5</sup> St. Simon.

While her son was in the army, Mary Beatrice was, of course, deeply interested in all the military operations, of which he sent her a regular account. In one of her letters to a friend, the abbess of Chaillot, she says :—

“ We have been in expectation of great news for several days past. I will tell you in confidence, that they have missed in Flanders the opportunity of a grand stroke, and I fear that a similar one will not present itself any more this campaign. God must be praised for all, and we ought to try to be satisfied with all that happens. \* \* \* \* \*

“ I have just learned that the thunder has fallen this night on the abbey of Poissy, and burned part of the monastery, and, what is worse, three or four of the *religieuses*. I have sent to the abbess to make inquiries; in truth, it makes me tremble.”<sup>1</sup>

Well indeed it might, since the scene where this awful tragedy had occurred was only six miles from St. Germain, in the valley below, much less likely to have attracted the lightning, than the loftily-seated royal chateau, where the widowed consort and orphan daughter of James II. were domiciled.

In another letter of the same period, dated at St. Germain, the 23d of June, Mary Beatrice says—

“ My chevalier is in perfect health, thank God! and I am better than I have been for a long time. \* \* \* \* \*

“ We have some hopes of obtaining the liberty of the two Middletons, and of the other Irish prisoners; but for my lord Griffin, they have condemned him to die on the 27th of this month, which causes me great pain. I recommend him to your prayers and to those of our dear sisters.”<sup>2</sup>

The chevalier St. George had the ill luck to be present with his French cousins Burgundy and Berry, at the battle of Oudenarde, a witness of the superior military genius of his secret correspondent, the duke of Marlborough. His more fortunate rival, the electoral prince of Hanover, afterwards George II., distinguished himself on the winning side. The chevalier caught the malignant intermittent fever of the country at Mons, and returned, greatly enfeebled, for change of air to St. Germain, towards the close of the summer. It was a wet, cold autumn, severe winter, and ungenial spring; the queen was ill, anxious, and unhappy, on account of her son, for the intermittent hung upon him for many months; yet he was firm in his determination to try his fortunes in another campaign. On the 11th of April, 1709, Mary Beatrice writes to the abbess of Chaillot to excuse herself from passing the holy week with her friends there, the physicians having forbidden her to change her abode that month, unless the weather altered very much for the better; she adds—

“ If the war continues, as is supposed, the king my son will be very shortly on the point of leaving me for the army; it is not right, therefore, that I should quit him, more especially as he is not yet wholly recovered from his fever, for he had a little touch of it again yesterday, though he perseveres in taking the

<sup>1</sup> Autograph Letter of the queen of James II. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

bark five times a day. This is sufficient to show us that the will of God declares against my journey to Chaillot for this time, but when my son is gone, I hope that God will permit me to come and remain among you for a long time; meanwhile I shall often be there in spirit, and I doubt not but my dear mother and our beloved sisters will remember me also when before God, to the end that I may obtain from him the graces and the assistance that be needful for the work of my salvation, in that place and state where he wills me to be, which I ought always to believe, and consider the best for me."<sup>1</sup>

The late defeat at Oudenarde, the loss of Lisle, the distress caused by the visitation of a famine, and above all, the deficiency in the revenues of that kingdom, rendered Louis XIV. not only willing but anxious to listen to overtures of peace.<sup>2</sup> Instead of the armies taking the field, plenipotentiaries were despatched to meet the victorious Marlborough and Eugene at the Hague, to settle preliminaries for an amicable treaty. Mary Beatrice was well aware that no peace would or could be concluded, unless Louis XIV. withdrew his protection from her son. The prince was eager to prevent the mortification of a dismissal from the French dominions, by trying his fortunes in Scotland.<sup>3</sup> He had received fresh invitations, and assurances of support from the highland chiefs; the representations of his secret agents, as to his prospects, were encouraging enough to induce him to declare that he would come, if he were reduced to the necessity of performing the voyage in a hired vessel. When he threw himself at the feet of Louis XIV. and implored his aid, that monarch told him plainly, "that situated as he then was, he had enough to do to defend his own dominions, without thinking of anything so chimerical as invading those of the victorious queen of Great Britain." The ardour of the youthful adventurer was moreover checked by a significant hint, that if he attempted to embroil his present protector farther with queen Anne, by stealing over to Scotland and exciting an insurrection there, his royal mother would instantly be deprived of her present shelter, and her pension, which formed the sole provision for the support of herself, her daughter, and the faithful followers who had sacrificed everything to their adherence to the ruined cause of the house of Stuart, would be stopped.

It is a remarkable fact, that when Torcy mentioned the son of James II. to Marlborough, the latter evinced a warmth of feeling towards the exiled prince, scarcely consistent with his professions to the electoral house of Hanover. He called him "the prince of Wales," and expressed an ardent desire of serving him, and that a suitable income should be secured to him. Nor was he unmindful of the claims of Mary Beatrice; he recommended Torcy to renew the demand of her dower. "Insist strenuously on that article to the viscount Townshend," said he; "that Lord is a sort of an inspector over my conduct. He is an honest man, but a whig. I must speak like an obstinate Englishman in his presence."<sup>4</sup> Marlborough was still more explicit in his conferences with his nephew

<sup>1</sup> Autograph Letter of the queen of James II. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Macpherson. Torcy's Memoirs.

<sup>3</sup> Macpherson.

<sup>4</sup> Memoirs de Torcy. Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Continuator of Mackintosh

Berwick, who, being the illegitimate brother of the prince, formed a curious link of connexion between the great captain of the age and the rejected heir of England. Undoubtedly Marlborough gave wise counsel, when he bade the duke of Berwick entreat the prince to emancipate himself from the political thralldom of France by offering to disembarass Louis XIV. of his presence, as a preliminary to the negotiations for peace. He clearly demonstrated that no good could ever result from a connexion so offensive to the national pride of England; for the people over whom he desired to rule, would never submit to the imposition of a sovereign from France. "He hoped," he said, "by extricating the prince in the first place from the influence of France, and by prudent arrangement, to see all parties uniting to recognise him as the successor to his sister's throne."<sup>1</sup> Neither the prince nor Berwick felt sufficient confidence in the integrity of Marlborough, to take his advice. Men can only judge of intentions by past deeds, they called to mind his treachery to their royal father, and suspected, that the zeal with which he urged pressing for the payment of the queen-mother's dower was for the purpose of beguiling the prince into bartering his pretensions to a diadem for a pension, and at the same time depriving him of the support of his only friend and protector, Louis XIV.

The pacific negotiations at the Hague proving unavailing, the conferences were broken up, and hostilities were renewed. The chevalier having recovered his health, set out for the French head-quarters, leaving his royal mother to struggle with pecuniary difficulties which neither wisdom could foresee nor prudence prevent.<sup>2</sup> All hope of receiving her income as queen-dowager of England, was of course suspended, and the pittance she received from the French government was now unpunctually paid, and subjected to curtailment, on various pretences. The first attempt, on the part of the officers of the French exchequer, to extort a per centage from her treasurer, Mr. Diceyson, for paying her pension in ready money, was resisted by Mary Beatrice with some spirit, as an imposition and abuse of office, "which," she said, "she was sure would be displeasing to the king of France." They kept her then in arrear, and offered to pay in bills, on which she was compelled to pay as much for discount as the official thieves had demanded of her in the first instance.<sup>3</sup> She mentioned the circumstance to madame de Maintenon, but that lady, who had herself been an underling at court, and accustomed to perquisites and privileges, made light of it, and advised her majesty not to incur the ill-will of the financial corps by complaining to the king, who was greatly inconvenienced himself by the deficiency in his revenue. Bitterly did the royal dependant feel the humiliations and privations to which the wrongs of fortune had subjected her and her children, and vainly did she endeavour, by increasing self-denial and the most rigid economy in her personal expenditure, to spare more for the destitute families who had abandoned houses and broad lands in England, for her husband's sake.

<sup>1</sup> Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Correspondence quoted by the continuator of Mackintosh's Reign of Queen Anne.

<sup>2</sup> Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the Hotel de Soubise. <sup>3</sup> Ibid.



The pecuniary difficulties of the fallen queen were embittered, about this period, by a mortification from a quarter where she least expected it. When at Chaillot, her daughter was accustomed to sleep in a chamber that opened into her own, an arrangement which their near relationship and tender affection rendered agreeable to both; but the queen being deeply in arrears to the convent, for the rent of the suite of rooms she occupied, the abbess feeling more disposed to consider the benefit of the community than the comfort of their royal friends, hinted, "that having a tenant for the apartment adjoining her majesty's bed-room, it would be desirable to remove her royal highness, the princess of England, to an upper story." Mary Beatrice did not attempt to dissemble the fact that the change would be both unpleasant and inconvenient to her, and was greatly hurt, a few months later, on finding that the room was actually let to madame de L'Orge, a lady of high rank, and her daughter, and that they had made sundry alterations, furnished, and taken possession of it. When, however, those ladies learned from a letter written by lady Sophia Bulkeley to the abbess, how greatly the queen and princess would be inconvenienced by their occupation of this apartment, they said "her majesty should be welcome to the use of it when she came to Chaillot with the princess."<sup>1</sup>

The high spirit of Mary Beatrice revolted at this proposal, yet she wrote, with great mildness and temper, to the abbess on the subject:

"After having desired lady Bulkeley to write to you, my dear mother, touching the chamber where my daughter lodges at Chaillot, I have remembered me, that when last year you proposed to me to change my daughter's apartment and to put her higher, I found that it would be very difficult to arrange it, as my ladies would have much trouble to accommodate themselves in places which are now occupied by their waiting-maids, especially for any length of time, and that my daughter herself would not be so well above, nor would it be so convenient for me, as at present I have no other chamber below, besides that in which she lodges. However, if you, my dear mother, or madame and mademoiselle de L'Orge, have any trouble about taking this apartment, I pray you to tell me so plainly, with your usual sincerity, and I will endeavour to make some other arrangement, at least if it be in our power. You can, if you please, consult my dear sisters Catharine Angelique, and M. Gabrielle, about it, and then take your resolution, and send me word, for in case my daughter can continue where she is, I should wish them to take away the furniture of madame and mademoiselle de L'Orge, and I would send mine. I also beg you to have the window put to rights, and the other things that are required in the little lodging, and send me the bill of what they come to, as that is only just. I cannot accept the offer, madame de L'Orge makes me of the loan of her chamber; I say this, in case she wishes to take it away from me."<sup>2</sup>

The apartment was, of course, relinquished by the intruding tenant; it was, indeed, the dressing-room to her majesty's chamber, which no stranger could with any propriety have wished to occupy, and the attempt to deprive her of it, served very painfully to remind the royal exiles of their adverse fortunes. The princess Louisa felt every slight

<sup>1</sup> Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, Hotel de Soubise.

<sup>2</sup> Inedited Letters of queen Mary Beatrice in the Hotel de Soubise. Chaillot Collection. This letter is only dated May 1st.

that was offered to her mother, or brother, far more keenly than they did; sometimes she said, "We are reduced to such pitiable straits, and live in so humble a way that even if it were the will of Heaven to restore us to our natural rank, we should not know how to play our parts with becoming dignity."

The defeat of the French army at Malplaquet, on the 11th of September, 1709, increased the general gloom which pervaded all ranks in that nation, while it rendered the position of the court of St. Germain more painful and precarious. Yet the desolate heart of Mary Beatrice swelled with maternal pride in the midst of her solicitude, for her son had distinguished himself by a brilliant personal action in that fiercely contested fight, which had nearly turned the fortunes of the day. After mareschal Villars was carried dangerously wounded out of the field, Boufflers sustained the conflict, and when the cavalry of the allies broke into his lines, he ordered the chevalier de St. George to advance at the head of 1200 of the horse guards. The princely volunteer performed this duty so gallantly, that in one desperate charge the German horse were broken and repulsed, and nothing but the steady valour of the English troops, and the consummate skill of their commanders, prevented the rout from becoming general.<sup>1</sup> The rejected claimant of the British crown did not disgrace his lineage on that occasion, though unhappily serving beneath the banner of the *fleur de lys*, and opposed to his own countrymen. He charged twelve times at the head of the household troops of France, and though wounded in the right arm by a sabre cut, he kept the ground manfully under a continuous fire of six hours from the British infantry.<sup>2</sup> Boufflers, in his despatch to his own sovereign, detailing the loss of the battle, renders the following brief testimony to the gallantry of the royal volunteer. "The chevalier de St. George behaved himself during the whole action with the utmost valour and vivacity." The queen, who had been residing for many weeks in complete retirement with her daughter at Chaillot, came to welcome her son on his return to St. Germain, where they kept their united court, if such it might be called, that winter.

The following melancholy letter without date, was probably written by Mary Beatrice towards the spring, when depressed by sickness and care, and harassed with business which, as she pathetically observes, was never of an agreeable kind:

"At last I find a moment to write to you, my dear mother, and to ask tidings of your health, for which I am in pain, for M. Gaillar told me that it was not too good. Be careful of it, for the love of Heaven, my dear mother, for I have need of you, as you know. Alas, there are none left to me now but you and father Ruga on earth, in whom I can have an entire confidence.

"I have read the homily on Providence, which is consolatory. I cannot say, however, that I have found consolation in that or anything else. God is the master, and his holy will be done. I am not ill, but I sleep badly since I quitted you, and I am worse after the bath, which I cannot understand; but I have omitted it for the last fortnight, and take the powders and the waters of St. Remi.

<sup>1</sup> Macpherson. Jesse. Liddiard's Life of the duke of Marlborough. Despatches of mareschal Boufflers.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

"The king my son has had a cold, but I hope it will not increase; he does not keep his room. My daughter bathes twice a week. She is, however, very well; it has refreshed her. I cannot tell you more for want of time, save to charge you with my regards."<sup>1</sup>

After various kind messages to the sisters of Chaillot, she mentions, with great concern, the sudden illness which had seized one of the most faithful and valued members of her household:

"Mr. Strickland has been attacked with paralysis; he has great trouble to speak. His wife is in despair. They will send him to Bourbon. I am grieved about it, and shall be very sorry to lose him, for he is an ancient servant, and very affectionate. I recommend him to your prayers."

Endorsed, "To the mother Priolo."<sup>2</sup>

Reminiscences of her former greatness must have been associated in the mind of the fallen queen with her recollection of the services of the faithful adherent whose illness she mentions with such compassionate feeling and regret. Robert Strickland was her vice-chamberlain; he was appointed to that office on the accession of the late king her husband to the throne of Great Britain, and he had walked at the head of her procession at the splendid ceremonial of her coronation.<sup>3</sup> What melancholy reverses had since then clouded the horizon of her who was the leading star of that glorious pageant!

Alas, for the instability of human pomp and power, and worse, far worse, the deceitfulness of fair-day friends! Of all the courtly train who had contended for the honour of performing services for their young and beautiful queen that day—the gay and gallant Dorset, the magnificent Devonshire, the specious Halifax, the astute Manchester, and the enamoured Godolphin, the bearers of her regalia!—who of all these had been willing to follow her in exile and in sorrow? Were not those men the first to betray their too confiding sovereign, and to transfer their worthless homage to the adversary? Well might the luckless queen prize the manly and true-hearted northern squire, who had adhered to her fallen fortunes with unswerving loyalty, and having served her as reverently in her poverty and affliction, as when he waited upon her in the regal palace of Whitehall, was now dying in a land of strangers, far from his home—who can wonder at her lamenting the loss of such a servant?

Another of the queen's letters, apparently written in the spring of 1710, when her beloved friend, Françoise Angelique, and several of the sisters of Chaillot were dangerously ill of an infectious fever, is, in reply to a request from the abbess that she would defer her visit to the convent, for fear of exposing herself to the contagion, and bespeaks a generous warmth of feeling and freedom from all selfish fears, only to be found in persons of piety and moral worth. It is altogether a unique royal letter, and the reader cannot fail of being amused as well as interested:—

"St. Germain's, the 14th of May.

"Your last letter, my dear mother, has caused me great pain, by the sad account that you give me of the state of several of our dear sisters, but above all—

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Sandford's book of the Coronation of James II.

that of my dear mother Priolo, of which I could much wish to inform myself; and if I had not intended to go to Chaillot for the rogation, I should have been there yesterday or to-day, expressly for that purpose. I should be glad also to see my poor little portress; and I cannot see any reason, among all you have mentioned, why I should not come. You know that I have no fear but of colds, and I cannot perceive any cause to apprehend infection with you. So, then, with your permission, my dear mother, I shall reckon to be with you on Monday evening about seven o'clock, and I intreat you to send me tidings of our invalids this evening.

"The drowsiness of my sister F. A. [Francoise Angelique] does not please me. I am very glad you have made her leave off the *viper broth*, which is too heating for her.

"I hope the sickness of my sister Louise Henriette will not be unto death. I have prayed much for you all.

"As for your temporal business, I saw M. de M. [*Maintenon*] this day week, and she said nothing to me about it, nor has she written of it since. I fear this is not a good sign. I send her letter. I know not whether you have read those of M. d'Autun to me, which you might have done, as they had only a *flying* seal. If you have, you will be convinced that our good mother of Annessey has engaged me very unluckily in the affair of that priest whom she called a saint, and who, it appears, was very far from meriting that name. I have made my excuses to M. d'Autun, and will write to him between this and Monday.

"We are all well here, thank God!—I could wish to find all well, or at least better, with you. My daughter must not come, but for me there is nothing to fear.

"Adieu, my dear mother, am yours with all my heart; and I embrace my dear mother Priolo."<sup>1</sup>

On the 16th of May, her son, the chevalier de St. George, left her to serve his third campaign in the Low Countries, under marshal Villars, with whom he formed an intimate friendship. The duke of Berwick was one of the commanders in the French army, and was the medium of a close political correspondence between his uncle Marlborough and Mary Beatrice. The victorious general of the British army was in disgrace with his sovereign, queen Anne; his son-in-law, Sunderland, had lost his place in her cabinet; his colleague, Godolphin, had been compelled to resign,<sup>2</sup> and nothing but the influence of the allies kept himself in his command of the forces. While the hostile armies were encamped on the banks of the Scarpe, there was a great deal of political coquetry going on between some of the English officers of Marlborough's staff and the personal retinue of the chevalier St. George, who, at the request of the former, showed himself on horseback, on the opposite side of the narrow stream, to a party who had expressed an ardent

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> One of Godolphin's letters to the exiled queen or her minister, had, some time previously, fallen into the hands of his great enemy, lord Wharton, who had used the power it gave him to obtain many things very much opposed to the interest of that party. As a measure of self-preservation, Godolphin and Marlborough had obtained from Queen Anne the publication of a general pardon, in which an indemnity for all persons, who had been guilty of a treasonable correspondence with the court of St. Germans, was particularly specified. Macpherson's Journals of the Lords. Dartmouth's Notes on Burnet

desire to see him. Medals, bearing the impression of his bust and superscription, were eagerly accepted by many of those, who, though they had taken the oath of abjuration, could not refrain from regarding the rejected representative of their ancient sovereigns with feelings inconsistent with their duty to the constitutional sovereign. Marlborough's master of the horse, Mr. Pitt, was the recipient of several of these medals, which Charles Booth, one of the chevalier's grooms of the bed-chamber, had the boldness to send by the trumpet. Medals were also addressed to several of the general officers, each being enclosed in a paper, on which was written: "The medal is good; for it bore six hours' fire; you know it was hot, for yourselves blew the coals." This observation was in allusion to the gallant conduct of the exiled prince at Malplaquet, which was rendered more intelligible by the following postscript: "You know it was well tried on the 11th of September, 1709."<sup>1</sup>

Marlborough winked at all these petty treasons, apparently not displeased at seeing the son of his old master making the most of his proximity to the British army. Mary Beatrice, in reply to a communication which Marlborough made to her through his nephew, Berwick, confiding to her his intention of resigning his places under queen Anne, wrote a very remarkable letter to him, which marshal Villars himself enclosed in one of his own military notes to the British commander, written, in all probability, merely to furnish an excuse for sending a trumpet to the hostile camp, for the purpose of delivering it to his double-dealing grace, to whom it was addressed under the name of Gurney, one of the numerous aliases by which he is designated in the Jacobite correspondence. Her majesty speaks of her son also by the sobriquet of Mr. Mathews; she informs Marlborough, that what he wrote to his nephew on the 13th of the last month, June, 1710, was of such great importance to her son, as well as to himself, that she thinks herself obliged to answer it with her own hand, and then continues in these words:

"I shall tell you, in the first place, that as I was glad to find you still continue in your good resolutions towards Mr. Matthews [her son], I was surprised on the other hand, to see you had a design of quitting everything as soon as the peace was concluded; for I find that to be the only means of rendering you useless to your friends, and your retreat may prove dangerous to yourself. You are too large a mark, and too much exposed for malice to miss; and your enemies will never believe themselves in safety till they have ruined you."<sup>2</sup>

There is something very amusing in the pointed manner in which the widow of James II. endeavours to persuade her correspondent, that not only his revenge, but his self-interest, ought to bind him to the cause of her son. She lets him see plainly, that she understands his game is a difficult one. No barrister could have argued the case with greater ingenuity than she does in her quiet lady-like logic. She says:—

<sup>1</sup> Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

<sup>2</sup> Letter of Mary Beatrice to the duke of Marlborough, in Macpherson's transcripts from Nairne's Stuart Papers.

"But as you are lost if you quit your employments, I see likewise, on the other hand, that it will be difficult for you to keep yourself in office as things are now situated, so that your interest itself now declares for your honour. You cannot be in safety without discharging your duty, and the time is precious to you as well as to us."

In the next paragraph, the royal writer replies, with equal dignity and diplomacy, to some clause in Marlborough's letter relating to Mrs. Masham, the successful rival who had supplanted his duchess in his sovereign's regard:

"The advice you give us in sending us to the new favourite is very obliging; but what can we hope from a stranger, who has no obligation to us? Whereas we have all the reasons in the world to depend upon you, since we have now but the same interest to manage, and you have the power to put Mr. Matthews [*her son*] in a condition to protect you. Lay aside, then, I beseech you, your resolution of retiring. Take courage, and, without losing more time, send us a person in whom you can have an entire confidence; or if you have not such a man with you, allow us to send you one whom we may trust, in order to concert matters for our common interest, which can never be properly done by letters. We shall know by your speedy and positive answer to this letter what judgment we can form of our affairs."<sup>1</sup>

Matters hung on a perilous balance for the protestant succession when a correspondence, of which this letter is a sample, was going on between the mother of the chevalier de St. George and the commander of the British army, of which the said chevalier himself was within a morning's ride. Perhaps if the duchess of Marlborough, with her vindictive passions and governing energies, had been in the camp of the allies, the game that was played by Marlborough in 1688, at Salisbury, might have been counteracted by a more astounding change of colours on the banks of the Scarpe, in 1710. Ninety thousand a year was, however, too much to be hazarded by a man whose great object in life was to acquire wealth, and having acquired, to keep it. He took the wiser part, that of trimming, in readiness to sail with any wind that might spring up, but waited to see in which direction the tide of fortune would flow. It is to be observed, withal, that Mary Beatrice neither makes professions in her letter, nor holds out any prospect of reward. "I must not finish my letter," she says, in conclusion, "without thanking you for promising to assist me in my suit at the treaty of peace," meaning the payment of her jointure and arrears, for which Marlborough had always been an advocate under the rose, for he took good care not to commit himself by a public avowal of his sentiments on that head. "My cause," continues the royal widow, meekly, "is so just, that I have all reason to hope I shall gain it; at least, I flatter myself that Mr. Matthew's *sister* [*her step-daughter, queen Anne*] is of too good a disposition to oppose it."<sup>2</sup>

The pretence made by Anne, or her ministers, for withholding the provision guaranteed by parliament for her father's widow, that the fund

<sup>1</sup> Letter of Mary Beatrice to the duke of Marlborough, printed in Macpherson's documents from Nairne's Collection in the Scotch College.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

voted to king William for that purpose had been applied, since his death, to other uses, could scarcely be regarded as a legal excuse, especially since the death of the other queen-dowager, Catherine of Braganza, had placed her appanage and income at the disposal of the crown; and this Mary Beatrice, in her bitter penury, would gladly have accepted in lieu of her own.

Marlborough's correspondence is thus alluded to by the chevalier de St. George, in one of his droll letters to the earl of Middleton, dated Arras, July 25th, 1710—

"I shall not write to the queen, to-day, having nothing to say to her more than what is done. Present my duty to her. \* \* \* I have at last quite done with physic, and I hope with my ague, and that with only ten doses of quinquina; but I shall still keep possession of my gatehouse till the army removes, which must be soon. Our Hector [*Villars*] doth talk of fighting in his chariot, but I don't believe him, especially now that the conferences of peace are certainly renewed. \* \* \* You will have seen before this, Gurney's [*Marlborough's*] letter to Daniel [*Berwick*], and another to Hector, in which Follette's [*queen Mary Beatrice's*] children [himself and the princess his sister] are mentioned. I find Hector very willing to do anything in his power for them."<sup>1</sup>

The rest of the letter is very lively and amusing, but chiefly relating to a masked ball, at which he had been present. In his next he says, "I was surprised to find by my sister's letter of the 30th, that the queen had been ill at Marli, but am mighty glad it is so well over. Present her my duty."

Mary Beatrice and her daughter wrote very frequently to the chevalier de St. George, during his absence with the army. Their letters, if preserved, would be of no common interest, endearing and confidential as the style of both these royal ladies was, considering too the romantic position occupied by the prince. As for him, he was just two-and-twenty, and writes with all the gaiety of his uncle, Charles II., at the same age.<sup>2</sup>

"I gave the mareschal," he says, "this day the queen's packet, [containing her letter to Marlborough,] which I reckon gone by this time. Though Follette has said nothing of her children, yet Hector has again writ about them. I could not put off his writing about them till I heard from you, because he had now no other pretence, as I thought he had. Pray send me back Gurney's [*Marlborough's*] letter to him [*Villars*], for he wants the name of the colonel that is in it."

Mary Beatrice, meantime, to spare herself the painful attempt at keeping up the shadowy imitation of a royal court, had withdrawn with her daughter, the princess Louisa, to her apartments in the convent of Chaillot, where they lived in the deepest retirement. Her majesty occasionally paid flying visits to St. Germain, for the purpose of holding councils, and transacting business; but her ministers generally came to wait on her at the convent.

The manner in which the royal widow passed her time when on a

<sup>1</sup> Macpherson's Stuart Papers, from Nairne's Original Papers in the Scotch College.

<sup>2</sup> See his playful letter to the earl of Middleton, from the camp at Arlien, dated June 2d, in Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. ii., p. 152, octavo edition.

visit to the convent of Chaillot, is thus detailed by one of the ecclesiastics attached to that foundation. "At eight o'clock she rises, having previously read the epistle and gospel for the day after the morrow, with great attention, and after that some of the circular letters of the convent, containing the records of departed sisters of the order, of distinguished piety. She possesses," continues our author, "a perfect knowledge of the blessed Scriptures, as well as the writings of our holy founder, so that she is able to cite the finest passages on occasion, which she always does so much to the purpose, that one knows not which to admire most, the eloquence of her words, or the aptness of her wit. She knows Latin, French, Italian, and English, and will talk consecutively in each of these languages, without mixing them, or making the slightest mistake. But that which is the most worthy of observation in this princess, is, the admirable charity and moderation with which she speaks of every one: of her enemies she would rather not speak—following the precept of our holy founder, "that when nothing good can be said, it is best to say nothing." She has never used one word of complaint or invective of any of them, neither has she betrayed impatience of their prosperity, or joy at their sufferings. She said little of them, and recommended those about her to imitate her example; yet she assured us that she had no difficulty in forgiving them, but rather pleasure. If she heard either good or evil news, she recognised the hand of God in both alike, often repeating the words of the holy Psalmist, "I was silent, and opened not my mouth, for it is thou, Lord, that hast done it."<sup>1</sup>

From the same authority we learn, that on leaving her chamber the queen always entered her oratory, where she spent an hour in her private devotions; she afterwards attended the public services of the church, then returned to dress for the day. She either dined in her own chamber, or in the refectory with the community, where she seated herself in the midst of the sisters near the abbess. Her ladies occupied a table by themselves; she was always served by two of the nuns. At ten o'clock one of the sisters read to her for half an hour, from the Imitation of Jesus Christ, by Thomas à Kempis, or some good book on the love of God.

She observed all the regulations of the convent, when with the community; and read, listened, meditated, or worked with them, as if she had belonged to the order.

If there were any sick persons in the infirmary, she always visited them in the course of the day. During her retreats to Chaillot, she received visits from the dauphin, dauphiness, and almost all the princesses of the blood. She once assisted at the profession of a novice, whom she led by the hand to the altar, to receive the veil, and bestowed upon her her own name Marie Beatrice.<sup>2</sup>

The reverence, modesty, and profound silence which she observed at church were very edifying. If they brought to her letters from her son, she never opened them in that holy place, or withdrew till the service

<sup>1</sup> Records of Chaillot, in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*



was concluded, when she retired into the sacristy, and read them there, as she had formerly done with regard to those from the king, her late royal husband.<sup>1</sup>

Motives of economy had doubtless as much to do with these retreats of the exiled queen, to the convent of Chaillot, as devotion. She could live with the princess her daughter and their ladies at a very trifling expense, in a place where simplicity of dress and abstemiousness of diet, instead of incurring sarcastic observations, were regarded as virtues. The self-denying habits practised by Mary Beatrice, while an inmate of this convent, neither resulted from superstition nor parsimony, but from a conscientious reluctance to expend more than was absolutely necessary upon herself, in a time of general suffering and scarcity. One day, when she was indisposed, and dining in her own apartment at Chaillot, the two nuns who waited upon her observed that she was vexed at something, and spoke angrily to lady Strickland, the keeper of her privy purse, whose office it was to superintend the purveyances for the queen's private table. As her majesty spoke in English, the nuns did not understand what it was that had displeased her, but in the evening she said "that she was sorry that she had spoken so sharply to lady Strickland, who had served her faithfully for nearly thirty years." They then took the liberty of inquiring what that lady had done to annoy her majesty. "She thought," said the queen, "that as I was not well, I should like some young partridges for my dinner, but they are very dear at this time, and I confess I was angry that such costly dainties should be procured for me, when so many faithful followers are in want of bread at St. Germain's.<sup>2</sup> It is true," continued her majesty, "that all the emigrants are not persons who have lost their fortunes for our sakes. Too many who apply to me for relief are ruined spendthrifts, gamblers, and people of dissipated lives, who have never cared for the king or me, but came over to be maintained in idleness out of our pittance, to the loss and discredit of more honourable men. Those sort of people," she said, "were more importunate for relief than any other, and had caused her great annoyance by their irregularities, for she was somehow considered responsible for the misdeemeanors of every member of the British emigration."

The keepers of the royal forest and preserves of St. Germain-en-laye once made a formal complaint to our unfortunate queen, that her purveyors had purchased poached game belonging to his most Christian majesty for her table. Mary Beatrice was indignant at the charge, and protested "that it was incredible." They assured her, in reply, "that they could bring ample proofs of the allegation, having traced the game into the château."

"Then," retorted her majesty, with some warmth, "it must have been poached by Frenchmen, for I am sure the English are too honourable and honest to do anything of the kind;" and turning to the vicar of St. Germain's, who was present, she asked him "if he thought they were capable of such malpractices as poaching?" "Alas, madame?"

<sup>1</sup> Records of the Convent of Chaillot.

<sup>2</sup> Diary of Chaillot. MSS. in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

exclaimed the old ecclesiastic, "it is the besetting sin of your people; I verily believe, that if I were dressed in hare-skin, they would poach me."<sup>1</sup>

The queen then gave orders that, for the time to come, no game should be purchased for her table, or even brought into the château, unless accompanied by a satisfactory account of whence it came, lest she should be in any way implicated in the evil deeds of her followers. Doubtless the well-stocked preserves of his French majesty were somewhat the worse for the vicinity of fox-hunting Jacobite squires, and other starving members of the British colony at St. Germain, who had been accustomed to sylvan sports, and had no other means of subsistence than practising their wood-craft illegally on their royal neighbour's hares and pheasants. Mary Beatrice was the more annoyed at these trespasses, because it appeared an ungrateful return for the kindness and hospitality that had been accorded to herself, her family, and followers, by Louis XIV., who had allowed the use of his dogs, and the privilege of the chase, to her late consort and their son.

While at Chaillot, the queen and her daughter were invited to the marriage of the dauphin's third son, the duko de Berri, with mademoiselle d'Orleans, but they were both at that time so depressed in spirits by the sufferings of their faithful friends at St. Germain, and the failure of all present hope for the restoration of the house of Stuart, that they were reluctant to sadden the nuptial rite by their appearance. The king of France, knowing how unhappy they were, excused them from assisting at the ceremonial; but the court ladies were ordered to be in grand costume for their state visit of congratulation at Marli, the following evening. When they arrived, the princes and princesses, and great nobles, were disposed at different card-tables, and, according to the etiquette of that time, the queen and princess made their visits of congratulation at each of them. They then returned to their calm abode at Chaillot, without participation in the diversions of the court.<sup>2</sup>

The chevalier de St. George returned from the army at the end of the campaign, ill and out of spirits. He came to see his mother and sister at Chaillot, by whom he was tenderly welcomed; all three assisted at the commemorative service of their church, on the 16th of September, the anniversary of James II.'s death. The next day the chevalier escorted his sister, the princess Louisa, back to St. Germain; but Mary Beatrice, who always passed several days at that mournful season in fasting, prayer, and absolute retirement, remained at the convent for that purpose; she was also suffering from indisposition, it appears, from an observation in the following affectionate little billet, which the princess Louisa wrote to her beloved parent before she went to bed:

"Madame, — I cannot refrain from writing to your majesty this evening, not being able to wait till to-morrow, as the groom does not go till after dinner. I am here only in person, for my heart and soul are still at Chaillot at your feet, too happy if I could flatter myself that your majesty has thought one moment this evening on your poor daughter, who can think of nothing but you. We

<sup>1</sup> Diary of Chaillot. MSS. in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

<sup>2</sup> Memoires de St. Simon, vol. viii., p. 366.

arrived here just as it was striking nine. The king, thank God! is very little fatigued, and has eaten a good supper. You will have the goodness to pardon this sad scrawl, but having only just arrived, my writing-table is in great disorder. I hope this will find your majesty much better than we left you, after a good night's rest.

"I am, with more respect than ever, your majesty's most humble and obedient daughter and servant,

LOUISE MARIE.

"At St. Germain's, this 17th Sept., in the evening."<sup>1</sup>

Most precious, of course, must this unaffected tribute of filial devotion have been to her to whom it was addressed. The faded ink and half obliterated characters of the crumpled and almost illegibly-scribbled letter, which was too soon to become a relic of the young warm-hearted writer, testify how often it has been bathed in a mother's tears.

Mary Beatrice made her daughter very happy, by writing to her by her son's physician, Dr. Wood; and her royal highness responds, with all the ardour of a devoted lover, in the following pleasant letter:—

"Madam,—Mr. Wood gave me yesterday the letter your majesty has done me the honour of writing to me. I received it with inexpressible joy; for nothing can equal the pleasure I feel in hearing from you, when I have the misfortune to be absent from you. I am delighted that you are improved in health, and I hope you will be sufficiently recovered to-morrow to undertake the journey with safety. I cannot tell you how impatient I am to kiss your majesty's hand, and to tell you, by word of mouth, that I can see nothing, nor attend to anything, when I am away from you. The last few days I have passed here have been weary, for I care for nothing, without you.

"Yesterday and to-day have seemed to me like two ages. Yesterday I had not even the king, my brother, for you know he was the whole day at Versailles. I could do nothing but pace up and down the balcony, and, I am sorry to say, only went to the *recollets*."

Meaning that she attended one of the short services in the Franciscan convent. Her royal highness, however, goes on to confess to her absent mamma, that she provided herself with better amusement in the sequel; for she says—

"In the evening, finding a good many of the young people had assembled themselves together below, I sent in quest of a violin, and we danced country dances till the king returned, which was not till supper-time. I could write till to-morrow without being able to express half the veneration and respect that I owe to your majesty, and, if I might presume to add, the tenderness I cherish for you, if you will permit that term to the daughter of the best of mothers, and who will venture to add, that her inclination—even more than her duty—compels her to respect and honour your majesty more than it is possible either to imagine or express, and which her heart alone can feel."<sup>2</sup>

Mary Beatrice returned to St. Germain's towards the end of September, and spent the winter there with her children. She and her son held their separate little courts under the same roof: he as king, and she as queen-mother of England, with all the ceremonials of royalty. Their poverty would have exposed them to the sarcasms of the French courtiers and wits, if compassion for their misfortunes, and admiration for the dignity

<sup>1</sup> Chaillot MSS., Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> From the original French Autograph Letter, preserved among the Chaillot Collection, in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

with which the fallen queen had supported all her trials, had not invested her with a romantic interest in the eyes of a chivalric nation. From the monarch on the throne to the humblest of his subjects, all regarded her as an object of reverential sympathy.

On the death of the dauphin, in April 1711, Louis XIV. sent his grand chamberlain the duc de Bouillon, to announce his loss to Mary Beatrice and her son; this was done with the same ceremony, as if they had been in reality, what he thought it proper to style them, the king and queen-mother of Great Britain. Mary Beatrice paid Louis a private visit of sympathy at Marli, the day his son was interred. Her daughter, the princess Louisa, accompanied her, but it was observed that her majesty left her in the coach, for the dauphin had died of the small-pox, and she feared to expose her darling to the risk of the infection, by allowing her to enter the palace. She excused the absence of her son for the same reason. State visits of condolence were afterwards paid by her and her son in due form to every member of the royal family. These were returned, on the 21st of April, by the French princes and princesses in a body, greatly resembling a funeral procession, for the ladies wore mourning hoods, and the gentlemen muffling cloaks. Their first visit was paid to the chevalier de St. George, where the respect demanded by him as titular king of England, forbade the mourners to be seated; therefore, after a few solemn compliments had been exchanged, they were ushered into the presence chamber of queen Mary Beatrice, who was, with all her ladies, in deep mourning, to receive them. Six fauteuils were placed for the accommodation of the privileged—namely, herself, her son, the new dauphin and dauphiness, and the duke and duchess of Berri—the latter, as the wife of a grandson of France, took precedence of her parents, the duke and duchess of Orleans, who were only allowed folding chairs.<sup>1</sup>

When the party were seated, Mary Beatrice apologized for not being, herself, *en mante*—that is to say, dressed in a mourning hood to receive them, but this, as she always wore the veil and garb of a widow, was incompatible with her own costume, in which she could not make any alteration, even out of respect to the late dauphin. When this was repeated to Louis XIV., he expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the excuse made by the widowed queen, and kindly said, “he would not have wished her to do violence to her feelings by altering her costume, to assume a mourning hood, even if it had been for himself instead of his son, the dauphin.”<sup>2</sup>

After the princes and princesses had conversed with Mary Beatrice a few minutes, they all rose, and signified their wish “of returning the visits of her royal highness, the princess of England,” as the youngest daughter of James II. was always styled in France, but the queen prevented them, by sending for her. She was satisfied that they were prepared to pay her daughter that punctilious mark of respect. The princess had absented herself because it was proper that her visits of condolence should be separately acknowledged, and also because

<sup>1</sup> St. Simon.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

etiquette forbade her to sit in her mother's presence on this occasion, and if she stood the French princesses must also; for, as a king's daughter, she took precedence of them all.

A protestant consort, a crowned head, withal, and one who possessed this powerful recommendation to her favour, that he had expressed a romantic inclination to espouse her brother's cause, was about this time proposed for the princess *Louisa*; no other than that erratic northern luminary, *Charles XII.* of Sweden.<sup>1</sup> The maternal tenderness of *Mary Beatrice*, in all probability, revolted from sacrificing her lovely and accomplished daughter to so formidable a spouse.

"In the summer of 1711, the chevalier de *St. George* made an incognito tour through many of the provinces of France; and *Mary Beatrice*, to avoid the expense of keeping up her melancholy imitation of queenly state at *St. Germain's* in his absence, withdrew with the princess her daughter to her favourite retreat at *Chaillot*. It was within the walls of that convent, alone, that the hapless widow of *James II.* enjoyed a temporary repose from the cares and quarrels that harassed her in her exiled court—a court made up of persons of ruined fortunes, with breaking hearts and tempers soured by disappointment, who, instead of being united in that powerful bond of friendship, which a fellowship in suffering for the same cause should have knit, were engaged in constant altercations and struggles for pre-eminence. Who can wonder that the fallen queen preferred the peaceful cell of a recluse from the world and its turmoils, to the empty parade of royalty, which she was condemned to support in her borrowed palace at *St. Germain's*, where every chamber had its separate intrigues, and whenever she went abroad for air and exercise, or, for the purpose of attending the service of her church, she was beset with the importunities of starving petitioners, who, with cries and moving words, or the more touching appeal of pale cheeks and tearful eyes, besought her for that relief which she had no means of bestowing? Even her youthful daughter, who by nature was inclined to enjoy the amusements of the court, and the sylvan pastimes of the forest, or the pleasant banks of the *Seine*, with her beloved companions, and to look on *Chaillot* as a very lugubrious place, now regarded it as a refuge from the varied miseries with which she saw her royal mother oppressed at *St. Germain's*. They arrived at the convent on the 20th of July, and were received by the abbess and the nuns with the usual marks of respect. The following day the queen had the satisfaction of reading a letter written by the bishop of *Strasburg* to the abbé *Roguette*, full of commendations of her son, whom he had seen during his travels. *Mary Beatrice* was so much delighted with the tenour of this letter, and the quaint simplicity of the style, that she requested it might be put in the drawer of the archives of *James II.*, to be kept with other contemporary records, which she carefully preserved of her royal consort and their son. The next day she received a letter from the chevalier himself, giving an account of some of the most interesting objects he had noticed during his travels. Among other things, he mentioned "having

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<sup>1</sup> *Sturt Papers.*

visited the hospital and the silk factories of Lyons; in the latter, he had been struck with surprise, at seeing 2000 reels worked by one wheel."<sup>1</sup> An observation from which we learn that France was much in advance of England, in machinery, in the beginning of the last century, and that looms, worked by water instead of hands, performed, on a small scale, at Lyons, some of the wonders which we see achieved by the power of steam at Manchester and Glasgow in the present age. Like all the royal Stuarts, the son of James II. took a lively interest in the arts of peaceful life, and the progress of domestic civilization. His letters to his mother, during this tour, abounded with remarks on these subjects. Mary Beatrice expressed great satisfaction to her friends at Chaillot, at the good sense which led him to acquaint himself with matters likely to conduce to the happiness of his people, in case it should be the will of God to call him to the throne of England. The nuns were much more charmed at the prince telling his royal mother, "that he had been desirous of purchasing for the princess, his sister, one of the most beautiful specimens of the silks made at Lyons, for a petticoat, but they had not shown him any that he thought good enough for her use; he had, however, wisely summoned female taste to his aid, by begging Madame L'Intendante to undertake the choice for him, and she had written to him, 'that she believed that she had succeeded better than his majesty, so he hoped his sister would have a petticoat of the most rich and splendid brocade that could be procured, to wear in the winter, when she left off her mourning.'"<sup>2</sup> The genuine affection for his sister, which is indicated by this little trait, may well atone for its simplicity. Mary Beatrice, having no allowance of any kind for her daughter, was precluded by her poverty from indulging her maternal pride, by decking her in rich array. The chevalier de St. George, who had enough of the Frenchman in him to attach some importance to the subject of dress, was perhaps aware of deficiencies in the wardrobe of his fair sister, when he took so much pains to procure for her a dress, calculated to give her, on her re-appearance at the French court, the eclat of a splendid toilette to set off her natural charms.

The pure, unselfish affection which united the disinherited son and daughter of James II. and his queen, in exile and poverty, affords a remarkable contrast to the political jealousies and angry passions which inflamed the hearts of their triumphant sisters, Mary and Anne, against each other, when they had succeeded in driving their father from his throne and supplanting their brother in the regal succession. Mary Beatrice always trembled lest her daughter, the princess Louisa, should be induced to listen to the flattering insinuations of persons in her court, who scrupled not to say that nature had fitted her better for a throne than her brother. The duke of Perth, when governor to the prince, always intreated him to imitate the gracious and popular manners of his sister, telling him "that he ought to make it his study to acquire that which was with her free and spontaneous."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memoirs of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

The princess received a very amusing letter from her brother, on the 3d of August, informing her that he had been to Valence, and afterwards paid an incognito visit to the army under the command of the duke of Berwick, in Dauphiny. The queen permitted her daughter to gratify the sisters of Chaillot, by reading this letter aloud to them at the evening recreation, at which they were delighted; the fond mother herself, although she had read it previously, could not refrain from commending the witty and agreeable style in which it was written. She told the nuns "that her son would certainly render himself greatly loved and esteemed, wherever he went," adding, "that she had been surprised at what he had written to lord Middleton, about two deserters from the regiment of Berwick, who had gone over to the enemy's army, and surrendered themselves to general Raon, a German, who commanded the army of the duke of Savoy. When they arrived, general Raon was with the bailey of a French village, who had come to treat about a contribution; being informed of the circumstance, he ordered them to be brought before him, but, instead of giving them the flattering reception they, doubtless, anticipated, and asking for intelligence of their camp, he said to them very sternly, "You are very base to desert your army, and what renders your conduct still more infamous, is your doing so at the time the king of England, your master, is there." "I was surprised," continued the queen, "to learn that a German had so much politeness as to venture to give my son the name of king." "It seems, madam," replied the nuns, "as if he had a secret presentiment that the time decreed by Providence is approaching for a happy revolution. The boldness of Mr. Dundas makes us think so, for otherwise, according to the justice, or rather, we ought to say, the injustice of England, he would have been punished for his speech." "No," replied the queen, "they cannot do him any harm, and his speech has been printed in England, and dispersed throughout Scotland, and everywhere else."

It is amusing to find the cloistered sisters of Chaillot talking of the speech of an Edinburgh advocate, but not surprising, since the widowed queen of James II., who still continued to be the central point to which all the Jacobite correspondence tended, held her privy councils at this time within their grate, and constantly discussed with her ladies, before the favourite members of the community who had the honour of waiting on her, the signs of the times, and the hopes or fears which agitated her, for the cause of her son. If one of the state ministers of France visited Mary Beatrice, and made any particular communication to her, and she prudently kept silence on the subject, its nature was divined by her looks, or the effect it produced on her spirits, and in due time the mystery unravelled itself. In regard, however, to the speech of Mr. Dundas, of Arniston, there was no necessity for secrecy, for the sturdy Scot had fearlessly perilled life and limb, to give publicity to his treasonable assertion for the representative of the exiled house of Stuart, and his audacity was regarded as a favourable indication of public feeling

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France. See also. Macpherson's History of England, and Lockhart Papers.

towards the cause of that unfortunate prince. Mary Beatrice had sent some silver medals of her son to several of her old friends in England. Among the rest, to that errant Jacobite lady, the duchess of Gordon, these medals bore the profile of the chevalier de St. George, with a superscription, endowing him with the title of James III., king of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. On the reverse was the map of the Britannic empire, with a legend, implying that these dominions would be restored to him, as their rightful king.

The duchess of Gordon, to try how the lawyers of Scotland stood affected towards a counter-revolution, sent one of these medals as a present to the dean of the faculty of advocates. It was received by that learned body with enthusiasm, and Robert Dundas, of Arniston, being deputed to convey their acknowledgments to her grace, told her, "that the faculty of advocates thanked her for presenting them with the medal of their sovereign lord the king, and hoped her grace would soon have the opportunity of sending them a medal to commemorate the restoration of the king and royal family, and the finishing of rebellion, usurpation, treason, and whiggery."<sup>1</sup>

Such was the weakness of queen Anne's regnal power in Scotland at that time, that no notice was taken of this seditious declaration till the Hanoverian envoy complained of it to the queen. In consequence of his representation, orders were given to sir David Dalrymple, the lord-advocate, to proceed against Dundas; but the prosecution was presently dropped, and Dundas not only printed his speech, but defended it, in a still more treasonable pamphlet, which, in due time, found its way, not only to St. Germain's, but to the convent of Chaillot, and was highly relished by the nuns.

Once, when the prospects of the restoration of the exiled Stuarts to the throne of Britain were discussed, the princess Louisa said, "For my part, I am best pleased to remain in ignorance of the future." "It is one of the greatest mercies of God, that it is hidden from our sight," observed the queen. "When I first passed over to France, if any one had told me I should have to remain there two years, I should have been in despair; and I have now been here upwards of two-and-twenty—God, who is the ruler of our destinies, having so decreed."<sup>2</sup>

"It seems to me, madam," said the princess, "that persons who, like myself, have been born in adversity, are less to be pitied than those who have suffered a reverse; never having tasted good fortune, they are not so sensible of their calamities; besides, they always have hope to encourage them. Were it not," continued she, "for that, it would be very melancholy to pass the fair season of youth in a life so full of sadness."

Sister Catharine Angelique told her royal highness, that her grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria, was accustomed to thank God that he had made her a queen, and an unfortunate queen. "Thus, madam," continued the old religieuse, "it is, in reality, a great blessing that your

<sup>1</sup> Macpherson's History of England.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Diary of a Nun of Chaillot.



royal highness has not found yourself in a position to enjoy the pleasures and distinctions pertaining to your rank and age."

"Truly," said the queen, turning to her daughter, "I regard it in the same light, and have often been thankful, both on your account and that of my son, that you are, at present, even as you are. The inclination you both have for pleasure might otherwise have carried you beyond due bounds."<sup>1</sup> Such were the lessons of Christian philosophy with which the royal mother endeavoured to reconcile her children to the dispensations of Divine Providence, which had placed them in a situation so humiliating to their pride, and that ambition which is generally a propensity inseparable from royal blood.

Catharine Angelique told the queen and princess, "that their royal foundress," as she called queen Henrietta Maria, "in the midst of her misfortunes, was glad to be a queen, and that she would sometimes say, 'It is always a fine title, and I should not like to relinquish it.'"

"For my part," observed Mary Beatrice, "I can truly say, that I never found any happiness in that envied title. I never wished to be queen of England: for I loved king Charles very sincerely, and was so greatly afflicted at his death, that I dared not show how much I grieved for his loss, lest I should have been accused of grimace."<sup>2</sup>

It was during one of those conversations that the name of the late queen dowager, Catharine of Braganza, being brought up, the princess Louisa asked her mother, if there were any grounds for the reported partiality of that queen for the earl of Feversham? "No!" replied Mary Beatrice; "not the slightest." "It is very strange," observed the princess, thoughtfully, "how such invidious rumours get into circulation; but," continued she, "the prudence of your majesty's conduct has been such as to defy scandal itself, which has never dared to attack your name." "You are too young to know anything about such matters, my child," replied the queen, gravely. "Pardon me, madam," rejoined the princess, "these things are always known: for, as one of the ancient poets has said of princes, 'Their faults write themselves in the public records of their times.'"<sup>3</sup>

Mary Beatrice enjoyed unwonted repose of mind and body at this season. She had cast all her cares on a higher power, and passed her time quietly in the cloister, in the society of her lovely and beloved daughter, in whose tender affection she tasted as much happiness as her widowed heart was capable of experiencing. The lively letters of her son, who was an excellent correspondent, cheered the royal recluse, and furnished conversation for the evening hours of recreation, when the nuns were permitted to relax their thoughts from devotional subjects, and join in conversation, or listen to that of their illustrious inmates. It was then that Mary Beatrice would occasionally relieve her overburthened mind, by talking of the events of her past life; and deeply is it to be regretted that only disjointed fragments remain of the diary kept by the nun who employed herself in recording the reminiscences of the fallen queen.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Diary of a Nun of Chaillot.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

Occasionally the holy sister enters into particulars more minute than interesting to the general reader, such as the days on which her majesty took medicine, and very often the drugs of which it was compounded are enumerated. Successive doses of quinquina, with white powder of whalebone, and the waters of St. Remi, appear to have been a standing prescription with her. By the skill of her French surgeon, Beaulieu, the progress of the cancer had been arrested so completely, that it was regarded at this period as almost cured; whether this were attributable to her perseverance in the above prescription, or to the diversion caused in her favour by a painful abscess, which fixed on one of her fingers at this time, may be a question, perhaps, among persons skilled in the healing art. Mary Beatrice suffered severely with her finger, and her sufferings were aggravated by the tedious proceedings of Beaulieu, who had become paralytic in her service, and though his right hand had lost its cunning, was so tenacious of his office, that he would not suffer any one to touch his royal mistress but himself. Her ladies, and even the nuns, were annoyed at seeing his ineffectual attempts at performing operations with a trembling uncertain hand, and said he ought not to be allowed to put the queen to so much unnecessary pain; but Mary Beatrice, who valued the infirm old man for his faithful services in past years, bore everything with unruffled patience.<sup>1</sup> It was a principle of conscience with her, never to wound the feelings of those about her, if she could avoid it. She was very careful not to distinguish one of her ladies more than another, by any particular mark of attention, for all were faithfully attached to her. How much milder her temper was considered by persons of low degree than that of one of her ladies, may be inferred from the following whimsical incident: One day, at dinner, she complained "that the glass they had brought her was too large and heavy for her hand," and asked for that out of which she was accustomed to drink, which she said "was both lighter and prettier." The young domestic probationer, who washed the glass and china belonging to her majesty's table, hearing this, ran in a great fright to the *econome*, and confessed that she had had the misfortune to break the queen of England's drinking glass. "I don't mind the queen knowing that it was I who did it," said she; "but I hope she will not tell lady Strickland." Mary Beatrice was much amused when this was repeated to her, and laughed heartily at the simplicity of the poor girl.<sup>2</sup> The same damsel, whose name was Claire Antoinette Constantin, being about to take the veil, as a humble sister of that convent, expressed an earnest desire, the night before her profession, to make a personal confession to the queen of England, of an injury she had been the cause of her suffering, for that she could not be happy to enter upon her new vocation till she had received her pardon.

The unfortunate widow of James II., having had painful experience of the deceitfulness and ingratitude of human nature, doubtless, expected to listen to an acknowledgment of treacherous practices, with regard to her private papers or letters, that had been productive of mischief to her

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<sup>1</sup> MS. Diary of a Nun of Chaillot.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

interests and the cause of her son, when she consented to see the penitent offender, who, throwing herself at her feet, with great solemnity confessed a peccatillo that inclined her majesty to smile. She spoke the girl kindly; and having talked with her about her profession, sent her away with a light heart. Mary Beatrice met one of the nuns in the gallery, presently after, to whom she said, laughing at the same time, "Do you know that sister Clare Antoinette has just been asking my pardon for causing me the afflicting loss of a little silver cup and two coffee spoons." "It was derogatory to your majesty, for her to say that you could feel any trouble for such a loss," replied the nun, "but she hardly knew what she said when she found herself in the presence of royalty." The queen condescended to assist in the profession of the humble Claire Antoinette.<sup>1</sup>

The 19th of September being a very rainy day, the queen did not expect any visitors, and was surprised at seeing one of the dauphiness's pages ride into the court, who came to announce that her royal highness intended to pay her majesty and the princess of England a visit after dinner. She arrived with her retinue at four o'clock, accompanied by her sister-in-law, the duchess de Berri. Adelaide of Savoy, duchess of Burgundy, was then dauphiness. The abbess received them at the grate, and the princess Louisa came to meet them in the cloister leading to the queen's suite of apartments. As soon as the dauphiness saw her, she signified to her train-bearer that she did not require him to attend her farther; and it seems she disencumbered herself of her train at the same time, for our circumstantial chronicler says, "she went to the princess of England *en corpo*," which means in her boddice and petticoat, without the royal mantle of state, which was made so as to be thrown off or assumed at pleasure. The princess Louisa conducted the royal guests into the presence of the queen, who being indisposed was on her bed. She greeted the kind Adelaide in these words, "What has induced you, my dear dauphiness, to come and dig out the poor old woman in her cell?" The dauphiness, made an affectionate reply. "I don't know exactly what she said," continues our Chaillot chronicler, "but the queen told me that she conversed with her apart very tenderly, while the princess entertained the duchess de Berri." After some time her majesty told her daughter to show the duchess de Berri the house, and the dauphiness remained alone with her. When the princess and the duchess returned, the dauphiness begged the queen to allow the princess to take a walk with her, to which a willing assent being given, they went out together.

The heavy rain having rendered the gardens unfit for the promenade, the royal friends returned into the house, and the princess took the dauphiness to see the work, with which she seemed much pleased; they afterwards rejoined Mary Beatrice in her apartment. "As it was Saturday afternoon, and past four o'clock," continues our authority, "her majesty did not offer a collation to the dauphiness, but only fish and bread, with a flask of Muscat."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Diary of the Nun of Chaillot. Inedited MSS. in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid

The dauphiness, the same day, gave orders to the duchess de Lauzun that there should be a party made for the chase in the Bois de Boulogne, on purpose for the princess of England, and a supper prepared for her at the house of the duchess at Passy. There were two great obstacles in the way of the princess enjoying this pleasure, which the poverty of her royal mother, apparently, rendered insurmountable: she had neither a horse that she could safely mount, nor a riding dress fit for her to appear in before the gay and gallant court of France. Bitter mortifications those for a youthful beauty, and she the daughter of a king. The amiable dauphiness, however, who had either been informed of these deficiencies, or guessed the state of her unfortunate cousin's stud and wardrobe appointments, sent one of her equerries on the morning of the important day, with a beautiful well-trained palfrey, from her own stable, for the princess's use, together with a splendid riding dress. She wrote, at the same time, to the queen, "entreating her to permit the princess to join the hunting party on horseback, for she had sent one of the horses she had been herself accustomed to ride," adding, "that she hoped her majesty would excuse the liberty she had ventured to take in presenting, also, one of her own hunting dresses to her royal highness, the princess of England, the time being too short to allow of having a new one made on purpose."

The pride of a vulgar mind might have been offended at this little circumstance, but Mary Beatrice, though her naturally lofty spirit had been rendered more painfully sensitive by her great reverse of fortune, fully appreciated the affectionate freedom of her royal kinswoman, and wrote to her with her own hand, in reply, "that it would be very unkind to refuse what was so kindly meant and courteously offered, that she thanked her very sincerely, and assured her that she should have much joy in the pleasure that had been provided for her child."

Meantime, the equerry having brought the horse into the garden, the princess Louisa mounted there, and took a few turns to try his paces, and although she had not been in the saddle for upwards of two years, she felt perfectly self-possessed and assured. The temptation of wending with the royal beauty to the gay greenwood, and describing her dress and deportment on that one day, of princely disport with the dauphiness and the gallant court of France, must be resisted, since it is not the life of Louisa Stuart, but of Mary Beatrice d'Esté which at present claims the attention of the reader.<sup>1</sup>

The princess and her governess, lady Middleton, who accompanied her to the chase, returned to Chaillot at a quarter after nine the same evening. On the Tuesday following, Mary Beatrice considered it proper to pay a visit to the king of France at Versailles, and to thank the dauphiness for her attention to her daughter. It cost her a struggle to emerge from her present quiet abode, to present herself at court again, after so long an absence. She said several times, "I am getting such an

<sup>1</sup>Diary of the Nun of Chaillot. Inedited MSS. in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris

<sup>2</sup>This having already far exceeded the usual limits allotted to the royal biographies, in this series, it becomes expedient to embody the inedited memorials of her children in a separate publication.

old woman, that I feel embarrassed myself on such occasions, and shall only be a restraint on others." She took her young bright Louisa with her to Versailles, to make all the round of state visits to the members of the royal family. Her majesty wore a black mantle and cap, but the princess was in full court costume; they returned to the convent at eight in the evening.

Mary Beatrice wished to make a round of visits to the religious houses of Paris, and especially to the sisters of St. Antoine, but as the pestilence was raging in that city, she was deterred, from the fear of exposing her daughter to the infection. She had promised the princess the pleasure of going to the Italian comedy at this time, and a day was fixed, but the evening before, lady Middleton represented to the queen that it might be attended with danger to the princess, as Paris was so full of bad air, on which her majesty told her daughter, "that although it gave her some pain to deprive her of so small a pleasure, she could not allow her to go." The princess had reckoned very much upon it, but said her majesty's kindness quite consoled her for her disappointment.<sup>1</sup> Never was a mother more devotedly loved and honoured than was Mary Beatrice by her sweet daughter, who had now become her companion and friend. One day, when she had allowed the princess to go incognito to Paris with lady Middleton, to dine with madame Rothes, the married daughter of that lady, she could not help repeating many times during dinner, "It must be owned that we miss my daughter very much." Mary Beatrice, notwithstanding her fears of exposing that precious one to the danger of entering the infected city, was persuaded to take her with her to the church of the English Benedictines, when she went to pay her annual visit of sorrowful remembrance to the remains of her lamented lord, king James, which still remained unburied under a sable canopy, surmounted with the crown of England, in the aisle of St. Jacques, though ten years had passed away since his death. To avoid attracting attention or the appearance of display, the royal widow and orphan daughter of that unfortunate prince, went in a hired coach, attended by only two ladies, the duchess of Perth, and the countess of Middleton, to pay this mournful duty, and to offer up their prayers in the holy privacy of a grief too deep to brook the scrutiny of public curiosity. On one or two previous occasions, the coach of the exiled queen had been recognised, and followed by crowds of persons of all degrees, who, in their eagerness to gaze on the royal heroine of this mournful romance of history, had greatly distressed and agitated her, even by the vehemence of their sympathy—the French being then not only an excitable but a venerative people, full of compassion for the calamities of royalty. Popular superstition had invested the deceased king with the name of a saint, and attributed to his perishable mortal remains the miraculous power of curing diseases. His bier was visited by pilgrims from all parts of France, and on this occasion his faithful widow and daughter, shrouded in their mourning cloaks and veils,

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, in the *Archives au Royaume du France*

passed unnoticed among the less interesting enthusiasts who came to offer up their vows and prayers in the aisle of St. Jacques. Some persons outside the church asked the coachman whom he had driven there. The man, not being at all aware of the quality of the party, replied, "that he had brought two old gentlewomen, one middle aged, and a young lady."<sup>1</sup>

This unceremonious description beguiled the fallen queen of England of a smile, perhaps from the very revulsion of feeling caused by its contrast to the reverential and elaborate titles with which royal personages are accustomed to hear themselves named. Queen now only by courtesy, deprived of pomp, power, and royal attributes, Mary Beatrice had gained, by her adversity, better things than she had lost—patience, resignation, and sufficient philosophy to regard the distinctions of this world and its vanities in their true light; yet, like all human creatures, she had her imperfections. That quaintly minute chronicler, the nun of Chaillot, records, "that she once saw her royal friend visibly discomposed for a very slight matter, and that, strange to say, caused by an unwonted act of awkwardness on the part of her daughter, the princess Louise, who, in drawing the soup to her at dinner, spilt it on the table-cloth, and all over the queen's napkin. Her majesty's colour rose, she looked angry, but said nothing. In the evening, she said, "she felt so much irritated at the moment, that she had with great difficulty restrained herself from giving vent to her annoyance in words;" she severely censured herself, at the same time, for allowing her temper to be ruffled by such a trifle. Mary Beatrice bore a serious trial, soon after, with the equanimity of a heroine, and the dignity of a queen. On the day of St. Ursula, as she was about to enter the choir of the conventual church, with her daughter, to perform her devotions, a letter was delivered to her from the duke de Lauzun, informing her that the negotiations for a peace between England and France had commenced, which must involve the repudiation of her son's title and cause, by Louis XIV. Mary Beatrice read the letter attentively through, without betraying the slightest emotion, then showed it to her daughter, who wept passionately. The queen turned into the aisle of St. Joseph, where, finding one of the nuns whom she sometimes employed as her private secretary, she requested her to write, in her name, to the duke de Lauzun, "thanking him for the kind attention he had shown in apprising her of what she had not before heard, and begging him to give her information of any further particulars that might come to his knowledge;" she then entered the church, and attended the service, without allowing any one to read in her countenance any confirmation of the ill news, which the tearful eyes of the princess showed, that ominous letter had communicated.<sup>2</sup> An anxious interest was excited on the subject among the sisters of Chaillot, who certainly were by no means devoid

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice D'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France. The ladies Perth and Middleton, being the elders of the party, came under the description of the two old gentlewomen, the queen of the middle aged, and the princess of the young lady.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Memorials in Archives au Royaume de France.

of the feminine attribute of curiosity. At dinner, Mary Beatrice showed no appearance of dejection, and no one ventured to ask a question. The next morning, at the hour of relaxation, seeing all the nuns near her, she said "she would impart to them something that was in the duke de Lauzun's letter—namely, that their king had said at his levee—"The English have offered me reasonable terms of peace, and the choice of three cities for the treaty." She said no more, and the abbess of Chaillot taking up the word, rejoined—"But, madam, what advantage will your majesty and the king, your son, find in this peace?" The queen, instead of making a direct reply, said, "Peace is so great a blessing, that it ought to be rejoiced at; and we have such signal obligations to France, that we cannot but wish for anything that is beneficial to it."<sup>1</sup>

At supper, she told the community the names of the plenipotentiaries on both sides. She said, "that she had, as soon as she was informed of these particulars, written to her son, to hasten his return, because it would be desirable for her to see and consult with him, on the steps proper to be taken for supporting his interests." The chevalier de St. George was then at Genoble, from whence he wrote a long amusing letter to his sister, descriptive of the place and its history, and of the principal towns and ports he had visited. The princess read the letter aloud to the nuns, in the presence of her royal mother, who, though she had read it before, listened with lively interest to all the details.

Mary Beatrice gave a medal of her son to the abbess of Chaillot, "which," says the recording sister of that community, "will be found among our archives, together with a copy of the speech made by the sieur Dundas, in Scotland."

The princess Louisa had given the duke de Lauzun one of these medals in the summer, and he, in return, presented to her, through one of his wife's relations, sister Louise de l'Orge, a nun in that convent, a miniature of the queen magnificently set with diamonds, in a very pretty shagreen box. The princess testified great joy at this present, but the queen appeared thoughtful and sad; at last she said, "I have been several times tempted to send it back. I see I am still very proud, for I cannot bear that any one should make presents to my daughter, when she is not able to make a suitable return. It is from the same principle of pride," continued her majesty, "that I cannot consent to allow my portrait to be painted now. One should not suffer oneself to be seen as old and ugly by those who might remember what one has been when young." She was, however, induced to allow the princess to retain the gift which had been so kindly presented by her old and faithful friend, de Lauzun.<sup>2</sup>

At supper, on the 3d of November, some one told the queen, "that the marshal Tallard had facetiously proposed to the ministers of queen Anne, that the prince, whom they called the Pretender, should espouse their queen, as the best method of reconciling their differences." "You are mistaken," said Mary Beatrice. "It was a priest who made that proposal, and I will tell you what he said at the recreation to-night."

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials in Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

All were impatient to hear the right version of the story, and at the time appointed Mary Beatrice told them, with some humour, "that a witty Irish priest having been summoned before a bench of magistrates, for not taking the oath of abjuration, said to their worships, 'Would it not be best, in order to end these disputes, that your queen should marry the Pretender?' To which all present exclaimed, in a tone of horror, 'Why, he is her brother!' 'If so,' rejoined the priest, 'why am I required to take an oath against him?'"

The abbess of Chaillot asked the queen in confidence, "if the reports about a peace were correct, and if so, whether anything for the relief of her majesty were likely to be stipulated in the treaty?" Mary Beatrice replied, "that the peace was certain to take place, and that she had some prospect of receiving her dower, but it must be kept a profound secret, because of the Irish, who would all be about her."<sup>1</sup> Her great anxiety was to pay her debts, of which by far the largest was what she owed to the convent of Chaillot; it gave her much pain, she said, that she had not been in a condition to pay the annual rent—namely, 3000 livres, for the apartments she hired there, the arrears of which now amounted to a very large sum. The abbess took the opportunity of reminding her indigent royal tenant of the state of outstanding accounts between her majesty and that house. She said, "that in addition to the 18,000 livres, her majesty had had the goodness to pay them, she had given them a promissory note for 42,000 more, for the last fourteen years. Mary Beatrice was so bewildered at the formidable sound, in French figures, of a sum, which did not amount to two thousand pounds of English money, that she could not remember having given such an engagement, and begged the abbess to let her see it. The abbess produced the paper out of the strong box, and her majesty, presently recollecting herself, freely acknowledged and confirmed it. The abbess in the evening called a council of the elders of the community on the subject, and they agreed that they ought to thank her majesty for what she had done. The very politeness of her creditors was painful to the sensitive feelings of the unfortunate queen. She interrupted them with great emotion, by saying, "that one of the greatest mortifications of her life, was to have seen how many years she had been lodging with them for nothing, and that they must attribute it to the unhappy state of her affairs, and to the extremity of that necessity which has no law."<sup>2</sup> Among all the sad records of the calamities of royalty, there are few pictures more heart-rending than that of the widow of a king of Great Britain reduced to the humiliation of making such an avowal. The money that should have been devoted to the payment of her rent at Chaillot had been extorted from her compassion, by the miseries of the starving thousands by whom she was daily importuned for bread, when at St. Germain. As long as the royal widow had a livre in her purse, she could not resist the agonizing petitions of these unfortunates; and when all was gone, she fled to Chaillot, literally for refuge. She told

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid*

<sup>3</sup> Diary of the Nun of Chaillot, in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.



the community, "that they might reckon on her good offices whenever they thought it might be in her power to be of service to them."

One of the nuns who waited on Mary Beatrice took the liberty of approaching her when they were alone, and endeavoured to soothe her wounded spirit, by assuring her, "that the abbess and sisters could never sufficiently acknowledge her goodness and her charity to their house; and that the whole community were truly grateful for the blessing of having her among them, for her example had inspired them with a new zeal for the performance of the duties of their religion." Adding, "that it gave their community great pain, when the poverty of their house compelled them to mention anything that was due to them; but they should all be most willing to wait her majesty's convenience." Mary Beatrice talked of changing her apartments for those lately occupied by mademoiselle de la Motte, which were only half the rent of hers, but it was begged that she would retain her own.<sup>1</sup>

The next day, Mary Beatrice had the consolation of embracing her son, who arrived at Chaillot on the 4th of November, at nine in the morning, having slept at Chartres the preceding night. He entered alone, having hastened on before his retinue to greet his royal mother and sister. They both manifested excessive joy at seeing him; he dined with them in her majesty's apartment, and the abbess waited on them at dinner. The queen and princess both said, several times, that he greatly resembled his late uncle, king Charles II. "This prince," says the recording sister of Chaillot, "is very tall and well formed, and very graceful. He has a pleasant manner, is very courteous and obliging, and speaks French well."

After dinner, permission was asked of the queen, for the community to have the honour of coming in to see the king, as they called her son. Her majesty assenting, they entered, and seated themselves on the ground, and listened with great interest to the chevalier's conversation, which consisted chiefly of his remarks on the various places he had visited during his late tour, on which, like other travellers, he delighted to discourse to reverential listeners. Mary Beatrice kindly sent for sister Louise de l'Orge, one of the nuns, who, although she was then in her retreat, was well pleased at being indulged with a peep at the royal visitor. Mary Beatrice announced her intention of returning to St. Germain, with her son, that evening, and said she would not make any adieux. She paid, however, a farewell visit after vespers to the tribune, where the heart of her beloved consort was enshrined, and then returned to her own apartment, and waited there while the princess took leave of the abbess and the community. Notwithstanding the joy of the princess at this reunion with her much-beloved brother, she was greatly moved at parting from the kind nuns; and when she made her adieu to her particular friend, sister Marguerite Henriette, she burst into tears. The queen herself was agitated: she said several times, "that she could not understand two conflicting inclinations in her mind—her desire to return with her son, and her fear of quitting her home at Chaillot, for the tur-

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<sup>1</sup> Diary of the Nun of Chaillot, in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

moils and difficulties that would beset her at St. Germain's."<sup>1</sup> At her departure, she said a few gracious words of acknowledgment as she passed them, to those nuns who had had the honour of waiting upon her. Her beloved friend, Françoise Angelique Priolo, was in ill health; and the following playful letter, without date, was probably written to her by Mary Beatrice soon after her return to St. Germain's:—

"Although you have preferred my daughter to me, in writing to her rather than to me, about which I will not quarrel with you, I must needs write two words to you to explain about the money that Demster brings you. There are 22 Louis, of which 200 livres must be taken for the half year of the perpetual mass; 29, for the two bills that you have given to Molza, and the rest to purchase a goat, whose milk will preserve and improve the health of my dear good mother. They assure me that they have sent the money for the wood."

Endorsed "To the mother Priolo."<sup>2</sup>

Mary Beatrice came to see her sick friend, at the convent of Chaillot, on the 9th of December, accompanied by the princess, her daughter, and returned the next day to St. Germain's.

The preliminary negotiations for the peace of Utrecht filled the exiled court with anxiety and stirring excitement. The duke of Marlborough renewed his secret correspondence with Mary Beatrice and her son, through the medium of his nephew, Berwick, and even committed himself so far as to confer personally with Tunstal, one of the emissaries of the earl of Middleton. In the curiously mystified official report of these conferences, written by the latter to Middleton, Mary Beatrice is, as usual, mentioned under two different feigned names, her dower is called her law-suit, and Marlborough is styled the lawyer.

"I had two long conferences with him," writes Tunstal, "about *Mr. Bernhard's* law-suit, and *Mr. Kelly's [the Pretender's]* affairs. As to both which he shows a good will, and gives, in appearance, sincere wishes; but how far he will be able to work effectually in the matter, I leave you to judge. First as to *Mr. Bernard's [the queen's]* deed, he says, it must be insisted upon in time, for he looks upon it as certain that an accommodation [*peace*] will be made, and if he shall be found capable of helping or signing this deed, he assures *Mr. Bernard [the queen]* of his best services. But he believes measures are taken in such a manner that he shall be excluded from having any hand in concluding matters at Poncy (the peace)."<sup>3</sup>

Tunstal goes on to state Marlborough's opinion, that the payment of the jointure of the widowed queen ought to be strenuously insisted upon; "and the gaining that point of the deed," continues he, "to be of great consequence, not only as to the making my lady Betty [queen Mary Beatrice] easy as to her own circumstances, but very much conducing to the advancing *Mr. Anthony's [the chevalier St. George's]* interest, and this not so much, again, as to the money itself, as to the grant of it, which cannot be refused, it being formerly conceded at Poncy [*the peace of Ryswick,*] and only diverted by the unworthiness of him who then ruled the roast,"<sup>4</sup> meaning William III. On the subject of

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials in Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> From the original French of an inedited letter of Mary Beatrice in: the Secret Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>3</sup> Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

[*Ibid.*]

the jointure, Marlborough begged Tunstal to assure Mary Beatrice, "that if the payment were put to the vote of parliament, it would find many supporters, who would be glad of the opportunity of making their compliments to her *à bon grace*, and giving some testimony of their goodwill; and if she thought that he were himself in a capacity to serve her in that matter, he would be glad of showing himself her humble servant." In the same conference, Marlborough begged that the prince would not listen to any proposal of taking refuge in the papal dominions; for if the queen consented to his doing that, it would be no better than ruining the cause of her son, and murdering him outright. He recommended some protestant state as a more popular asylum, and declared—nay, solemnly swore—that the recall of the prince appeared to him as certain to take place.<sup>1</sup> Neither oaths nor professions from that quarter appear to have had much weight at the court of St. Germain, if we may judge from the dry comments made by the earl of Middleton to his political agent on this communication:

"As for your *lawyer*, he is gone, and before you meet again, we shall see clearer. \* \* \* He might have been great and good, but God hardened Pharaoh's heart, and he can now only pretend to the humble merit of a post-boy who brings good news, to which he has not contributed."<sup>2</sup>

The affairs of the widow and son of James II. were far enough from being in the favourable position which the flattering courtship of the disgraced favourite of queen Anne led their shallow minister to imagine. Middleton was not, however, the only person deceived in this matter; for the dauphin paid a visit to Mary Beatrice and the chevalier at St. Germain at this crisis, expressly to congratulate them on their prospects.<sup>3</sup>

Mary Beatrice placed great reliance on the friendship always testified by that amiable prince and his consort, for her and her children, but the arm of flesh was not to profit them. The dauphiness was attacked with malignant purple fever, on the 6th of February; fatal symptoms appeared on the 9th. On the 11th, her life was despaired of, and they forced her distracted husband from her bedside, to breathe the fresh air in the gardens at Versailles. Mary Beatrice, ever fearless of infection for herself, hastened to Versailles, but was not permitted to enter the chamber of her dying friend. She sat with the king and madame de Maintenon, in the room adjoining to the chamber of death, while the last sacraments of the church of Rome were administered, and remained there during all that sad night.<sup>4</sup> She was also present at the consultation of the physicians, when they decided on bleeding the royal patient in the foot. She saw, as she afterwards emphatically observed, "that physicians understood nothing, comparatively speaking, of the life of man, the issues of which depend on God." The dauphiness expired on the 11th of February; the afflicted widower only survived her six days. The inscrutable fiat which, at one blow, desolated the royal house of France, and deprived a mighty empire a second time of its heir, involved also the ultimate destruction of the hopes of the kindred

<sup>1</sup> Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

<sup>2</sup> St. Simon MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

family of Stuart. The fast waning sands of Louis XIV., now sinking under the weight of years and afflictions, were rudely shaken by this domestic calamity, which was immediately followed by the death of the eldest son of the young pair, leaving the majesty of France to be represented, in less than three years, by a feeble infant, and its power to be exercised by the profligate and selfish regent, Orleans.

"I have been deeply grieved," writes Mary Beatrice, "for the deaths of the dauphin and our dear dauphiness. After the king, there are no other persons in France whose loss could have affected us in every way like this. The death of the young dauphin has not failed to touch me also. We must adore the judgments of God, which are always just, although inscrutable, and submit ourselves to His will."<sup>1</sup>

The portentous shadows with which these tragic events had darkened the political horizon of her son, affected Mary Beatrice less than the awful lesson on the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of earthly expectation, which the sudden death of these illustrious persons, snatched away in the flower of youth, and high and glorious anticipation, was calculated to impress. The royal widow regarded their deaths as a warning to put her own house in order; and in the self-same letter, in which she mentions the three-fold tragedy to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, she says:—

"I pray you, my dear mother, to send me by the courier, the packet that I left with you of my will, and also the copies of all the papers written in my hand, for moneys paid or to pay, and likewise what I have promised for my sister M. Paule de Douglas. I would wish to put them all in order before the approach of Death, whom, we see, comes always when we think of him the least."

"M."<sup>2</sup>

Endorsed the 15th March, 1712:

"We have not sent the queen her will according to what she has ordained us in this letter, but the copies of all the papers written by her hand, which remain in the box, her majesty having done us the honour to consign them to us, but not her will."

These papers were the vouchers which the queen had given to the abbess and community of Chaillot, for the sums of money in which she stood indebted to them, as before mentioned, for the hire of the apartments she and the young princess her daughter, and their ladies, had occupied, during their occasional residence in that convent for many years. Whether she came there much or little, the apartments were always reserved for her use, at an annual rent of three thousand francs. This sum, less than one hundred and thirty pounds a year, the destitute widow of king James II., who had been a crowned and anointed queen-consort of Great Britain, had never been able to pay, but had been reduced to the mortifying necessity of begging the community of Chaillot to accept such instalments as her narrowed finances, and the uncertain payments of her French pension, enabled her to offer, with a written engagement to liquidate the debt, either when she should receive the

<sup>1</sup> MS. Letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives of France.

<sup>2</sup> Autograph Letter of the Queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

payment of her dower as queen of England, or at the restoration of the house of Stuart. Under these conditions, the compassionate sisterhood of Chaillot had allowed their royal friend's debt to accumulate to fifty thousand francs, up to the year 1712, as specified in the following document:—

"Having always intended to make arrangements for the good of the monastery of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, because of the affection which I have to their holy order in general, and to this house in particular, in which I have been so many times received and well lodged, for nearly the four and twenty years that I have been in France, and wishing at present to execute this design better than it is possible for me to do in the circumstances under which I find myself at present: I declare that my intention on my retiring into this monastery, has always been to give three thousand livres a year for the hire of the apartments I have occupied here since the year 1689, till this present year 1712, in all which time I have never paid them but nineteen thousand livres; it still remains for me to pay fifty thousand, which fifty thousand I engage and promise to give to the said monastery of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, on the establishment of the king my son in England."

It is remarkable, that the agitated hand of the poor exile, who had been queen of the realm, has written that once familiar word, *Angelier*, in this record of her poverty, and honest desire to provide for the liquidation of her long arrears of rent to the convent of Chaillot; she continues in these words:—

"And not having the power to do this while living, I have charged the king my son in my testament, and engaged him to execute all these promises, which he will find written by my own hand, and that before one year be passed after his restoration."

Alas, poor queen—poor prince! and luckless nuns! on what a shadowy foundation did these engagements rest! Yet at that time, when it was the general opinion of all Europe, that the childless sovereign of England, Anne, designed to make, as far as she could, reparation for the wrongs she had done her brother, by making arrangements for him to succeed, at her demise, to the royal inheritance, in which she had supplanted him, few people would have despised a bond for a sum of money, however large, payable at such a day.

"I have left also," continues the queen, "in my will, wherewithal to make a most beautiful restoration for the great altar of the church of the said monastery of Chaillot, dedicated to the Holy Virgin, or a fine tabernacle, if they should like it better; and also I have left for a mausoleum to be made for the heart of the king, my lord and husband.

"And I engage and promise in the meantime, to pay to the said monastery, the sum of three thousand livres a year for the time to come, counting from the 1st of April, 1712; but if through the bad state of my affairs I should not be able to pay the said annual sum for the future, or only to pay in part, I will reckon all that I fail in as a debt, which shall augment and add to the fifty thousand francs which I owe already, to be paid at the same time, which he [her son] will understand, for all the years that I may remain in France."

"MARY R."

The presentiment that death was about to visit her own melancholy

Chaillot MSS. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

palace, which had haunted Mary Beatrice ever since she had wept with Louis XIV., thrice, in a few brief days, over the stricken hopes of gay Versailles, was doomed to be too sadly realized; but not, as she had imagined, on herself. She, the weary pilgrim, who had travelled over nearly half a century of woe, and had carried in her mortal frame for the last twelve years the seeds of death, was spared to weep over the early grave of the youngest born and most precious of her children, her bright and beautiful Louisa.

On Easter Wednesday, March 29th, Mary Beatrice visited Chaillot with her daughter, who was then in blooming health. The nuns told their royal visitors a piteous tale of the damage their house had sustained by the dreadful storm of December 11th, two days after their last visit. Her majesty listened with great concern, regretted her inability to aid them as she could wish, but promised to do her best in representing their case to others.

"At four o'clock the following day, the chevalier de St. George, who had been hunting in the Bois de Boulogne, came here," says our Chaillot chronicler, "in quest of the queen. He behaved with much courtesy to our mother, thanking her for the prayers she had made for him at all times, and for the care she had taken of the queen, his mother, and the consolation she had been to her. He appeared a little indisposed that day, but returned to St. Germain in the evening with the queen and the princess."

Two days afterwards, he was attacked with the small-pox,<sup>1</sup> to the inexpressible dismay of Mary Beatrice, who knew how fatal that dreadful malady had, in many instances, proved to the royal house of Stuart. The princess Louisa was inconsolable at the idea of her brother's danger, but felt not the slightest apprehension of infection for herself. On the 10th of April, the malady appeared visible on her, while she was at her toilette. The distress of the queen may be imagined. The symptoms of the princess were at first favourable, so that hopes were entertained that not only her life, but even her beauty, would be spared. Unfortunately the practice of bleeding in the foot was resorted to in her case, and the effects were fatal.

The last and most interesting communication that ever took place between Mary Beatrice and her beloved daughter, was recorded verbatim from the lips of the disconsolate mother, by one of the nuns of Chaillot, who has thus indorsed the paper containing the particulars :

"The queen of England, this 12th of October, was pleased herself to repeat to us the words which the princess, her daughter, said to her, and they were written down in her majesty's chamber, this evening, at six o'clock."<sup>2</sup>

Thus we see, that six months elapsed, ere Mary Beatrice could bring

<sup>1</sup> Inedited Memorials by the sister of Chaillot, in the archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Translated from the original French of the autograph document in the private Archives of the kingdom of France, in the Hotel de Soubise, where it was transferred, with other curious contemporary records, at the dissolution of the royal foundation of the convent of the Visitation of St. Mary at Chaillot.

herself to speak of what passed in the holy privacy of that solemn hour, when, after the duties enjoined by their church for the sick had been performed, she came to her dying child, and asked her how she felt.

"Madame," replied the princess, "you see before you the happiest person in the world. I have just made my general confession; and I have done my best to do it, so that if they were to tell me that I should die now, I should have nothing more to do. I resign myself into the hands of God; I ask not of Him life, but that His will may be accomplished on me."

"My daughter," replied the queen, "I do not think I can say as much. I declare that I entreat of God to prolong your life, that you may be able to serve Him, and to love Him better than you have yet done." "If I desire to live, it is for that alone," responded the princess, fervently; but the tenderness of earthly affections came over the heavenward spirit, and she added, "and because I think I might be of some comfort to you."

At five o'clock the next morning, Monday, April 18th, they told the queen that the princess was in her agony. She would have risen to go to her, but they prevented her by force. The princess expired at nine. At ten, the heavy tidings were announced to her majesty by Père Gaillar, her departed daughter's spiritual director, and Père Buga, her own.<sup>1</sup> Bitter as the trial was, Mary Beatrice bore it with the resignation of a Christian mother who believes that the child of her hopes and prayers has been summoned to a brighter and better world. The prince, her son, was still dangerously ill. Grief for the departed, and trembling apprehension for the last surviving object of maternal love and care, brought on an attack of fever which confined her to her bed for several days. Meantime, it was generally reported that the prince was either dying or dead. Much anxiety was expressed on his account in some of the mysterious jacobite letters of the period; deep regret for the loss of the princess, and general sympathy for the afflicted mother, touched every heart in which the leaven of political animosity or polemic bitterness had not quenched the sweet spirit of Christian charity and pity.

In one of the letters of condolence from some person in the court of queen Anne, apparently to the countess of Middleton, on the death of the princess Louise, the writer says:—

"You cannot imagine how generally she is lamented, even by those who have ever been enemies to her family. I and mine have so shared in your loss, that we thought our sorrows could have no addition, when we heard your chevalier was recovered, but now we find our mistake, for since we had yours to my daughter Jenny, 'tis said at court he is despaired of, and on the Exchange, that he is dead, that he ate too much meat, and got a cold with going out too soon. If this be true, all honest people will think no more of the world, for sure never were mortals so unfortunate as we. \* \* \* I beg you will make our condoling compliments, for to write it myself to your only mistress, is tormenting her now, but pray assure her, I grieve for her loss, and the sence I am sure she has of it, to a degree not to be expressed, but felt with true affection and duty. \* \* \* I do not question but you must guess at the concern my sisters were in when we

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice by a sister of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

received the news of your loss, upon my word I was stupified at it, and cannot help being still anxious for the brother's health, notwithstanding your assurances of his recovery, for we have so many cruel reports about him, that it is enough to make us distracted. Pray assure his afflicted mother of my most humble duty. God in heaven send her comfort, for she wants it; nothing but her goodness could resist such a stroke."<sup>1</sup>

Among the letters to the court of St. Germain's in which real names are as usual veiled under quaint and fictitious aliases—a flimsy precaution at that time, when the real persons intended must have been obvious to every official of the British government into whose hands these treasonable missives might chance to fall—there is one really curious from Sheffield, duke of Buckingham,<sup>2</sup> which is supposed to convey the expression of queen Anne's sympathy for the illness of her unfortunate brother, and her regret for the death of her young lovely sister. Another, from some warm friend of the exiled family, well known of course to the party to whom it was addressed, in reply to a communication that the chevalier was out of danger, runs as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Hannah [Mr. Lilly] says, yours of the 29th, was the joyfullest her eyes ever saw, for it restored her to life after being dead about a week, but not to perfect health, for her dear Lowder [the princess], and her heart bleeds for poor Quaille [the queen]."<sup>3</sup>

The heart of the princess Louisa Stuart was enshrined in a silver urn, and conveyed to the convent of Chaillot, where it was presented, with an elegant Latin oration, to the abbess and community of the Visitation of St. Marie of Chaillot. They received it with great solemnity, and many tears, and placed it, according to the desire of the deceased princess, in the tribune, beside those of her royal father, king James II., and her grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria. Her body was also deposited, by that of her father, in the church of the English Benedictines, in the rue de St. Jacques, Paris, there to remain, like his, unburied, till the restoration of the royal Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain, when it was intended to inter them in Westminster Abbey.

The remains of the princess were attended to their temporary resting place by her governess, Catharine, countess of Middleton, and all her ladies in waiting and maids of honour. The duke of Berwick acted as chief mourner, assisted by his son, the earl of Tynemouth, the earl of Middleton, lord chamberlain, all the officers of the exiled queen's household, and the English residents at St. Germain's.<sup>4</sup> The funeral procession was also attended by the French officers of state belonging to the royal chateau and town of St. Germain.

<sup>1</sup> In Macpherson's Stuart Papers, from Nairne.

<sup>2</sup> The husband of the daughter of James II. by the countess of Dorchester. He was queen Anne's chamberlain. The political alias under which he figures in the secret Jacobite correspondence is "Matthew."

<sup>3</sup> In Macpherson's Stuart Papers, from Nairne.

<sup>4</sup> Official attestation of the delivery of the heart of the princess Louisa Maria of England, to the abbess of Chaillot, by the abbé Ingleton, confessor to the queen, and of her corpse to the Benedictine monks. Archives of the kingdom of France, in the Hotel Soubise.



The death of the princess Louisa was the greatest misfortune that could have befallen the cause of the house of Stuart, of which she was considered the brightest ornament, and it also deprived her brother of an heiress presumptive to his title, for whose sake much more would have been ventured than for himself, while her ardent devotion to his interest precluded any apprehension of attempts at rivalry on her part.

There is a very fine three-quarter length original portrait of this princess in the possession of Walter Strickland, esq., of Sizergh Castle, the gift of queen Mary Beatrice to lady Strickland. She is there represented in the full perfection of her charms, apparently about eighteen or nineteen years of age. Nothing can be more noble than her figure, or more graceful than her attitude: she is gathering orange blossoms in the gardens of St. Germain. This occupation, and the royal mantle of scarlet velvet, furred with ermine, which she wears over a white satin dress, trimmed with gold, has caused her to be mistaken for the bride of the chevalier de St. George; but she is easily identified as his sister, by her likeness to him, and to her other portraits and her medals. In fact, the painting may be known at a glance for a royal Stuart and a daughter of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, although her complexion is much fairer and brighter, and her eyes and hair are of a lively nut-brown tint, instead of black, which gives her more of the English, and less of the Italian character of beauty. She bears a slight family likeness, only with a much greater degree of elegance and delicacy of outline, to some of the early portraits of her eldest sister, queen Mary II.

Mary Beatrice received visits of sympathy and condolence on her sad loss from Louis XIV., and Madame de Maintenon. The latter says, in one of her letters — "I had the honour of passing two hours with the queen of England: she looks the very image of desolation. Her daughter had become her friend and chief comfort. The French at St. Germain are as disconsolate for her loss as the English; and, indeed, all who knew her loved her most sincerely. She was truly cheerful, affable, and anxious to please, attached to her duties, and fulfilling them all without a murmur."

The first confidential letter written by Mary Beatrice, after the afflicting dispensation which had deprived her of the last sunshine of her wintry days, is dated May 19, 1712: it is addressed to her friend Angelique Priolo: it commences with a congratulatory compliment to that religieuse, on her re-election to her third triennial, as superior of the convent of Chaillot; but the royal writer quickly passes to a subject of deeper, sadder interest to herself, the death of her child.

It is not always in the power of an historian to raise the veil that has hidden the treasured grief of a royal mother's heart from the world, and after nearly a century and a half have passed away, since the agonizing pulses of that afflicted heart have been at rest, and its pangs forgotten, to place the simple record of her feelings before succeeding generations in her own pathetic words.

The holy resignation of the Christian renders the maternal anguish

of the fallen queen more deeply interesting; she shall speak for herself:—

"But what shall I say to you, my dear mother, of that beloved daughter whom God gave to me, and hath now taken away? Nothing beyond this, that, since it is he who hath done it, it becomes me to be silent, and not to open my mouth unless to bless his holy name. He is the Master both of the mother and the children; he has taken the one and left the other, and I ought not to doubt but that he has done the best for both and for me also, if I knew how to profit by it. Behold the point, for, alas, I neither do as I say, nor as God requires of me, in regard to his dealings with me. Entreat of him, my dear mother, to give me grace to enable me to begin to do it. I cannot thank you sufficiently for your prayers, both for the living and the dead. I believe the latter are in a state to acknowledge them before God, for in the disposition he put into my dear girl, at the commencement of her malady, to prepare herself for death, I have every reason to hope that she enjoys, or soon will enjoy, his blessedness with our sainted king, and that they will obtain for me his grace, that so I may prepare to join them, when, and where, and how, it shall please the Master of all things in his love to appoint."

The poor queen goes on to send messages of affectionate remembrance to the sisters of Chaillot, whose kind hearts had sorrowed for her, and with her, in all her afflictions, during her four-and-twenty years of exile and calamity; but more especially in this last and most bitter grief, in which, indeed, they had all participated, since the princess Louisa had been almost a daughter of their house.

The queen names two of the nuns, Marie Gabrielle, and Marie Henriette, and says:—

"I shall never forget, in all my life, the services which the last has rendered to my dear daughter, nor the good that she has done her soul, although the whole of our dear community have contributed to that which would oblige me, if it were possible, to redouble my friendship for them all."

The hapless widow of James II. adverts, in the next place, to another bitter trial, which she knew was in store for her—that of parting with her son, now her only surviving child. Ever since the commencement of the negotiations for the peace between England and France, it had been intimated to the chevalier de St. George, that it was necessary he should withdraw from St. Germain, in the first instance, and finally from the French dominions. In consequence of his dangerous illness and present debility, and the indulgence due to the feelings of poor Mary Beatrice, on account of her recent bereavement, a temporary delay had been permitted. He now began to take the air and gentle exercise on horseback daily, and it was considered that he would soon be strong enough to travel:

"I know not," continues her majesty, "when the king my son will set out, nor whither I shall go, but his departure will not be before the first week in the next month. When I learn more about it I will let you know, for I intend to come to Chaillot the same day that he goes from here, since if I am to find any consolation during the few days which remain to me, I can only hope for it in your house."

"M. R."

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<sup>1</sup> The original, written in French, is preserved among the Chaillot Collection, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

When Mary Beatrice visited Louis XIV. at Marli, for the first time after the death of her daughter, the heartless ceremonials of state etiquette were alike forgotten by each, and they wept together in the fellowship of mutual grief, "because," as the disconsolate mother afterwards said, when speaking of the tears they shed at this mournful interview, "we saw that the aged were left, and death had swept away the young."<sup>1</sup> All the pleasure, and all the happiness, of the court of Versailles, expired with the amiable dauphin and dauphiness, and the death of the princess Louisa completed the desolation of that of the exiled Stuarts. Mary Beatrice endeavoured to calm her grief, by visiting the monastery of La Trappe, with her son, but confessed that she had not derived any internal consolation<sup>2</sup> from passing two days in that lugubrious retreat: it would have been passing strange if she had. Such an expedition was, moreover, highly inexpedient as regarded the temporal interests of her son, since nothing could have been more distasteful to the English. On her return to St. Germain, the royal widow added the following codicils to the paper containing her testamentary acknowledgments of her debts to the convent of Chaillot:—

"I declare also, that my intencion and will is, that the thousand livres which I have left in my testament to lady Henrietta Douglas, who has been a nun professed in the monastery of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, and who bears there the name of sister Marie Paule, be paid to the said monastery, notwithstanding the decease of the said sister Marie Paule Douglas."

"MARIE R.

"Done at St. Germain, this 7th of July, 1712.

"I have left also in my will, for the said monastery to found a perpetual mass for the repose of my soul, and those of the king my lord, and my dear daughter."

"MARIE R."

A rent which appears in the sheet of paper on which the poor queen has endeavoured to provide for the payment of her debt to the convent of Chaillot, is thus *naively* explained by herself in the following notification:

"It is I who by accident have torn this paper, but I will that it have effect throughout, notwithstanding."

"MARIE R."<sup>3</sup>

It was not till the 28th of July, that Mary Beatrice could summon up sufficient resolution to visit her friends at Chaillot, and when she arrived, the sight of the nuns who had been accustomed to wait on her and the princess Louisa, during their long sojourn in the convent in the preceding year, renewed her anguish. She uttered a bitter cry, and exclaimed, "Oh, but this visit is different from my last. Alas! who could have told it! But God is the master—it is He that hath done it, and his holy name be for ever blessed."<sup>4</sup> When she entered, she sat down by the princess de Condé, who had come like herself to assist at the profession of a nun. The community retired, and she consented to see her friends, Françoise Angelique and Claire Angelique, for a few mo-

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a sister of Chaillot.

<sup>2</sup> Autograph Letters of Mary Beatrice to the Abbess of Chaillot.

<sup>3</sup> MS. in Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>4</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a Nun of Chaillot.

ments, but nothing seemed to give her consolation. The probationer, Marie Helena Vral, who was about to make her irrevocable vow, came to speak to her majesty, and said she would pray for her while she was under the black pall. "Pray only that God's holy will may be done!" said the afflicted mother.

When the profession was over, Mary Beatrice composed herself sufficiently to give audience to the Spanish ambassador, and some others who desired to pay their compliments to her. She afterwards insisted on visiting the tribune where the heart of her lost darling was now enshrined, beside that of her lamented lord, king James. The sight of those mournful relics thus united, renewed all her agonies, and it was with difficulty that the nuns could tear her from the spot after she had assisted in the prayers that were offered up for the departed. When she was at last induced to return to her apartment, the princess de Condé endeavoured to persuade her to take her tea, but her grief so entirely choked her that she could not swallow, and sickened at each attempt.

The same evening the duchess of Lauzun expressing a great desire to be permitted to see her majesty, Mary Beatrice consented to receive her, and requested her to be seated. The duchess refused the proffered tabouret; seeing that the abbess and several of the nuns, who were present, were sitting, according to custom, on the ground at the end of the room, she went and seated herself in the same lowly position among them. The conversation turned on the virtues and untimely deaths of the dauphin and the dauphiness. Mary Beatrice spoke with tender affection of them both, and discussed their funeral sermons and orations, some of which she praised. When she spoke of the grief of Louis XIV., and the tears she had shed with him for their loss, it renewed her anguish, for her own more recent bereavement; sobs choked her voice, and she gave way to a fresh paroxysm of suffocating agony.<sup>1</sup> After the departure of the duchess de Lauzun she became more composed, and drawing sister Margaret Henrietta, the favourite friend of her beloved daughter, on one side, she told her, "that the only consolation she was capable of feeling for the loss of that dear child, was in the remembrance of her virtues, and in retracing them; that at first she feared there was much of vanity in her desire of having a funeral oration made for her, the same as had been done for the late king her husband, and a circular letter containing a brief memoir; but she had consulted her spiritual directors, and they had assured her it was her duty to render to the memory of the princess the honours due to her birth, and great virtues." The royal mother, who certainly meant to have a share in the composition of the posthumous tribute to the merits of her departed child, said she wished the circular letter to appear in the name of the community of Chaillot, but that she would pay all the expenses of printing and paper. The abbess, who was present at the consultation, entirely approved of the idea, and told her majesty that the memorials which sister Henriette had kept of her royal highness would be very serviceable in the design. The sister brought her notes and presented

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<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

them to her majesty, to whom they were, of course, inexpressibly precious; she received them with mournful satisfaction, and said, "they would be of great use in the circular letter or conventual obituary memoir of her daughter."<sup>1</sup>

Mary Beatrice, feeling herself much the worse for the excitement of this agitating day, wished to return to St. Germain. She went away at six o'clock in the evening much fatigued, and was ill and feverish for several days after her return."<sup>2</sup>

"This day," continues the chronicler of Chaillot, "lady Strickland of Sizergh came here, bringing with her as a present from the queen of England, to our house, the beautiful petticoat which the king had had manufactured at Lyons, during his travels, for the princess his sister." It had never been worn by her, for whom it had been purchased, the mourning for the first dauphin not having expired when both courts were plunged into grief and gloom by the deaths of the young dauphin and dauphiness, and their eldest son, which was followed, only two months afterwards, by that of the young lovely flower of St. Germain. The "*belle jupe*," after the decease of the princess, became the perquisite of her governess, lady Middleton, but the royal mother regarding it as a memorial of the affection of her son for his departed sister, did not wish it to be worn by any other person than her for whom it had been intended, or that the costly materials should be put to other uses than the decoration of the church where her daughter's heart was deposited. On her return to St. Germain, she asked lady Middleton what she meant to do with it. Actuated by a similar delicacy of sentiment, her ladyship replied, "she wished to present it to the convent of Chaillot, out of respect to her royal pupil." The queen told her "that, having a wish to present it herself, she would buy it of her." Lady Middleton, to humour her royal mistress, consented to receive a small sum for it, that it might be called the queen of England's gift.<sup>3</sup> Such little fond conceits served, in some measure, to divert grief which otherwise must have destroyed life and reason.

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<sup>1</sup> The reader will remember that this religieuse was the lady Henrietta Douglas, the same to whom Mary Beatrice bequeathed the legacy of a thousand livres, in the codicil of her will, by her conventual name, Marie Paule.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a sister of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>3</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France, Chaillot Collection.

# MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

## CHAPTER XI.

Distress of Mary Beatrice at parting from her son—Her arrival at Chaillot—Renewed grief for her daughter—She takes to her bed—Denied a funeral oration for her daughter—Her vexation—Malicious rumours connected with her daughter's death—Queen's resentful remarks on father Petre—Attacked with gout—Visits of her son—She and her ladies dine with him—He comes to take leave of her—Mournful adieux—He quits France—Queen's dejection—Reluctance to return to St. Germain's—Falls ill again—Pines for her daughter—Hears of the death of the duke of Hamilton—Returns to St. Germain's—Her melancholy court—Her letter to lord Middleton—Maternal fondness for her son—Peace of Utrecht—Queen comes to Chaillot—Reads the treaty to a nun—Her observations—Her resignation to the will of God—Impertinence of French princesses—Her dignified reproof—Instances of self-denial—Her writing-table—Her demurs about the price of chair cover—Her shoes—Her ladies tired of the convent—Queen's poverty—Teazed for offerings to a shrine—Her mortification—Has sent her last diamond to her son, with her daughter's hair—Invited to nuptials at Versailles—Excuses herself on account of sickness and grief—Gives audience to a Jacobite quaker—His flattering predictions—Queen's favourable opinion of quakers—Visit from marquis de Torcy—Dejection caused by his communication—Her want of secrecy—English news brought her by duke of Berwick—Artist brings her son's portrait—Her son asks for hers—Her reluctance to sit—Royal English saints—Queen refuses her portrait to the nuns—Takes her first sitting—Her incognito walks with her ladies—Pecuniary straits—Vexatious cares of every day occurrence—Her visit to the Petit Luxembourg—Fatiguing day in Paris—Interest excited by her appearance—Inconvenient consequences—Her son's want of money—Famine at St. Germain's—Her charities—Urged to apply to the king of France for relief—Her reluctance—Her visit to Marli—Interviews with Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon—Popularity of Mary Beatrice at French court—She raises money to relieve the starving emigrants—State visit of duke de Berri to the queen—Affront to his followers—Continued disunion at St. Germain's—The abbess of Chaillot's fête—Queen's present—The queen, the cardinal, and the quaker—Mary Beatrice receives one quarter's payment of her jointure from England—Her dangerous illness—Recovery—Incognito visit of her son after queen Anne's demise—Respect paid her by the court of Spain—Her message to the little prince of Asturias—Louis XIV.'s remarks to Mary Beatrice about his will—She returns to St. Germain's—Popular movements in London for her son—Mary Beatrice goes to meet him at Plombières

THE next trial that awaited the fallen queen, was parting from her son. The chevalier de St George was compelled to quit St. Germain's on the 18th of August. He went to Livry in the first instance; where a sojourn of a few days was allowed previous to his taking his final departure from France. The same day Mary Beatrice came to indulge her grief at Chaillot. The following pathetic account of her deport-

ment is given by our Chaillot chronicler. "The queen of England arrived at half-past seven in the evening, bathed in tears, which made ours flow to see them. 'It is the first time,' said the queen on entering, 'that I feel no joy in coming to Chaillot. But, my God,' added she, weeping, 'I ask not consolation, but the accomplishment of thy holy will!' She sat down to supper, but scarcely ate any thing. When she retired to her chamber with the three nuns who waited on her, she cried as soon as she entered, 'Oh, at last I may give liberty to my heart, and weep for my poor girl.' She burst into a passion of tears as she spoke; we wept with her. Alas, what could we say to her! She repeated to herself, 'My God, thy will be done,' and then mournfully added, 'Thou hast not waited for my death to despoil me, thou hast done it during my life, but thy will be done.'" The nuns were so inconsiderate as to mention to the afflicted mother some painful reports that were in circulation connected with the death of the princess Louisa, as if it had been caused rather by the maltreatment of her doctors than the disease. "Alas! the poor doctors did their best," replied her majesty, "but as your king said, they could not render mortals immortal!"<sup>1</sup>

The day after her arrival at Chaillot, Mary Beatrice found herself very much indisposed, and her physicians were summoned from St. Germain to her aid; but their prescriptions did her no good; her malady was the reaction of severe mental suffering on an enfeebled frame, and the more physic she took, the worse she became. On the morrow, every one was alarmed at the state of debility into which she had sunk, and her ladies said, one to another, "She will die here." One of her physicians, more sagacious than the rest, ordered that the portrait of her daughter, which was on the *beaufet* with that of the *chevalier de St. George*, should be removed out of her sight, for the eyes of the bereaved mother were always riveted upon those sweet familiar features.<sup>2</sup>

At last, grief found words again; the sick queen sent for lady Henrietta Douglas to her bedside, and confided to her a vexation that had touched her sensibly. The funeral oration for the princess Louisa, on which she had set her heart, could not take place. The court of France had signified to her, that it would be incompatible with the negotiations, into which his most Christian majesty had entered with queen Anne, to permit any public allusion to be made to the exiled royal family of England; therefore, it would be impossible for her to enjoy the mournful satisfaction, of causing the honours and respect to be paid to her beloved daughter's memory, which were legitimately due to her high rank as a princess of England, sharing the blood royal of France.

The maternal pride of the fallen queen was deeply wounded by this denial, which was the more grievous to her, because she had naturally calculated on the powerful appeal that would be made, by the most elo-

<sup>1</sup> MS Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France, Chaillot Collection.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

quent clerical orator in Paris, to the sympathies of a crowded congregation, in allusion to her own desolate state at this crisis, and the misfortunes of her son—an appeal which she fondly imagined would be echoed from Paris to London, and produce a strong revulsion of feeling in favour of the Stuart cause. It was for this very reason, the political use that would be made of this opportunity by the expatriated family of James II., that the French cabinet was compelled to deny the gratification to the afflicted queen, of having a funeral oration made for her departed child. "This mortification, then," said Mary Beatrice, "must be added to all the others which I have been doomed to suffer, and my only consolation, in submitting to it, must be, that such is the will of God."<sup>1</sup>

A needless aggravation to her grief was inflicted on the poor queen at the same time, by the folly of the nuns, in continually repeating to her the various malicious reports that had been invented by some pitiless enemy, relating to the last illness and death of her beloved daughter. It was said, that her majesty had compelled the princess to make her last confession, contrary to her wish, to Père Gaillar, because he was a Jesuit; that she had caused her to be attended, against her inclination, by her brother's English physician, Dr. Wood, (who is styled, by our Chaillot authority, "*Monsieur Oude*,") and that the said *Oude* had either poisoned her royal highness, or allowed her to die for want of nourishment." Mary Beatrice said, "that it was strange how such unaccountable falsehoods could be spread; that she had allowed her children, full liberty in the choice, both of their physicians, and spiritual directors, from the time they arrived at years of discretion; that her daughter had earnestly desired to be attended by Dr. Wood, who had done the best for her, as regarded human power and skill; and as for allowing her to sink for want of nourishment, nothing could be more cruelly untrue, for they had fed her every two hours."<sup>2</sup> Her majesty having been a good deal excited by this painful discourse, went on to speak in praise of the Jesuits, more than would be worth the trouble of recording, and which came, as a matter of course, from the lips of a princess, educated under their influence. "Not," she said, "that she was blind to the faults of individuals belonging to the order," as an instance of which, she added, "that the late king, her lord, had caused her great vexation, by giving himself up to the guidance of father Petre, admitting him into his council, and trying to get him made a cardinal; that the man liked her not, and she had suffered much in consequence, but did not consider that the intemperance and bad conduct of one person ought to be visited on the whole company,"<sup>3</sup> to which she certainly regarded him as a reproach. Such, then, was the opinion of the consort of James II. of father Petre—such the real terms on which, she

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France, Chaillot Collection.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Inedited diary of a sister of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France. This avowal, recorded from the lips of the widow of James II., is confirmed by his own declaration, "that his queen was opposed to the councils of father Petre."—See Journal of James II. in Macpherson and Clark.



acknowledged to her confidential friends and *religieuses* of the same church, she stood with that mischievous ecclesiastic, with whom she has been unscrupulously represented as leagued in urging the king to the measures which led to his fall. Neither time nor Christian charity were able to subdue the bitterness of her feelings towards the evil counsellor, who had overborne, by his violence, her gentle conjugal influence, and provoked the crisis which ended in depriving her husband of a crown, and forfeiting a regal inheritance for their son. William, Mary, and Anne, and others, who had benefited by the revolution, she had forgiven, but father Petre she could not forgive; and this is the more remarkable, because of the placability of her disposition towards her enemies. While she was at Chaillot, some of her ladies, speaking of the duke of Marlborough in her presence, observed, that, "his being compelled to retire into Germany, was a very trifling punishment for one who had acted as he had done towards his late master, and that they could never think of his treachery without feeling disposed to invoke upon him the maledictions of the Psalmist on the wicked. "Never!" exclaimed the fallen queen, "have I used such prayers as those, nor will I ever use them."<sup>1</sup>

Her majesty continued sick and sad for several days: she told the nuns, "she had a presentiment that she should die that year." Her illness, however, ended only in a fit of the gout; and we find that, at the end of a week, she was up and able to attend the services of her church at the profession of a young lady, to whom she had promised to give the cross. The ecclesiastic who preached the sermon on that occasion, discoursed much of death, the vanity of human greatness, and the calamities of princes, and created a great sensation in the church, by a personal allusion to Mary Beatrice, and her misfortunes. "The queen of England," he said, "had given the cross to the probationer, without wishing to lose her own: she had chosen that convent to be her tomb, and had said with the prophet, 'Here will I make my rest, and for ever; here will I live, here will I die, and here will I be buried also.'"<sup>2</sup>

Every one was alarmed at hearing the preacher go on in this strain, dreading the effect it would have on her majesty, in her present depressed state, combined with her presages of death; but to the surprise of every one, she came smiling out of the church, and told M. de Sulpice, "that she thought the preacher had been addressing his sermon to her, instead of the new sister, Agathe." The next day, when her son, who had been alarmed at the report of her illness, came over from Livry to see her, she repeated many parts of the discourse to him. The chevalier had been so much indisposed himself, since his departure from St. Germain, that he had been bled in the foot, and being still lame from that operation, he was obliged to lean on his cane for support, when he went to salute his mother as she came out of church. The gout having attacked her in the foot, she, too, was lame, and walking with a

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the Archives of France

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

stick also; they both laughed at this coincidence. Yet it was a season of mortification to both mother and son, for the truce with England was proclaimed in Paris on the preceding day; they held sad councils together in the queen's private apartment, on the gloomy prospect of affairs. The abbess said to him, "Sire, we hope your majesty will do us the honour to dine with us, as your royal uncle, king Charles, breakfasted, when setting out for England." "That journey will not be yet," he replied, drily.<sup>1</sup>

He dined alone with the queen, and returned in the evening to Livry. On the following Friday, he came to dine with her again at the convent, dressed in deep mourning for his sister, and went to the opera at Paris in the evening, on purpose to show himself, because the English ambassador-extraordinary for the peace, St. John lord Bolingbroke, was expected to appear there in state, with his suite, that night. Of this circumstance, one of the absent ministers of the council of St. Germain's, thus writes to an agent of the party in England:

"Among other news from France, we are told, that lord Bolingbroke happened to be at the opera with the chevalier de St. George, where they could not but see one another. I should like to know what my lord says of that knight, and whether he likes him, for they tell me he is a tall, proper, well-shaped, young gentleman; that he has an air of greatness mixed with mildness and good nature, and that his countenance is not spoiled with the small-pox, but on the contrary, that he looks more manly than he did, and is really healthier than he was before, and they say he goes to Chalons."<sup>2</sup>

It was a considerable mistake about the chevalier de St. George not being marked by the small-pox; that malady marred his countenance in no slight degree, and destroyed his fine complexion. The queen and nuns, it seems, amused themselves, after the departure of the chevalier, not in speculating on what impression his appearance was likely to make on the English nobles who might chance to see him, but how far it was consistent with a profession of Christian piety, to frequent such amusements as operas, comedies, and theatrical spectacles of any kind. Mary Beatrice said, "she was herself uncertain about it, for she had often asked spiritually-minded persons, to tell her whether it were a sin or not, and could get no positive answer; only the père Bourdaloue had said thus far, 'that he would not advise Christian princes to suffer their children to go often to such places; and when they did, to acquaint themselves first with the pieces that were to be represented, that they should not be of a nature to corrupt their morals.'"<sup>3</sup>

On the Tuesday following, Mary Beatrice went to Livry to dine with her son: she was attended by the duchesses of Berwick and Perth, the countess of Middleton, and lady Talbot, lady Clare, and lady Sophia Bulkeley. The duke of Lauzun lent his coach for the accommodation of those ladies who could not go in that of their royal mistress. The once stately equipages of that unfortunate princess, were now reduced to one great, old-fashioned coach; and the noble ladies who shared her

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the Archives of France

<sup>2</sup> Nairne's State Papers, in the Scotch College.

adverse fortunes, were destitute of any conveyance, and frequently went out in hired *remises*.<sup>1</sup>

The visit to Livry is thus noticed in sir David Nairne's private report, to one of his official correspondents :

"Sept. 1st.—Wisely [the queen] was here to-day, and dined with Kennedy [the chevalier], who is in better health, and heartier than I ever saw him at Stanley's [St. Germain's]."<sup>2</sup>

Her majesty and her ladies returned to the convent at eight o'clock in the evening. The chevalier came to dine with his mother again on the Sunday, and the marquis de Torcy had a long conference with him in her majesty's chamber. When that minister took his leave of him, the chevalier said, "Tell the king, your master, sir, that I shall always rely on his goodness—I shall preserve all my life a grateful remembrance of your good offices."

The luckless prince was, nevertheless, full well aware that he had outstayed his welcome, and that he must not linger in the environs of Paris, beyond the seventh of that month. He came again to Chaillot on the sixth, to bid his sorrowful mother a long farewell. He was entirely unprovided with money for his journey; and this increased her distress of mind, for her treasurer, Mr. Dicconson, had vainly endeavoured to prevail on Desmarets, the French minister, through whom her pension was paid, to advance any part of what had been due to her for the last six months.<sup>3</sup> The chevalier, true nephew of Charles II., seemed not a whit disquieted at the state of his finances. He thanked the abbess of Chaillot very warmly, for the care she had taken of the queen, his mother, and engaged, if ever he should be called to the throne of England, to make good a broken promise of his late uncle, Charles II., for the benefit of that convent. He talked cheerfully to his mother at dinner, in order to keep up her spirits, and described to the nuns, who waited upon her, some of the peculiarities of the puritans, "such," he said, "as feasting on Good Friday."

The chevalier drank tea with her majesty, and when they exchanged their sorrowful adieux in her chamber, they embraced each other many times with tears, then went together to the tribune, where the hearts of the late king James and the princess Louisa were enshrined, and there separated. Mary Beatrice wept bitterly at the departure of her son, her last earthly tie; he was himself much moved, and tenderly recommended her to the care of the abbess of Chaillot and the nuns, and, especially, to father Ruga, to whom, he said, he deputed the task of consoling her majesty.<sup>4</sup> He slept that night at Livry, and commenced his journey towards the frontier the next morning. In three days he arrived at Chalons-sur-Marne, where he was to remain, till some place for his future residence should be settled by France and the allies.

The negotiations for a general peace were then proceeding at Utrecht; lord Bolingbroke, during his brief stay at Paris for the arrangement of

<sup>1</sup> MS Memorials.

<sup>2</sup> Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.

<sup>3</sup> MS Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, Archives au Royaume de France

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

preliminary articles, had promised that the long withheld jointure of the widowed consort of James II. should be paid. Mary Beatrice had previously sent in a memorial, setting forth her claims, and the incontrovertible fact, that they had been allowed at the peace of Ryswick, and that the English parliament had subsequently granted a supply for their settlement. Some delicate punctilios required to be adjusted as to the form in which the receipt should be given by the royal widow, without compromising the cause of her son. "Should the queen," observes lord Middleton, "style herself queen-mother, she supposes that will not be allowed; should she style herself queen-dowager, that would be a lessening of herself, and a prejudice to the king her son, which she will never do. The question is, whether the instrument may not be good without any title at all, only the word 'we:' for inasmuch as it will be signed Maria R., and sealed with her seal, one would think the person would be sufficiently denoted. Our council here think she might sign herself thus—Mary, queen consort of James II., late king of England, Ireland, and France, defender of the faith," &c.<sup>1</sup> The last clause was certainly absurd; the simple regal signature, "Maria R.," was finally adopted, after the long protracted negotiations were concluded.

Mary Beatrice remained at Chaillot, in a great state of dejection, after the departure of her son. The duchess dowager of Orleans, Elizabeth Charlotte, of Bavaria, came to visit her towards the latter end of September. Her majesty probably considered herself neglected at this sad epoch, by other members of the royal family of France, for tenderly embracing her, she said—"What, madam! have you given yourself the trouble of coming here to see an unfortunate recluse!"<sup>2</sup> Monsieur and madame de Beauvilliers came soon after to pay their respects to Mary Beatrice: she had a great esteem for them, and they conversed much on spiritual matters and books. Her majesty spoke with lively satisfaction of having received a consolatory letter from Fenelon, archbishop of Cambrai, in which, without entering into affairs of state or politics, he had said, "that he prayed the Lord to give the king, her son, all things that were needful for him, and that his heart might be always in the hands of the Most High, to guard and dispose it according to his will." Although neither wealth nor dominion were included in this petition for her son, the royal mother was well satisfied that better things had been asked.

When monsieur and madame St. Sulpice came to pay Mary Beatrice a visit in her retreat, they told her they had heard that the Scotch had made bonfires on the birth-day of the chevalier St. George, and shouted God save king James VIII., and had burned a figure which they called the house of Hanover. "It is true," replied the queen, "and a little time before they burned the prince of Hanover in effigy, but that signifies nothing; our friends expose themselves too much by it—none of them, however, have been punished."

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-Nairne's State Papers from the Scotch College, printed in Macpherson's *Stuart Papers*.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

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"It is to be wished, madam," replied her visitors, "that these crimes would augment sufficiently to give a turn to the fortunes of your son." Mary Beatrice spoke little at this crisis, of what was passing in England, but her looks were closely watched; one evening it was observed that she was laughing very much with her ladies over a packet she was reading with them. She afterwards told the curious sisterhood, that it was a paper ridiculing all that had been printed in London about her son. She also told them of a political fan which had a great sale in England, where it was, of course, regarded as a Jacobite badge. The device was merely the figure of a king, with this motto "*Chacun a son tour.*" On the reverse, a cornucopia, with the motto "Peace and plenty." Mary Beatrice spoke very kindly of queen Anne, whom she styled the princess of Denmark, and appeared distressed at the reports of her illness. She requested her friends to pray for her recovery and conversion, adding, "It would be a great misfortune for us to lose her just now."<sup>1</sup>

The circular letter of the convent of Chaillot, on the death of her own lamented daughter, the princess Louisa, being finished, Mary Beatrice wished to be present when it was read. "She wept much at some passages, but gave her opinion very justly on others, where she considered correction necessary. They had said, 'that the princess felt keenly the state to which her family and herself had been reduced by the injustice of fortune.' 'Ha!' cried the queen, 'but that is not speaking Christianly,' meaning that such figures of speech savoured rather of heathen rhetoric, than the simplicity of Christian truth; they altered the sentence thus: 'in which she had been placed by the decrees of Providence.' 'That is good,' said her majesty. She desired them to alter another passage, in which it was asserted 'that the princess was so entirely occupied at all times and places, with the love of God, that even when she was at the opera, or the play, her whole thoughts were on him, and that she adapted in her own mind the music, songs, and choruses to his praise with internal adoration.' This Mary Beatrice said 'would have been very edifying, if it had been strictly true, but she thought her daughter was passionately fond of music, songs, and poetry, and took the delight in those amusements which was natural to her time of life, though she was far from being carried away by pleasures of the kind.' The nuns appealed to père Gaillar, if it were not so; but he replied, 'that he could only answer for that part of the letter which he had furnished—namely, the account of the last sickness, and death of her royal highness.' Mary Beatrice then sent for the duchess de Lauzun, who had been on the most intimate terms of friendship with the princess, and asked her what she thought of the passage. The duchess said, 'that if they printed it, it would throw discredit on all the rest, for none who knew the delight the princess had taken in songs and music, and had observed, that when she was at the opera, she was so transported with the music, that she could not refrain from accompanying it even with her voice, would believe that she was occupied in spiritual contemplations on such subjects as life, and death,

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<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

and eternity."<sup>1</sup> Her majesty then desired the passage should be omitted. The assertion had doubtless originated from the princess having remarked that some of the choruses in the opera had reminded her of the chants of her church.

In the beginning of October, madame de Maintenon came to pay a sympathizing visit to Mary Beatrice, and testified much regard for her. Her majesty went into the gallery to receive her, and at her departure accompanied her as far as the tribune. Maintenon promised to come again on the 25th of the month, but being prevented by a bad cold, she sent some venison to her majesty, which had been hunted by the king. Mary Beatrice expressed herself, in reply, charmed with the attention of his majesty in thinking of her.<sup>2</sup> Madame de Maintenon came quite unexpectedly three days after, and brought with her a basket of beautiful oranges as a present for the queen. She had to wait a long time at the gate before the abbess, who was with her majesty, could come to receive her. The duc d'Aumale, who had accompanied madame de Maintenon, was annoyed at having to wait, but she said "it was the mark of a regular house that there should be a difficulty in obtaining admittance."

Mary Beatrice was much agitated two days later, by receiving from this lady a hasty letter apprising her of the alarming illness of Louis XIV. from cold and inflammation, which rendered it expedient to bleed him, an operation never resorted to with persons of his advanced age, except in cases of extremity. "Oh, my God!" exclaimed the exiled queen, when she had read the letter, "what a calamity for France, for his family, and for us poor unfortunates—what will become of us?" She wept bitterly and her ladies wept with her, at the anticipation of losing their only friend and protector whose existence appeared at that moment inexpressibly precious to the destitute British emigrants who were at that time dependent for food and shelter on the annual pension which he allowed their widowed queen.<sup>3</sup> Inadequate as this pittance was for the maintenance of the unfortunate colony, at St. Germain's, it was rendered by the rigid economy and personal sacrifices of their royal mistress, a means of preserving several thousands of the faithful adherents of the cause of the Stuarts from perishing with hunger, and it was doubtful whether this fund would be renewed by a regent in the event of Louis XIV.'s death.

The queen was in too painful a state of excitement to eat at dinner. Lady Middleton read to her a chapter out of the "Imitation of Christ," but she sighed heavily and remained in great depression of spirits. All day she was in anxious expectation of receiving tidings of the king's health, but having none, she wrote to madame de Maintenon at eight in the evening to make inquiries. The next morning at nine o'clock, an equerry brought a letter from madame de Maintenon, which reassured her. The king had borne the bleeding well, had passed a good night, and was out of danger.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France

The gratitude of the fallen queen for the shelter and support that had been accorded by Louis to her and her family and their distressed followers, and the scrupulous respect with which he had ever treated her, blinded her to the motives which had led him to confer personal benefits for political ends. How often he had played the part of the broken reed to her unfortunate consort, and disappointed the flattering hopes he had raised in the bosom of her son, she was willing to forget, or to attribute to the evil offices of his ministers.

Mary Beatrice gave her royal friend credit for all the generous romance of feeling that formed the beau ideal of the age of chivalry; the experience of four and twenty years of bitter pangs of hope deferred, had not convinced her of her mistake. One of the nuns of Chaillot told Mary Beatrice that she was wrong to imagine every one was as free from deceit as herself. "Your own nature, madam," said she, "is so upright and truthful, that you believe the same of the rest of the world, and you do not distrust any one; but God, who is good, knows the wickedness of human nature, and I could wish that your majesty would sometimes feel the necessity of a prudent mistrust." "It is true," replied the queen, "that I never suspect ill, and that I have not the spirit of intrigue, that belongs to courts." "Nevertheless, madame," rejoined the religieuse, "your majesty, through the grace of God, acquired in your adversity a wisdom that all the cunning and intrigue in the world could never have given you, that of conciliating and preserving the affection and confidence of the king, your husband." "He knew," said the royal widow, "how much I loved him, and that produced reciprocal feelings in him."<sup>1</sup>

A few days after this conversation, Mary Beatrice said she could not think without pain, that the time of her departure from the convent drew near, and that she must return to St. Germain, to that melancholy and now desolate palace; her tears began to flow as she spoke of the loneliness that awaited her there. "Alas!" said she, "picture to yourselves the state in which I shall find myself in that place, where I lost the king, my lord and husband, and my daughter, now that I am deprived of my son. What a frightful solitude does it appear. I shall be compelled to eat alone in public, and when the repast is ended, and I retire to my cabinet, who will there be to speak to there? Here I find at least a little society; I had thought to remain here always; I have spoken of it to the pères Ruga and Gaillar, and I asked père Ruga to entreat for me enlightenment from God on this subject, but he has told me 'I ought not to think of it.' I must, therefore, make the sacrifice and leave this retreat on which I had fixed my desire, for it will not be permitted me to enjoy it. I have not," continued her majesty, "relied on the opinions of the pères Ruga and Gaillar only; I have consulted madame Maintenon and the duke of Berwick, and all are of opinion that in the present position of my son's affairs, I ought not to retire from the world—in fact, that I ought to remain for some time at St. Germain," not for any satisfaction that I can find in the world; for I have expe-

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

rienced this very day a severe mortification which has touched me sensibly." Mary Beatrice did not explain the circumstance that had annoyed her, but said, "I have written to the king, my son, about it, and see what he has sent in reply," she then read the following passage from the letter she held in her hand:—

"It is not for me, madame, to make an exhortation to your majesty: that would be great presumption on my part, but you know what St. Augustin says: '*Non pervenitur ad summam pacem etiam in silentio nisi cum magno strepitu pugnavit cum motibus suis.*'"

"Which means," explained her majesty, who appears to have been a better Latin scholar than her friends the religieuses, "that one cannot even find peace in the silence of a cloister, if one does not fight manfully against carnal inclinations."

She did not read any more of the letter, but only said, that "although her son had not the brilliant talents of the princess his sister, he had solid sense. "But my daughter," continued the fond mother, "had both the brilliant and the solid, they were united in her, and I may say so without vanity, since she is no more."

The chevalier was an excellent correspondent, and wrote many pleasant and often witty letters to cheer his sorrowful and anxious mother in his absence.

On the 11th of November, lord Galway came to inform Mary Beatrice that he had seen her son as he passed through Chalons, that he appeared thoughtful, but was very well, and even growing fat, though he took a great deal of exercise, and that he made the tour of the ramparts of that town every day on foot. "The king his father was accustomed to do the like," said her majesty; "and rarely sat down to table till he had taken his walk." Lord Galway said that "the prince bade him tell her majesty that he was much better in health than at St. Germain, and wished she could see him." "It would give me extreme joy to see him again," replied Mary Beatrice, meekly, "but I must not desire what is not the will of God." It was upwards of two months since she had enjoyed that happiness.<sup>1</sup>

Her majesty afterwards walked with the community to the orangery, and a detached building, belonging to this conventual establishment, at some little distance in their grounds, which they called the small mansion. She returned vigorously from this walk without being the least out of breath, and having walked very fast, she asked the nun who had had the honour to give her her hand, "if she had not tired her?" to which the religieuse, being too polite to reply in the affirmative, said, "there were some moments in which she had not felt so strong as usual." "Your answer reminds me," rejoined the queen playfully, "of what we say in Italy when any one inquires of another, 'Are you hungry?' the reply to which question is not 'yes,' but 'I should have no objection to eat again.'"<sup>2</sup>

The next day, Mary Beatrice mentioned with great pleasure having

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.



received a letter from her aunt, who was then a Carmelite nun; "she writes to me with the most profound humility," said her majesty, "as if she were the least person in the world; I am ashamed to say I have not written to her for a long time. We used to dispute with one another which should be a nun. I was fifteen and she was thirty, when they first spoke of a marriage with the duke of York, and we each said to the other in secret, 'it will be you that will be chosen,' but the lot fell to me."

On the 14th of November, Mary Beatrice found herself weary and indisposed; she had taken one of her bad colds, coughed all the time she was at her toilet, and grew worse towards evening; she had a bad night with cough and sore throat, and difficulty of breathing. At five in the morning, Madame Molza, who slept in her chamber, was alarmed, and called the nun who kept the keys, to come and give her opinion; the nun said her majesty was in a high fever, and went to tell the duchess of Perth, who immediately rose and wrote to St. Germain's for her majesty's physician and M. Beaulieu, her French surgeon, to come to her. They did not arrive till two in the afternoon, which caused great uneasiness, for the queen grew visibly worse, and her mind was so deeply impressed with the death of her daughter, that she thought herself to be dying, and those about her had some trouble to compose her. The fever was so high that it was thought necessary to bleed her, and for two days she was in imminent danger; she was, besides, in great dejection of spirits.

"Her majesty," says our Chaillot diary, "was very sad during her sickness, not so much at the idea of death, but because she had not her children near her as on former occasions; and above all, it renewed in her remembrance the princess, who had been accustomed whenever she was ill, to wait upon her as a nurse." Mary Beatrice had borne the first agony of her bereavement, terrible and unexpected as it was, with the resignation of a Christian heroine; but every day she felt it more acutely, and during her weary convalescence, she pined for her lost treasure with unutterable yearnings.<sup>1</sup>

While the poor queen was still confined to her chamber, a striking sermon was preached in the conventual church, on the love of God, by Père Gramin, in which he said, "that sometimes three sacrifices were required by our heavenly Father, which he should briefly express in three Latin words, *tua, tuos, te*—that is to say, "thy goods, thy children, and thyself." When this was repeated to Mary Beatrice, she cried with a deep sigh, "Small is the sacrifice of *tua*, or, the goods, in comparison to *tuos*, the children." On a former occasion she had said, "Job bore the loss of his goods unmoved; but when he heard of the loss of his children, he rent his garments and fell prostrate on the earth."<sup>2</sup>

Mary Beatrice had the consolation of receiving a most affectionate and dutiful letter from her son, expressing the greatest concern for her

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<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France. MS. Memorials.

illness, and begging her "to take care of her health for his sake, since the most overwhelming of all his calamities would be the loss of her."

The chevalier was still at Chalons-sur-Marne, waiting the event of the negotiations at Utrecht. The payment of two bills of 16,000 francs each, which cardinal Gualterio had persuaded the queen to hold, after she had regarded them as lost money, had enabled her to send him some seasonable pecuniary relief at his greatest need, and also to discharge a few trifling debts of her own in England, of long standing, which had distressed her scrupulous sense of honesty. She gave 1000 francs among the three domestic sisters who had waited upon her in her sickness and during her long sojourn in the convent.

On the first Sunday in Advent, perceiving that all her ladies were worn out with fatigue, and weary of the monotony of the life they led at Chaillot, and hearing, withal, many complaints of her absence from St. Germain, she at last made up her mind to return thither the next day, Monday, December 5th. She was very low-spirited at the thought of it, coughed very much all night, and in the morning appeared wavering in her purpose; but, seeing everything prepared for her departure, she was about to make her adieux, when she was informed the duc de Lauzun wished to speak to her. It was inconvenient to give audience to any one just as she was setting off on her journey, but she judged that he had something important to communicate, and gave orders to admit him. He was the bearer of evil tidings; for he came to break to her the tragic death of the duke of Hamilton,<sup>1</sup> who had been slain in a duel with lord Mohun, not without strong suspicions of foul play on the part of his antagonist's second, general Macartney. The duke of Hamilton was, at that time, the main pillar of her son's cause in Scotland; he was in correspondence with herself, had just been appointed ambassador to the court of France, secretly empowered, it has generally been supposed, by queen Anne, to make arrangements with the court of St. Germain for the adoption of the exiled prince as her successor, on condition of his remaining quiet during her life, little doubt existing of the duke being able, by his great interest in parliament, to obtain the repeal of the act of settlement for the royal succession.

The queen was deeply affected by the melancholy news, and the ladies Perth and Middleton wept bitterly. It was a great blow to the whole party, and cast a deeper gloom on their return to the desolate palace of St. Germain.<sup>2</sup> Her majesty's chair being brought into the gallery—for she was still too feeble to walk—she prepared to enter it, after she had taken some bread in a little broth; but seeing one of the community, who had waited on her while she was in the convent, she presented her hand to her, and said, "I console myself with the hope of your seeing me again here very soon, if it please God." She was carried into the tribune, where the community attended her; and, having made her devotions there, she was conveyed in a chair to her coach.

Mary Beatrice arrived at St. Germain at two o'clock in the afternoon.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives of France.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

The interests of her son required that she should stifle her own private feelings, and endeavour to maintain a shadow of royal state, by holding her courts and receptions with the same ceremonies, though on a smaller scale, as if she had been a recognised queen-mother of England. How well did the words of the royal preacher, "*Vanitas vanitatas*," which were so often on the lips of that pale, tearful Niobe, who, in her widow's coif and veil, and sable weeds of woe, occupied the chair of state on these occasions, describe the mockery of the attempt!

The melancholy Christmas of 1712 was rendered more distressing to Mary Beatrice, by the intrigues and divisions that agitated her council, and the suspicions that were instilled into the mind of her absent son, of his mentor, the earl of Middleton, who had accompanied him from St. Germain's to Chalons, and acted as his principal adviser. The old story, that he was bribed by the court of St. James's to betray the state secrets of the exiled Stuarts, and had been in the practice of doing this ever since the death of James II., was revived, though without any sort of proof, and all the misfortunes and failures that had occurred were charged on his mismanagement and treachery.<sup>1</sup> It was also stated, that he had neglected the interests of the Stuart cause in Scotland, and had promoted, instead of opposing, the union. Middleton justified himself from those charges, but indignantly offered to withdraw from his troublesome and profitless office. Mary Beatrice, having a great esteem for this statesman, and a particular friendship for his countess, was very uneasy at the idea of his resignation. Her principal adviser, at this time, appears to have been the abbé Innes, who, in one of the mystified letters of that period, thus writes on the subject:—

"Paris, Jan. 9th, 1713.

"I was never more surprised than when the queen showed me some letters the king had sent her about Mr. Massey [*lord Middleton*], and the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that villany must proceed originally either from the Irish to remove one whom they look upon as none of their friends, to make way for one of their friends, or else that it is a trick of the whigs to ruin Jonathan [*the king*], by insinuating a correspondence with them, to give jealousy to the other party, and by that means to deprive Jonathan of the only person capable of giving him advice."

Mary Beatrice took upon herself the office of mediating between her son and their old servant, Middleton, whose wounded feelings she, not unsuccessfully, endeavoured to soothe in the following letter:—

"St. Germain's, Jan. 28th, 1713.

"I have not had the heart all this while to write to you upon the dismal subject of your leaving the king; but I am sure you are just enough to believe that it has and does give to me a great deal of trouble, and that which I see it gives the king, increases mine.

"You tell me in your last letter upon Mr. Hamilton's coming away, that if your opinion had been followed, you had gone first, but if mine were, you should never go first nor last. But alas! I am grown so insignificant and useless to my friends, that all I can do is to pray for them, and God knows my poor prayers are worth but little. I own to you, that as weary as I am of the world, I am not yet so dead to it as not to feel the usage the king and I meet with. His

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<sup>1</sup> Stuart Papers in Macpherson, and in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

troubles are more sensible to me than my own, and if all fell only on me, and his affairs went well, and he were easy, I think I could be so too, but we must take what God sends, and as he sends it, and submit ourselves entirely to his will, which I hope in his mercy he will give us grace to do, and then in spite of the world all will turn to our good."<sup>1</sup>

It can scarcely be forgotten, that the princess of Orange, when her sister Anne was endeavouring to inveigle her into the conspiracy for depriving their infant brother of the regal succession, by insinuating that he was a spurious child, feeling dubious that she ought to credit so monstrous a charge without inquiring into the evidences of his paternity, propounded, among other queries, which she sent to Anne, the simple, but important question, "Is the queen fond of him?"<sup>2</sup> Anne, being an interested witness, replied evasively. Nature, who cannot equivocate, has answered unconsciously to the test in the unaffected gush of maternal tenderness, with which Mary Beatrice speaks of her son to lord Middleton in this letter; she says:—

"You told me in one of your former letters, that you were charmed with the king being a good son. What do you think then that I must be that am the poor old doating mother of him? I do assure you, his kindness to me is all my support under God."<sup>3</sup>

Marry, but our unfortunate Italian queen, on whose ignorance some historians have been pleased to enlarge, could write plain English with the same endearing familiarity, as if it had been her mother-tongue! "Our hissing, growling, grunting northern gutturals," had become sweeter to her ear than the silvery intonations of her own poetic land, and flowed more naturally to her pen. English was the language of those she loved best on earth, the unforgotten husband of her youth and their children; of the last surviving of these, "the Pretender," she thus continues in her letter to his offended minister, the earl of Middleton:—

"And I am confirmed of late more than ever in my observation, that the better you are with him the kinder he is to me; but I am also charmed with him, for being a good master, and a true friend to those who deserve it of him, though I am sorry from my heart that you have not had so much cause of late to make experience of it. "M. R."

"I say nothing to you of business, nor of Mr. Hamilton, for I write all I know to the king, and it is to no purpose to make repetitions. I expect, with some impatience, and a great deal of fear, Humphrey's decision as to France."

The meaning of this enigmatical sentence is, whether queen Anne would permit the chevalier de St. George to avail himself of the asylum which the duke of Lorraine had offered him in his dominions. This was in the end privately allowed by her, and publicly protested against by her ministers. Mary Beatrice writes again to the earl of Middleton, on the 9th of February; she had succeeded in prevailing on him to continue with her son, and she says many obliging and encouraging things

<sup>1</sup> Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

<sup>2</sup> Correspondence of the princess of Orange and princess Anne of Denmark in Dairymple's Appendix.

Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

to him in this letter, which is however dry, and chiefly on public business. She there speaks of their secret correspondent, Bolingbroke, by the appropriate cognomen of "Prattler,"<sup>1</sup> and certainly appears to set very little account on his flattering professions.

The position of the son of James II., appeared by no means in so bad a light to the potentates of Europe at this period, as it did to the desponding widow who sat in her companionless desolation at St. Germain, watching the chances of the political game. The emperor, though he had publicly demurred for nearly three months, whether he would or would not grant the chevalier a passport to travel through part of his dominions to Bar-le-duc, secretly entertained overtures for connecting the disinherited prince with his own family, by a marriage with an archduchess. The tender age of his daughter, who was only twelve years old, was objected by his imperial majesty as an obstacle to her union with a prince in his five and twentieth year, but he politely intimated, at the same time, that his sister was of a more suitable time of life.<sup>2</sup> Queen Anne's ill health at this period, the unsettled state of parties in England, and the lingering affection of the people to hereditary succession, rendered an alliance with the representative of the royal Stuarts by no means undeserving of the attention of the princesses of Europe. The chevalier did not improve the opening that had been made for him by his generous friend the duke of Lorraine, with the court of Vienna. His thoughts appear to have been more occupied on the forlorn state of his mother, than with matrimonial speculations for himself. The manner in which he speaks of this desolate princess, in the letter he addressed to Louis XIV. on the eve of his final departure from his dominions, is interesting. After expressing his grateful sense of the kindness he and his family had experienced from that monarch, he says—

"It is with all possible earnestness that I entreat of your majesty a continuation of it, for me and the queen my mother, the only person who is left of all who were dearest to me, and who deserves so much of me as the best of mothers."<sup>3</sup>

In writing to Louis XIV. alone, the chevalier would have done little for his mother; he was aware, that to render her asylum secure, he must pay no less attention to the untitled consort by whom the counsels of the aged monarch of France were influenced; and with equal earnestness, recommended her to the friendship of Madame de Maintenon in the following elegant billet, which implies more than appears on the surface in the way of compliment:

"February 19th, 1713.

"Little satisfied, madam, with the letter I have written to the king, in which I have but faintly expressed my sentiments towards him, where can I better address myself than to you, with a request that you would supply for me everything wherein I have failed?

"I venture to rely on the kindness of your heart, and the friendship you have

<sup>1</sup> Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

<sup>2</sup> Stuart Papers. Duke of Lorraine's Correspondence with the Emperor.

<sup>3</sup> From the original French in the Archives au Royaume de France.

always had for the queen and me, to ask a continuation of it for us both. Permit me to assure you, valueless though it be, of mine, as well as of the high esteem and gratitude I bear you, madam, to whom, after the king, I believe it to be entirely due."<sup>1</sup>

Madame de Maintenon was so well pleased with this mark of attention, that the next time she saw queen Mary Beatrice, although she made no remark on the letter addressed to herself, she set her majesty's heart at rest as to the impression produced by that which he had sent to Louis XIV., by saying, "The king your son, madam, has combined, in writing to his majesty (the king of France), the elegance of an academician, the tenderness of a son, and the dignity of a king."<sup>2</sup>

The royal mother, who had been sent copies of these letters by her son, could not refrain from reading them in the pride of her heart to the community at Chaillot. The abbess and her nuns extolled them to the skies, and begged her majesty to allow them to be transcribed and placed among the archives of their house. Mary Beatrice expressed some reluctance to do so, observing, "that, in the present critical position of her son's affairs, it might be attended with injurious consequences, if letters so strictly private found their way into print." She added, significantly, "that she had been much annoyed, at seeing some things published in the Dutch Gazette, not being able in any manner to imagine how the information was obtained." This was certainly throwing out a delicate hint that her confidence had not been held sacred by some of the members of that community; nevertheless, she was persuaded to allow copies of her son's letters both to the king of France and Madame de Maintenon, to be taken. These have been so carefully preserved, that they have survived the dissolution of the convent.

Mary Beatrice spent the residue of this melancholy winter, the first she had passed without her children, at St. Germain. Her only comfort was hearing from her son that he had been honourably and affectionately received at the court of Lorraine by the duke and duchess, who were both related to him. The duchess of Lorraine, being the daughter of the late duke of Orleans by Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, inherited a portion of the Stuart blood, through her descent from James I., and took the most lively interest in her exiled kinsman, and did everything in her power to render his sojourn at Bar-le-duc agreeable.

Mary Beatrice writes to her friend the abbess of Chaillot, on the 20th of March, a letter commencing with excuses for being an indifferent correspondent, because the frequent and long letters she wrote to her son, took up all her time. Her majesty had been making a small, but acceptable present to one of the nuns, for she says, "I am glad sister M. Gabrielle found the tea good, but surely that trifling gift did not merit so eloquent a letter of thanks." Mary Beatrice describes her own health to be better than usual, expresses herself well pleased with the general bulletin lady Strickland had brought of the health of the convent, and then says—

<sup>1</sup> From the original French in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot Collection.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Memorials.

"The king my son, continues well at Bar, where the duke of Lorraine shows him all sorts of civilities. I recommend him earnestly to your prayers, my dear mother, and to those of your dear daughters; he requires patience, courage, and prudence, and above all, that God should confirm him in the faith, and give him grace never to succumb to the temptations with which he will be assailed by his enemies, visible and invisible."<sup>1</sup>

Her majesty next recommends her aged protector Louis XIV., to the prayers of the sisters of Chaillot,—

"I hope, continues she, that God will long preserve him to us, and that he may enjoy himself the peace; he gives to others, and which we hope will be signed in this present month of March. I desire it with all my heart, for the sake of others, rather than myself, although it is possible that in time my son may benefit by it. Meanwhile I leave him, and myself also, in the hands of God, to the end that he may do with us all that pleases him; but in whatever state I may find myself, be assured, my dear mother, that I shall be always, and with all my heart, yours,"

"MARIE R."

Endorsed, "For my dear mother, 1713."<sup>2</sup>

Before the proclamation of the peace of Utrecht, Mary Beatrice sought the welcome-repose of her favourite retreat at Chaillot. "The queen of England," says the diary of that convent, "came here on the 5th of May, 1713; she arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon, and testified much joy at finding herself at Chaillot once more. She asked our mother the news of the house, and inquired particularly after all the sisters. While they were preparing her majesty's table, she came into the ante-chamber herself, to speak to the two domestic sisters, Claire Antoinette, and J. M., who were accustomed to serve her. The next day, being very cold, she congratulated herself on having come as she did, for they would never have permitted her to leave St. Germain's in such weather, lest it should make her ill; and she repeated many times, "that she was surprised at finding herself in such good health as she had been for the last six months, considering all she had suffered." On the Sunday after her arrival, her majesty said, "she had prayed to God that he would make her feel his consolations so that she might say with the royal prophet, 'In the multitude of sorrows that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreshed my soul;'" "but that," added she, "is what I have not experienced; the Lord does not make me taste his sweetness."

Mary Beatrice told the nuns "that since the departure of her son, she had no one to whom she could open her heart, a deprivation which she had felt as peculiarly hard; yet," added she, "in losing the persons to whom one is accustomed to unburden our hearts, we lose also some opportunities of displeasing God by our complaints, and acquire the power of passing some days without speaking of those subjects that excite painful emotions." This was, indeed, a point of Christian philosophy to which few have been able to attain. It must be owned, that Mary Beatrice strove to improve the uses of adversity to the end for which they were designed by Him who chastens those he loves.

<sup>1</sup> Autograph Letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

The moment at length arrived, long dreaded by the sympathizing community of Chaillot, when the abbess was compelled to tell their afflicted guest, that a solemn *Te Deum* was appointed to be sung in their church, as well as all others throughout France, on the day of the Ascension, on account of the peace—that peace which had been purchased by the sacrifice of her son, and had poured the last phial of wrath on her devoted head by driving him from St. Germain, and depriving him of the nominal title of which he had hitherto been complimented by the monarchs of France and Spain.<sup>1</sup> The intimation regarding the *Te Deum* was received by Mary Beatrice without a comment. She knew that it was a matter in which the abbess had no choice, and she endeavoured to relieve her embarrassment by turning the conversation. Her majesty said afterwards, “that a printed copy of the treaty had been sent to her, but she had not yet had time to read it, as it was so bulky a document; and she had told lady Middleton to open it, who had looked for what concerned her, and made no further search.”

On the evening of the 28th, the queen asked the nun who waited on her, “if she had seen the paper that was on her chimney-piece?” “I have not had the courage to look at it,” was the reply. “Ah, well,” said the queen, “then I must for you;” and raising herself in the bed, where she was resting her exhausted frame, she put on her spectacles, and began to read it aloud.<sup>2</sup> It was a copy of the treaty. When her majesty came to the fourth and fifth articles, which stated “that to ensure for ever the peace and repose of Europe, and of England, the king of France recognised, for himself and his successors, the protestant line of Hanover, and engaged that he who has taken the title of king of Great Britain, shall remain no longer in France, &c. &c.,” she paused, and said, with a sigh, “The king of France knows the truth, whether my son is unjustly styled king or not; I am sure he is more grieved at this than we can be.”

The nun in waiting remained speechless with consternation at what she heard, and the queen resumed, “Hard necessity has no law. The king of France had no power to act otherwise, for the English would not have made peace on any other condition. God will take care of us; in him we repose our destinies.” She added, “that the king, her son, had sent word to her, ‘that his hope was in God, who would not forsake him when every other power abandoned him.’”<sup>3</sup>

The next morning, she maintained her equanimity, and even joined in the grace-chant before dinner. The nun who was present when she read the treaty on the preceding evening, drew near, and said, “Madam, I am astonished at the grace God has given you, in enabling you to appear tranquil; for my part I was struck with such consternation at what I heard, that I could not sleep. Was it not so with you?” “No, I assure you,” said the queen; “I have committed everything to God,

<sup>1</sup>The peace was signed March 30th, by the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, but not solemnly ratified for several weeks after that date. It was proclaimed in London, May 6th.

<sup>2</sup>Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume.

<sup>3</sup>Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, by one of the Nuns of Chaillot



he knows better what is good for us than we do ourselves." She ate as usual, and manifested no discomposure, even when her ladies came on the following day, and told her of the general rejoicings that were made in England for the peace.<sup>1</sup>

A few days afterwards, Mary Beatrice told the nuns, "that her son had sent a protest to the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, against the articles of the treaty, as regarded England, and had asserted his title to that crown, which had been retorted by the cabinet of St. James's addressing an atrocious libel to the same congress, complaining 'that an impostor like the pretender was permitted to remain so near as Bar-le-duc.' " The mother of the disinherited prince related this with emotion, but without anger. The sympathizing community said all they could to console her, telling her the cause of her son was in the hands of God, who would, they hoped, soon restore him to the throne of his forefathers. "If it be God's good pleasure to do so, may his will be accomplished," replied the queen. She said, "that she had received an address from Edinburgh, professing the faithful attachment of the Scotch to the house of Stuart; that both Scotland and Ireland were well disposed, but in want of a leader."<sup>2</sup>

When Mary Beatrice found that the allied powers had agreed to compensate the elector of Bavaria for the loss of a part of his German territories, by making him king of Sardinia, while the duke of Savoy was in his turn to receive more than an equivalent for his Sardinian province, by the acquisition of the crown of Sicily, she said, with a sigh, "Thus we find that every one recovers his goods, in one shape or other, at this peace, but nothing is done for us; yet, my God," added she, raising her eyes to heaven, "it is your will that it should be so, and what you will, must always be right." Being informed subsequently, that the duke of Savoy was about to embark, to take possession of his new kingdom of Sicily, she said, "Those who have kingdoms lose them, and those who had not acquire them through this peace; but God rules everything and must be adored in all he decrees." The duchess of Savoy, king James's cousin, had written to her in terms expressive of much affection and esteem, on which Mary Beatrice observed, "that she was very grateful for her regard; but she could not have the pleasure of recognising the duke of Savoy as king of Sicily, because her son had protested against everything that was done at the treaty of Utrecht."<sup>3</sup> This was, indeed, retaining the tone of a crowned head, when all that could give importance to that dignity was gone.

One day, after the peace of Utrecht had sensibly diminished the hopes that had been fondly cherished by the widowed queen of James II., of seeing her son established on the throne of England, the princess of Conti, who was an illegitimate daughter of Louis XIV., paid her a formal state visit at Chaillot, accompanied by her three daughters. Mary Beatrice, with the delicate tact that was natural to her, always caused all the fauteuils to be removed from her reception-room whenever she expected any of the princesses who were not privileged to occupy those

<sup>1</sup> Inedited MS Memorials of Mary of Modena, by one of the Nuns of Chaillot.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

sort of seats in her presence. The three young ladies, as they were leaving the room, observing to one another on the absence of the fauteuils, scornfully exclaimed, as if imputing it to the destitution of the royal exile, "What a fine instance of economy! but they cannot be ignorant of our mother's rank. What will people say of this?" Mary Beatrice, who overheard their impertinence, replied, with quiet dignity, "They will say that I am a poor queen, and that this is your way of telling me that I have fallen from my proper rank."<sup>1</sup>

When the duchess dowager of Orleans came to visit Mary Beatrice, she tenderly embraced her, and told her how much charmed the duke of Lorraine and her daughter were with the chevalier de St. George, and that they were delighted at having him with them. Mary Beatrice was sensibly gratified at this communication, and begged madame to "convey her thanks to their highnesses for their goodness to her son, not having," she said, "words sufficiently eloquent to express her full sense of it herself." The chevalier had found it expedient to leave Bar for a temporary visit to Luneville, where everything was, however, arranged for his comfort, through the friendship of the duke and duchess of Lorraine. His only real trouble, at this time, was his pecuniary destitution, and this caused his mother much greater uneasiness than it did him.

So self-denying was Mary Beatrice in all her personal expenses, that, although she suffered much inconvenience, when at Chaillot, from writing on an ornamental escrutoire, faced with plates of china, she could not be persuaded to purchase a proper writing-table, even of the cheapest materials and form. Her ladies one day said to her, "Madam, you are not of the same disposition as other princesses, who, before they had been inconvenienced by their writing-tables, as you have been by this, would have changed them a dozen times." "They would have had the means of gratifying their tastes, then," rejoined her majesty. "I have not; the little that can be called mine, belongs to the poor."

The kind-hearted duchess of Lauzun, to whom this conversation was repeated, sent the queen a new writing-table, for a present; but no! Mary Beatrice would not accept the friendly offering. She was the widow of a king of England, the mother of a prince, who claimed the crown of that realm; and, dowerless exile as she was, she would not degrade the national honour of the proud land, over which she had reigned, by allowing any of the ladies of France to minister to her wants. Not that she conveyed her refusal in terms calculated to offend madame de Lauzun; she thanked her courteously, but said, "The table was too low, and that she was about to purchase one, for which she would give proper directions." Mary Beatrice found herself, at last, compelled to buy a writing-table, in order to evade the necessity of accepting the present of the duchess de Lauzun. It cost the mighty sum of five and forty livre,<sup>2</sup> less than eight and thirty shillings, and even this outlay occasioned the unfortunate queen a pang, when she thought of the starving families at St. Germain, and she asked the nuns, "Whe

<sup>1</sup> Inedited MS. *Memorials of Mary of Modena*, by one of the Nuns of Chaillot.

<sup>2</sup> Diary of Chaillot.

ther she ought to give so much money as five and forty livres for writing-table?" The nuns replied, with much simplicity, "that, indeed, they seldom gave tradesmen as much as they asked for their goods, but they thought the table was worth the price named." Her majesty declared, "that she had no intention to cheapen the article, ordered my lady privy-purse to pay for it directly, and to give a proper recompense to the porter who had brought it."<sup>1</sup>

Poor Mary Beatrice! she must have been more than woman, if memories of the splendour that once surrounded her, at Whitehall, rose not before her mental vision on this occasion, while hesitating whether she ought to allow herself the indulgence of such an *eserutoire* as five and forty francs could purchase. It would have looked strangely, that same piece of furniture, in her apartment there, beside the costly cabinets and silver filigree-tables of Italian workmanship, which John Evelyn admired so greatly; and when he saw them decorating the chamber of her royal step-daughter, queen Mary, thought—good conscientious gentleman—"that they ought, in common honesty, to have been returned to their lawful owner."<sup>2</sup>

The duke and duchess of Berwick and the duchess of Lauzun, came one day to visit her majesty at Chaillot, and were beginning to devise many alterations and additions for the improvement of her apartments there, which were, in truth, in great need of renovation. She listened to everything with a playful smile, and then said, "When my dower shall be paid, I may be able to avail myself of some of your suggestions. All I have power to do, in the meantime, is to follow your advice, by changing the damask bed into the place where the velvet one now stands, which fills up the small chamber too much."<sup>3</sup>

The chair, in which her majesty was sometimes carried up into the tribune or gallery which she occupied in the chapel, had become so shabby and out of repair, that the nuns and her ladies pressed her to have a new one made. She refused at first, on account of the expense, but at last yielded to their persuasions. She ordered that it should be like a chair in the infirmary, but a little larger, and yet not too large to be carried through the door of the little alley that led to the infirmary; for she was constant in her visits to the sick, whether she were able to walk or not; and at this period, in consequence of her great debility, she was carried by her attendants in a chair. She wished the height from the ground to the top of the back to be five feet, like her chair of state at St. Germain, and that it should be covered with a silk, called *gros de Tours*, which, she thought, would be a cheap and suitable material; but when she heard that it was ten livres—that is to say, eight and fourpence an ell, which would make the chair cost altogether two hundred livres, little more than eight pounds, she exclaimed, that she would not have such a sum expended for that purpose. Lady Strickland recommended camelot, a thick-watered silk, with some mixture of wool, as more suitable for the cover of the chair, and the queen

<sup>1</sup> Diary of Chaillot.

<sup>2</sup> Evelyn's Diary.

<sup>3</sup> Unedited MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice D'Esté, in the Secret Archives au Royaume de France.

told her to bring her patterns, with the price; but as she found it would cost fourteen livres more than the other, she decided on having the gros de Tours. Of such serious importance had circumstances rendered that trivial saving to a princess who had once shared the British throne, and whose generous heart reluctantly abstracted this small indulgence for herself from the relief she accorded from her narrow income to the ruined emigrants at St. Germain.

"Madame," said one of the sisters of Chaillot, "you put us in mind of St. Thomas of Villeneuve, who disputed with his shoemaker about the price of his shoes, and a few days afterwards gave one of the shoemaker's daughters three hundred rials, to enable her to marry; for your majesty is parsimonious only to enable you to be munificent in your charities and your offerings at the altar." The queen smiled, and said, to turn the conversation, "I certainly have no disputes about the price of my shoes, but I would fain get them for as little cost as I can. When I was in England, I always had a new pair every week, I never had more than two pair of new shoes in any week. I had a new pair of gloves every day, and I could not do with less; if I changed them, it was to the profit of my chambermaids. Monsieur de Lauzun once used some exaggeration in speaking to the king, Louis XIV., on the subject of my penury, when he said, 'Sire, she has scarcely shoes to her feet!' This was going a little too far; but it is true," continued she, playfully, "that they have sewn these ribbons for the second time on my fine shoes;" she laughed, and showed the shoes as she spoke, adding, "they cost me ten livres. I think that is too much to pay for them, but they will not charge less for me. That is the way with the artisans. My mother would never submit to an imposition. She was both generous and magnificent; but she did not like to be charged more than the just price for anything. When, however, she had reason to think her tradespeople had been moderate in their charges, she would give them, out of her own pleasure, something over and above."<sup>1</sup>

The poor queen had cause, at this time, to apprehend that the cancer in her breast was going to break out again; she was also troubled with difficulty of breathing and general debility. Dr. Wood, whom her son sent to see her, advised her majesty to quit Chaillot, because he said the air was too sharp for her, and he strenuously objected to the fasts and perpetual succession of devotional exercises, practised in that house, as injurious to her. The abbess and sisterhood were displeased at the English physician's opinion, intimated that *monsieur Oude* had better attend to his own business, and begged their royal guest to send for Beaulieu, her own surgeon, to prescribe for her. Beaulieu contradicted all Dr. Wood had said, except on the subject of fasting, to which he was always opposed. As for the air of Chaillot, he said it was nothing so keen as that of St. Germain, which was almost on a mountain, and recommended her majesty to remain where she was. Mary Beatrice said, "that Chaillot must be a healthy place; for that luxurious princess,

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<sup>1</sup>Diary of Chaillot.

Catherine de Medicis, built a summer palace there for herself, because she considered it the most healthy site near Paris."<sup>1</sup>

The countess of Middleton observing, with uneasiness, that her royal mistress was sinking into ascetic habits, told the nuns one day in a pet, "that the queen spent too much time in prayer at Chaillot, that it was killing her; and if the king of France knew the sort of life she led there, he would come himself, and take her away from them." Mary Beatrice could not refrain from smiling when this was repeated to her by the offended sisters. "I do not think," said she, "that the king of France will trouble himself about my prayers, or that he is likely to interfere with my stay at Chaillot. My ladies, who like better to be at St. Germain, speak according to their own tastes, and are thinking more for themselves than for me, I doubt, in wishing to return; they may find pleasure in it; but, for me—think you the life I lead at St. Germain can be very agreeable, when I am shut up alone in my cabinet every evening, after supper, till I go to bed, writing three or four hours? When I am here, I write in the morning, which is a relief to my eyes. There, all my time is spent among the miserable, for of such alone is my society composed. Here I have, at least, cheerful company after my meals; and if I have a moment of comfort in life, it is here."<sup>2</sup>

She might have added, it is my city of refuge from the importunities and cares with which I am beset at St. Germain. It was again a year of scarcity, almost of famine, in France, and Mary Beatrice found herself reluctantly compelled, by the necessities of her own people, as she called the British emigration, to withdraw her subscriptions from the benevolent institutions in Paris, to which she had hitherto contributed, feeling herself bound to bestow all she had to give, to those who had the greatest claims on her.<sup>3</sup> One day, an ecclesiastic who came from St. Germain to see her, told her that every one there was starving, on account of the dearness of provisions. The intelligence made her very sad; "she could not sleep that night," she said, "for thinking of it, and when she slumbered a little towards morning, she awoke with a sensation, as if her heart were pierced with a pointed cross." It was at this distressing period that the old bishop of Condone de Matignan, who was going to Marseilles, came to solicit the unfortunate queen to send an offering to the shrine of the immaculate Virgin there. Nothing could be more unseasonable than such a request. Mary Beatrice replied, "that, in truth, she had nothing to send," and was sorely vexed by his importunity. She told the community, in the evening, of the vexatious application that had been made to her by the aged bishop, and the impossibility of her complying with his request, "since of all the profusion of costly jewels she once possessed, two only remained; one was the little ruby ring, which the late king, her dear lord and husband, when duke of York, had placed on her finger at the ratification of their nup-

<sup>1</sup> Buonaparte, it seems, was of the same opinion, when he demolished the convent, with the intention of building a nursery palace for the king of Rome on the spot.

<sup>2</sup> *Diary of a Nun of Chaillot*, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid*

tial contract, the other was her coronation ring, set with a fair large ruby, sole relic of the glories of the day of her consecration as queen-consort of England, and these she could not part with. The small diamond," added Mary Beatrice, "which, according to the customs of Italy, I received at the previous matrimonial solemnization at Modena, from the earl of Peterborough, I have sent to my son, with my daughter's hair, for which he had asked me."<sup>1</sup> The nuns endeavoured to comfort her, by telling her, "that when her son should be called to the throne of England, she would be able to make offerings worthy of herself on all suitable occasions." "On the subject of the contributions that are frequently solicited of me," said the queen, "I find myself much embarrassed, for it appears unsuitable in me, to give little, and it is impossible for me ever to give much—all I have, belonging rather to the poor than to myself."<sup>2</sup>

Wisely and well did the royal widow decide, in applying her mite to the relief of God's destitute creatures, rather than gratifying her pride, by adding to the decorations of a shrine. Yet such is the weakness of human nature, the force of early impressions, and the manner in which even the strongest minded persons are biassed by the opinions of the world, that she was deeply mortified at being unable to send the gift that was expected of her, by the old bishop. She at last expressed her regret, that she had given her last diamond to her son, instead of adding it to the coronal of the Virgin of Marseilles. "Madam," replied the nuns, "the use you made of the diamond, in sending it to your son, was perfectly lawful, and these are times when saints themselves would sell the very ornaments of the altar, to afford succour to the poor."<sup>3</sup>

Mary Beatrice was much entreated to assist at the two-fold nuptials, of the prince de Conti and mademoiselle de Bourbon, and the duke de Bourbon with mademoiselle de Conti, by which a long feud between those illustrious houses would be reconciled. She excused herself, on account of her ill-health and great afflictions, when the princess dowager of Conti came in person to invite her; then the duke de Lauzun came from Louis XIV., to request her presence at Versailles on that occasion; and she declined, for the same reasons she had given to madame Conti. The duke de Lauzun took the liberty of a tried and sincere friend, to urge her to accept the invitation, telling her "that it was necessary that she should appear at Versailles on that occasion, lest the English ambassador should report her as wholly neglected and forgotten since the peace of Utrecht, which would prejudice the cause of her son in England." The royal widow replied, "that he had reason on his side, but for her part, wasted as she was with a mortal malady, and crushed with sorrow, she could not think of casting a gloom over the joy of others. at a bridal festival, by her tears, which, perhaps, she might be unable to restrain; she, therefore, prayed him to make her apologies, and to represent her wasted form, and depressed spirits, and her utter unfitness to appear on that occasion."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

Lauzun represented at Versailles the sickness and grief of the queen and madame Maintenon, to whom her majesty wrote to beg her to make her excuses to the king of France, replied in a consolatory tone of kindness, expressing the regrets of the king and his young relatives at her absence, and requesting her to pray for the happiness of the bridal party. Madame de Maintenon added, "that she hoped to come to Chaillot on the following Monday to see her majesty, but, in the meantime, she could not help informing her that she had learned that many of the English were passing over from London to Calais, on purpose, as it was whispered, to come to Chaillot to pay their respects to her majesty, and to pass on to Bar to see her son." This flattering news was a cordial to the mother of the disinherited representative of the regal line of Stuart, him whom his visionary partizans in England fondly called "the king over the water." The peace of Utrecht had, indeed, driven him from the French dominions, and limited his title there to the simple style of the chevalier St. George, but that very truly would afford ready means of communication between him and those ardent friends who had sworn fealty to him in their hearts, and were ready, like the old cavaliers, who had fought for his grandfather and his uncle, to peril life and limb for his sake. He was remembered in England, and she, his mother, was not forgotten in the land of which she still called herself the queen, though four-and-twenty years had passed away since she had left its shores, on a stormy winter's night, with that son, Heaven's dearest but most fatal gift to her, then a sleeping infant in her arms. Now he had been driven from her, and for his sake she kept her court, in widowed loneliness, at St. Germain's, as a centre and rallying point for his friends, and struggled with the sharp and deadly malady that was sapping her existence.

Some time in the month of July, 1713, a fat English merchant, a member of the society of friends, whom the worthy sister of Chaillot, in her simplicity of heart, calls, "a *Trembleur* or *Coequere* by profession," came to the convent and craved an audience of the widow of his late sovereign James II. Mary Beatrice, who was always accessible to the English, admitted him without any hesitation. Before he entered her presence, the quaker gave his hat to a footman, and thus discreetly avoided compromising his principles by taking it off, or appearing to treat the fallen queen with disrespect, by wearing it before her<sup>1</sup>. As soon as he saw her majesty, he said to her, "Art thou the queen of England?" she answered in the affirmative. "Well, then," said he, "I am come to tell thee that thy son will return to England; I am now going to Bar on purpose to tell him so." "But how know you this?" demanded the queen. "By the inspiration of the Holy Spirit," replied the quaker, showing her a thick pamphlet of his visions printed in London. "When will the event of which you tell me come to pass?" inquired her majesty. The quaker would not commit himself by naming any precise time for the fulfilment of his visions, but said, "if he had not been convinced of the truth of his predictions, he would

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

ever have put himself to the trouble and expense of a journey from London to Bar." The queen laughed heartily when she related the particulars of this interview to her friends. The holy sisters of Chaillot, not considering that three clever pinches would have transformed the quaker's broad-brimmed beaver into the orthodox cocked hat of an abbé of their own church, regarded a Jacobite in drab as a very formidable personage; they protested "that he ought to be shut up and treated as a lunatic, and were sure he intended to make some attempt on the life of the king." The reply of Mary d'Esté proved that she was better acquainted with the tenets of the Society of Friends, and entertained a favourable opinion of their practice. "My son has no cause for alarm!" said she; "these poor people are not wicked, they loved the late king very much, and they are so highly esteemed in England for their probity, that they are exempted from the oaths which others are compelled to take. They never overreach others in their merchandize, and they have adopted for their maxim the words of our Lord, when he bids us be meek and lowly in heart, yet they are not baptized."<sup>1</sup> "In England all sorts of religions are permitted!" pursued the queen; "the late king 'said all these varying sects had had one point of negative union, which was to oppose the authority of the pope.' My lord was convinced that he ought not to do violence to the conscience of any one on the subject of religion; they have been persuaded in England, nevertheless, that his majesty had made a league with the king of France to force them to adopt his religion. Yet when that king drove out the Huguenots, they were given refuge in England, as well as in Holland, where they rendered us odious, as was seen about the time of the birth of the king my son, when they conjured up false reports against us," continued she, in the bitterness of her heart, imputing to the harmless refugees whom James had sheltered from the persecutions of his more bigoted neighbour, the calumnies with which his nearest and dearest ties of kindred had endeavoured to stigmatize the birth of the unfortunate prince of Wales.<sup>2</sup> "Me have they accused of things of which I never thought," pursued the fallen queen, "as if I had been as great a deceiver as themselves—they have attributed to me crimes of which I am assuredly in-

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<sup>1</sup> Diary of Chaillot.

<sup>2</sup> That the widow of James II. had been given this erroneous impression of the protestant emigration, by the parties who persecuted and drove them out of France, is not wonderful, but it is pleasant to be able to record one noble exception, at least, among that emigration, from the charge of ingratitude to the unfortunate prince who had received, cherished, and supported them in their distress.

Peter Allix, one of the most learned of the protestant divines, was forced, in 1685, to fly from the cruelty of the king of France, and retiring to the protection of James II., he met with the kindest reception from him. Allix showed his gratitude, by writing in English, a book, in defence of Christianity, which he dedicated to James II., in which he warmly acknowledged his obligations to him, and gratefully thanked him for his kind behaviour to the distressed refugees in general. It appears that this book was published after the misfortune of his benefactor, for Peter had to learn the English language before he wrote it. *Biographia Brit., from Ant. a Wood. Oxoniensis.*



capable—of imposing a spurious child, and committing perjuries; others who love me have imputed to me virtues which I do not possess, but God will be my judge.”

The nuns endeavoured to soothe her by saying, “they hoped she would see their religion flourish when her son returned in triumph to take possession of his throne.” “Should my son return,” said the queen, “you will not see any alteration in the established religion; the utmost that he can do will be to shield the catholics from persecution. He will be too prudent to attempt innovations.”<sup>1</sup>

Meantime, this beloved object of her maternal hopes and fears, had been ordered to drink the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, but the princes of Germany would not grant him passports. He wrote, a few days after, to the queen, and told her “he had seen his enthusiastic quaker liegeman, who had related to him his visions, and coolly added, ‘I am not perhaps so great a prophet as Daniel, but I am as true a one.’” The prince said, “he had laughed much at the absurdities of this person, and that it must have appeared strange to him that he did not receive any present, but,” added he, “I am not rich enough to have it in my power to make suitable gifts; all I had to bestow on him were some medals. I do not love either prophets or readers of horoscopes.” This trait of sound sense the prince derived from his royal mother, whose mind revolted from everything of the sort. The same evening after she had read her son’s letter, Mary Beatrice said, “that she could not endure any of those marvellous things, neither revelations nor ecstasies.” Madame Molza, on this, spoke of an Italian lady, “the mother of father Seignery, who had lately died in the odour of sanctity, who often fell into a trance in which she remained until she was roused by the voice of her confessor,” adding, “that her majesty’s mother, the duchess of Modena, was delighted to see her.” “It is true,” replied the queen, “that my late mother took delight in seeing marvels and mysteries, but, for my part, I cannot endure them, and always avoid having anything to do with them.”<sup>2</sup>

On the 18th of July, Elizabeth Charlotte, duchess-dowager of Orleans, came, with her daughter, the duchess of Orleans, to cheer the royal recluse with a friendly visit. There was a great deal of kindness and good nature in Elizabeth Charlotte, notwithstanding the vulgarity of her person and manners. She had a sincere respect for the virtues and noble qualities of the widowed queen of James II., and although she was so nearly related to the parliamentary heir of the British crown, the elector of Hanover, she expressed a lively interest in the welfare of the unfortunate chevalier de St. George, and when speaking of him to his mother, always gave him the title of the king of England. Both she and her daughter-in-law told the queen again how much affection the duke and duchess of Lorraine expressed for him, and how greatly they delighted in his company. The queen listened some time to them, before she could command utterance; at last, she said, “The duke of Lorraine has compassion on my son; he has had, from his own experience,

<sup>1</sup> Diary of Chaillot.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

but too much reason to feel for those who are deprived of their rank and possessions."

The following animated song was composed at this period, and sung at the secret meetings of the convivial Jacobite gentry, in allusion to the friendship experienced by the son of Mary Beatrice from the court of Lorraine. All these poetical lyrics found their way to the convent of Chaillot, though we presume not to insinuate that they were ever hummed by the holy sisters at the hour of recreation :—

SONG. (Tune, "*Over the hills and far awa*'.")

'Bring in the bowl, I'll toast you a  
health,  
To one that has neither land nor  
wealth;

The bonniest lad that e'er you saw,  
Is over the hills and far awa.  
Over the hills and over the dales,  
No lasting peace till he prevails;  
Pull up, my lads, with a loud huzza,  
A health to him that's far awa.

By France, by Rome, likewise by  
Spain,  
By all forsook but duke Lorraine;  
The next remove appears most plain,

Will be to bring him back again.  
The bonniest lad that e'er you saw,  
Is over the hills and far awa.

He knew no harm, he knew no guilt,  
No laws had broke, no blood had spilt,  
If rogues his father did betray,  
What's that to him that's far away?  
Over the hills and far awa—  
Beyond these hills and far awa,  
The wind may change and fairly  
blow,  
And blow him back that's blown  
awa."<sup>1</sup>

The feverish hopes which the inspirations of poetry and romance continued to feed in the bosom of the mother of the unfortunate chevalier de St. George, doomed her to many a pang, which might otherwise have been spared.

Mary Beatrice received so many visits, one day during her abode at Chaillot, that she was greatly fatigued, and said she would see no one else; but, at six o'clock in the evening, monsieur de Torcy arrived. As he was the prime minister of France, he was, of course, admitted. The interview was strictly private; on taking his leave of the royal widow, he said, "Her virtues were admirable, but her misfortunes were very great. The king, her son, might be restored, but it would not be yet."

At supper, the queen, which was unusual, was flushed and agitated; the nuns took the liberty of saying to her, they feared M. de Torcy had brought her bad news. "It is nothing more than I already knew," replied the queen. "God be blessed for all: his holy will be done." She ate little at supper, and went to prayers without saying what afflicted her. She had a restless night, and the next day she was very much depressed. They pressed her to take her chocolate, and at last, to silence the importunities of her ladies, she did. The same morning, she received a letter from Mr. Dicconson, the treasurer of her household, to show her that he could not send her any money. This seemed to

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by sir Henry Ellis, from the Harleian Miscellany. The air of this song is very spirited, and, together with other gems of inedited Jacobite minstrelsy, will shortly be published, arranged, with the original melodies, for the voice, with an accompaniment for the pianoforte, by Miss Charlotte Maxwell, of Monreith.

augment her trouble ; however, she performed all her devotional exercises as usual, but was so weak and exhausted, that she could not descend the stairs without extreme difficulty. The nuns entreated her to declare the cause of her affliction. She confessed that she had not been able to sleep. "Madame," said they, "it must be something that your majesty has heard from monsieur de Torcy, which has distressed you so much. The heart of that minister must be very hard and pitiless." "It is no fault of M. de Torcy," replied the queen; "he has a very good heart, and has always treated us well."<sup>1</sup>

The next day, in the evening, at the recreation, she revealed the cause of her vexation to the community; when she sent the London gazette to her confessor, she said, "That she had seen in it, that both houses of parliament had united in demanding of the princess of Denmark [*queen Anne*] 'not to permit the pretender'—it is thus," said Mary Beatrice, "they call the king—'to be so near their shores;' and the princess had replied, 'that she had already sent a remonstrance to the duke of Lorraine, and would again, which might perhaps induce him to send him out of his dominions, but it was out of her power to force him to do so, as he was too far from the sea to fear the fleets of England.'" It was insinuated that the duke of Lorraine would not have dared to receive the prince, without the consent of Anne, and that he was waiting there to take advantage of a change of popular feeling. "We are," continued the exiled queen, "in the hands of God, why then should we be cast down? I confess that this news disturbed me very much yesterday, so much so, that I did not wish to speak on the subject; I said to myself, why should I afflict these poor girls, who are about me? I ought to keep my trouble to myself, but seeing the news has been made public, I can no longer hide it."<sup>2</sup>

Phrenologists would say, after looking at the contour of this queen's lofty and somewhat elongated head, that the organs of caution and secretiveness were wholly absent. Her conduct through life, proves that she was deficient in those faculties. She told everything that befel her. She might have said with the Psalmist, "I kept silence, but it was pain and weariness to me; at last the fire kindled, and I spake."

It was generally at the hour of the evening recreation, when the rigid rule of conventual discipline was relaxed, and the sisters of Chaillot were permitted to converse or listen to discourse not strictly confined to religious subjects, that their royal guest gave vent to her feelings by discussing with the sympathizing circle, her hopes and fears on the subject of her son, or adverted to the trials of her past life, and the consolation she derived from religion, with impassioned eloquence. The promises of God in the Psalms, that he would protect the widow and the orphan, were frequently mentioned by her.

One day the duke of Berwick came to visit her, and bring her English news. In the evening, she told the community, "that both houses of parliament had moved an address to queen Anne, that she should write to the allies not to suffer the pretender to be so near to England. In

<sup>1</sup> Diary of Chaillot, Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

the course of the debate, an old gentleman of eighty years old, a member of the house of commons, exclaimed, 'Take care of what you do; I was a young man in the time when Cromwell, in like manner, urged the neighbouring states to drive away him whom they only called Charles Stuart.' This bold hint gave a turn to the tone of the debate, which then became sufficiently animated, and it was found that the 'pretender,' as they called her son, had a strong party to speak for him even in that house."<sup>1</sup> The nuns told their royal friend, "that they hoped this good news would reach the king her son before he heard of the endeavour to deprive him of his refuge with the duke of Lorraine." "My son is not easily moved by these sort of things," replied Mary Beatrice; "he cares little about the agitation that is excited against him." The prince was not quite so stoical in this respect. His valet de chambre, St. Paul, who had been delayed on his journey, brought him the intelligence of the vote of the British parliament on St. James's day. He wrote to his mother, "that he had received a fine bouquet, but through God's grace he had not been much disturbed by it." Mary Beatrice wrote to him in reply, "that he had one subject of consolation, that the Lord had dealt with him as with those he loved, for such had their trials in this life."<sup>2</sup>

A little variation in the monotony of the convent was caused by the arrival of an artist named Gobert, with a portrait of the chevalier de St. George, which he had been painting for the queen at Bar. Her majesty was much pleased with it, but her ladies and the nuns did not think it quite handsome enough to be considered a successful likeness.

The chevalier de St. George had frequently asked his mother to give him her portrait in her widow's dress, and hitherto in vain. A spice of feminine weakness lingered in her heart; aware how strangely changed she was by time, sickness, and sorrow, since the days when Lely painted York's lovely duchess, among the dark-eyed beauties of Charles II.'s court, she refused to allow her likeness to be taken in the decline of life. She playfully explained her reluctance to sit again, by saying, "that cardinal Bellarmin had refused his portrait to his friends, because an old man was too ugly for a picture."<sup>3</sup> But when her son wrote to her from Bar, to repeat his request, she said, "she could not refuse him anything that might be a solace to him during their separation, and as it would be more convenient for her to have it done at Chaillot, than at St. Germain, she would send for Gobert, the same artist that had painted his portrait, and sit to him." The abbess and nuns then joined in petitioning her to allow a copy to be made for them, but on this she at first put a decided negative. Gobert came the next day to begin the picture, but it was not without great difficulty that she could be persuaded even then to let him take the outline of her head and the dimensions, for that which was to be placed in the tribune with those of her daughter and her son. At last she said, "she would be painted in the character and costume of that royal British saint, the empress Helena, showing the cross, and that she would have her son painted as Edward the Confessor," drawing in her own mind a flattering inference for her

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena.<sup>2</sup> Ibid.<sup>3</sup> Ibid

son, from the resemblance between his present lot and the early history of that once expatriated prince of the elder royal line of England, and fondly imagining that the chevalier would, one day, be called, like him, to the throne of Alfred. Mary Beatrice said, "the late princess her daughter should also be painted as a royal English saint;" a blank is left in the MS. for the name, but in all probability, Margaret Atheling, queen of Scotland, was the person intended. Her son wrote to beg her to let him have two copies of her portrait, one for the duke and duchess of Lorraine, and another for the princess of Vaudemonte, who had been very kind to him. He called the princess of Vaudemonte "an amiable saint," and said "that his greatest comfort was talking with her of his mother and the late princess, his sister." Mary Beatrice was very perverse about her portrait—childishly so; for she ought not to have hesitated for a moment to oblige the friends who had given that asylum to her son, which the kings of France and Spain were unable to bestow. Such, however, are the weaknesses of human vanity. She wrote to her son, "that she had already refused her portrait to the community of Chaillot, and what she denied to them she would not grant to others;" to which the chevalier replied, "that he thought it was very hard for her to deny such a trifle to the good nuns, and that she ought to oblige them, and his friends at the court of Lorraine as well."<sup>1</sup> She then reluctantly conceded the point.

When the painter came the next time, the queen was at her toilette, and, before she was ready to take her sitting, the duchess of Orleans came to pay her a visit, and, being admitted, remained with her till dinner time. She told her majesty, "that she thought her looking ill—much altered for the worse in appearance." This remark did not decrease the poor queen's reluctance to go through the business of sitting for her portrait. She took her dinner at half-past one, and appeared much fatigued and out of spirits, saying "she was very sorry she had consented to have her portrait taken," yet when she found Gobert was waiting, her natural kindness of heart caused her to receive him very graciously; she allowed him to place her in her fauteuil in the proper attitude, and gave him a long sitting. In the evening, her majesty, with three of her ladies, went to take the air in the Bois de Boulogne. They all set off in the queen's coach, but the royal owner left lady Middleton and lady Sophia Bulkeley in possession of that vehicle, while she walked on with Madame Molza, and they took a solitary ramble for three hours in the forest glades together. She returned refreshed, and in better spirits from this little excursion.<sup>2</sup>

On another occasion, when Mary Beatrice and her ladies had been taking an incognito walk in the Bois de Boulogne, when they came to the ferry, her majesty had a great wish to cross the river in the ferry-boat, but, her ladies being afraid, they all crossed the Pont Royal, and returned through the Fauxbourg of St. Germain. There the queen betrayed her incognito by saluting the *tourière* of the convent of the Visitation in that quarter, who, although she was on foot, could not

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

help recognising her, even if her coach had not been following, her person being well known to all the *religieuses* of Paris. Mary Beatrice, on her return to Chaillot, was very merry, and related all the little adventures of her walk to the community. Her majesty walked as far as Longchamps, on one of these incognito expeditions, and visited, by way of recreation, a religious house there. The abbess offered her a collation, which she declined, but partook of some maccaroons and fruit, which were handed about in baskets. Mary Beatrice attended the vespers in their chapel, and was so much delighted with the beautiful singing, led by the abbess, whose voice was one of the finest in France, that she remained for the last evening services, which made her and her ladies so late in their return that the gates of St. Marie de Chaillot were closed for the night, and the royal devotee and her noble attendants might have had some trouble in gaining admittance, if père Gaillar had not, by a lucky chance, passed and found them waiting outside.<sup>1</sup>

The poor queen being without money at this time, in consequence of the unprincipled delays on the part of Desmarets, in the payment of her pension, was greatly troubled to meet the trifling current expenses even of her present economical way of life. Her coach and horses caused her some uneasiness, for the person at whose mews she had been accustomed to keep them, sent word "that he could not engage for their safety; every one was starving in the suburbs of Paris, and he was afraid they would be stolen from his place." The coachman told her majesty, "he thought it would be desirable to keep the coach, at any rate, in the convent court, where it would be locked up within double doors;" but this also involved a difficulty, for there was no covered place to put it under, and, if exposed to the weather, it would soon fall to pieces.<sup>2</sup> These petty cares of every-day occurrence, about matters to which the attention of persons of royal birth is never directed, were very harassing to her—more so, perhaps, on the aggregate, than the great reverse of fortune which had caused them. "There were times, Mary Beatrice would say," when she felt so cast down, that the weight of a straw, in addition to her other troubles, appeared a burden, "and she dreaded every thing."

Our Chaillot diary records, that, on the 6th of August, a protestant gentleman, whose name, from the way it is written there, it is impossible to decipher, came to take leave of the queen, before he returned to England, having obtained the leave of her son, whom he called his royal master, so to do. He was one of the St. Germain's protestants, who had attended that prince to Lorraine, and he told the queen, that he and all of his religion had been perfectly satisfied with the liberality of their treatment. The chevalier had taken a protestant chaplain, a regular minister of the church of England, with him, for the sake of his followers of the reformed religion, the earl of Middleton being the only Roman catholic in his retinue.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Diary of a Nun of Chaillot.

<sup>2</sup> Diary of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>3</sup> Diary of Chaillot.

On the 12th of August, Mary Beatrice dined early, that she might give Gobert the final sitting for her portrait; she told him, that he was on no account to make any copies of it, which he confessed that many persons had been desirous of obtaining of him.

The princess de Condé, who always treated Mary Beatrice with scrupulous attention, came to visit her in the convent that afternoon, and told her, "that she had sent a gentleman to Bar purposely to announce the recent marriages of her children to her majesty's son; but lord Middleton had warned her envoy, that he must not address him by the title of majesty, as his incognito was very strict; and this had disconcerted the gentleman so much, that he did not know what to say. However, the prince had soon put him at his ease, by the frankness of his reception, and had made him sit down to dinner with him." "It is thus," sighed the widow of James II., "that we have to play the parts of the kings and queens of comedy, or rather, I should say, of tragedy."<sup>2</sup>

The princess of Condé intreated her majesty to come and see her in her newly-built palace, the Petit Luxembourg, which she had fitted up with extraordinary taste and magnificence. The queen's ladies, who were, of course, eager to escape for one day of pleasure from the weary monotony of the life they had led at Chaillot, prevailed on their royal mistress to accept the princess's invitation; and the following Wednesday, being the day appointed, Mary Beatrice went, for the first time since the death of her daughter, to Paris in her old state coach, with the arms and royal liveries of a queen of England.<sup>3</sup> She and her ladies set out from Chaillot at three o'clock, escorted by count Molza, who appears to have performed the duties of vice-chamberlain since the death of old Robert Strickland. When her majesty arrived at the Petit Luxembourg, mademoiselle de Clermont, the eldest daughter of Condé, came to receive and welcome her as she descended from her coach, and conducted her into the apartment of madame La Princesse, who was on her bed. Mary Beatrice begged her not to disturb herself by rising on her account; but the princess insisted on doing the honours of her palace to her illustrious guest. The princess's chamber being in the highest suite of apartments, she requested her majesty to avoid the fatigue of going down so many stairs, by descending in her machine—a light fauteuil, which, by means of a pulley and cord, would lower her, in the course of a few minutes, from the top of the house into the garden. Mary Beatrice seated herself in this machine, and took the cordon in her hand, as directed; but she afterwards acknowledged to her ladies, that she felt a slight degree of trepidation when she found herself

<sup>2</sup> Diary of Chaillot.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Madame la Princesse was the title of the consorts of the princes of Condé. The Petit Luxembourg is a palace or hotel situated in the Rue de Vaugirard, and is contiguous to the palace of the Luxembourg, and built at the same era by Cardinal de Richelieu, who gave it to his niece, the duchess d'Aquillon, from whom it descended to Henri-Jules of Bourbon Condé. It was inhabited by the princess of Bourbon Condé during the last century, when it was occasionally called the Petit Bourbon.—Delaure's Paris, vol. iii. pp. 9, 10.

suspended so many feet from the ground. However, she performed her descent safely, and was immediately ushered into the gorgeous chapel, paved with mosaics, and the walls and roof embellished with gold, crystal, and precious stones, besides the most precious works of art, interspersed with large mirrors that reflected and multiplied the glittering show in all directions. Mary Beatrice said, "that it would take a full week before she should be able to divert her attention from such a variety of attractive objects sufficiently to compose her mind to prayer." An observation characteristic of the wisdom of a devout Christian, who knew how far a wandering eye might lead the soul from God. When the chapel had been duly admired, the superb suite of state apartments that looked upon the gardens of the royal Luxembourg were exhibited. Everything was arranged with equal taste and magnificence; and though the fallen queen of England felt, perhaps, that there was a degree of ostentation in the manner in which madame La Princesse displayed her wealth and grandeur, she praised everything, and appeared to take much pleasure in examining the paintings, sculpture, and articles of *vertu*, with which she was surrounded. She and her ladies were greatly charmed with the hangings of one of the state beds, ornamented with festoons and bouquets of the most delicate flowers of cut paper, the work of nuns, which the princess herself had arranged on white satin, with gold fringes.

When her majesty rose to take her leave, she said, "she could not allow madame La Princesse to take the trouble of attending her to her carriage. It would be quite sufficient if mademoiselle de Clermont accompanied her," and was about to go down with that young lady; but the princess of Condé, seating herself in her machine, as she called the *chaise volante*, was at the foot of the stairs first, and stood in readiness to pay the ceremonial marks of respect due to the royal guest at her departure.

From this abode of luxury, Mary Beatrice and her ladies proceeded to a very different place, the great Ursuline Convent in the Fauxbourg de St. Jacques, where she saw two of her young English ladies, Miss Stafford and Miss Louisa Plowden, the youngest sister of king James's little pet, Mary Plowden. "The queen," says our Chaillot diary, "had pity on *La petite Louison*—for so they called the youngest Plowden—who, not seeing her mother in her majesty's train, began to weep. Miss Stafford was unhappy, because she had been removed from the English Benedictines, where rule was less rigid than in this French house."

Mary Beatrice next visited the English Benedictine monastery of St. Jacques. As she was expected, all the world had collected to get a sight of "*la pauvre Reine d'Angleterre*;" so that when she alighted from her coach, count Molza, who had the honour to give her the hand, could not get her through the throng. The abbot and his brethren stood at the gates to receive her; but such was the pressure and excitement of the crowd, that two of the ecclesiastics, who were endeavouring to assist her majesty, found themselves increasing her distress, by stepping on the train of her long black mantle, so that she could neither

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<sup>1</sup> MS. Diary of Chaillot.



advance nor recede, and was in some danger of suffocation. At last, through the assistance of the officer of the guard, a passage was forced for her and her ladies. She attended the evening service, in one of the chapels, and afterwards took her tea in the great chamber of assembly, which was full of privileged spectators, and finished with visiting another nunnery in that quarter, having again to encounter fresh crowds of eager gazers in passing to her coach. Mary Beatrice returned to Chaillot at eight in the evening, much fatigued.<sup>1</sup>

A general reconciliation had taken place, at the time of the inter-marriages between the Condé, Bourbon and Conti families, among all parties engaged in the late feuds, except the duke de Lauzun, who positively refused to go to a grand entertainment of re-union, given by one of the dowager princesses, on this occasion, at Passy. Mary Beatrice being the only person in the world who had any influence over his stormy temper, endeavoured to persuade him to go. He replied, with some warmth, "that he would not," and mentioned several causes of offence which justified him, he thought, in keeping up the quarrel. "You mean to say that you will not oblige me," observed the queen. "Not oblige you, madam!" exclaimed Lauzun, vehemently; "you know very well, that if you were to tell me to walk up to the mouth of a cannon when it was going to fire, I would do it." "I am not likely to put you to such a test," said her majesty, gravely; "I only ask you to dine with our friends at Passy." She carried her point.<sup>2</sup>

Early in August, Mary Beatrice received a letter from her absent son, telling her "that he had received the precious gift she had sent him, of the ring, set with the diamond of her espousals, and the hair of the princess his sister," which, he said, "he should keep as long as he lived." He added, and that troubled his anxious mother, "that he had been ordered by his physicians to the waters of Plombières for his health, but he could not undertake the journey without 20,000 livres."<sup>3</sup> "I know not how I am to come by them," observed Mary Beatrice to the nuns, when she was reading her son's letter for their edification; "I have written to Mr. Dieconson about it, not knowing what else to do. God will, perhaps, provide!"

The royal widow was certainly right to place her trust in Providence, and not in her luckless treasurer and his exhausted funds. It is impossible not to compassionate the case of this poor Mr. Dieconson, who was called upon by every one for money, from the queen and her son, to their famishing followers. So far from obtaining any supply from St.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Diary of Chaillot.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>3</sup> The chevalier St. George was self-denying and moderate in his personal expenses from a child. He had been allowed 8000 livres (about three hundred and twenty pounds) a-year during his minority for pocket-money, and little pleasures in which young persons of rank indulged, but this money he always gave away in alms. His expenses while at the court of Lorraine amounted to 80,000 livres a-year, for he was compelled to maintain some sort of state, and to be liberal in his fees to the officials there, where he was on a precarious footing; it was his only city of refuge, so completely had the treaty of Utrecht excluded him from all the other courts in Europe.

Germaines, her majesty received a heart-rending letter from her old almoner, père Ronchi,<sup>1</sup> describing the destitution of every one there, especially the poor Irish, "many of whom," he said, "must perish for want of food, not having had a sou amongst them for the last two months." Mary Beatrice, who was much in the same case, as regarded ready money, was penetrated with grief at being unable to assist them. "For myself," said she, "I have some remains of credit to procure the necessities of life, but these poor people have not." She appeared very sad, and her only comfort was that a great many of her followers were beginning to take advantage of the peace to steal back to England. She told the community of Chaillot, "that of 20,000 persons, of whom the emigration at first consisted, not more than 6000 able-bodied men were left. That a great many had perished in the French armies; but the maintenance of their widows and children had fallen upon her;" this had been provided out of her French pension. "How often," said the unfortunate queen, "have I bewailed with bitter tears the life I led in England!" Her ladies, knowing how irreproachable her conduct had always been from her youth upwards, told her that she could have no cause for repentance. "Yes, indeed," she said, "I have, considering how little good I did when I had much in my power, especially in the way of charity. I see now, that many things which I then fancied necessary I might well have done without, and then I should have had more to bestow on others. I give now, in my adversity and poverty, double the sum in alms annually that I did when I had the revenues of a queen-consort of England." Infinitely precious, doubtless, in the sight of God, were the self-sacrifices which enabled the fallen queen to minister to the wants of the numerous claimants of her bounty at St. Germaines. It was literally, in her case, the division of the widow's mite among those whose necessities she saw were greater than her own.<sup>2</sup>

The object of père Ronchi's pathetic representations was to induce Mary Beatrice to make a personal appeal to Louis XIV. on the subject of the unpunctual payment of her pension. No persuasions could prevail on her to do this on her own account, or even that of her son, her pride and delicacy of mind alike revolting from assuming the tone of an importunate beggar. Her ladies, her counsellors, her ecclesiastics, the sisters of Chaillot, all united in urging her to make the effort, telling her, "that the elector of Bavaria had made no scruple of complaining to his majesty of the inconvenience he had suffered from the procrastination of the officers of the exchequer in disbursing his pension, and that it had been paid regularly ever since." "But," said Mary Beatrice, "I shall never have the courage to do it." "All in St. Germaines will die of hunger in the meantime, if your majesty does not," was the reply. Greatly agitated, she retired to her closet, threw herself on her knees, and prayed long and earnestly for spiritual succour and strength.<sup>3</sup> She was going that day, August 26th, to Marli, to see Louis XIV. and madame de Main-

<sup>1</sup> Père Ronchi had been in her service ever since she was duchess of York, being the same ecclesiastic who escaped from the wreck of the *Gloucester* by clinging to a plank.

<sup>2</sup> Diary of Chaillot.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

tenon, before they went to Fontainebleau for the rest of the autumn. Madame de Maintenon had written to the exiled queen from a sick-bed, requesting her to come and see her at Marli, for she was suffering very much from inflammation in the face, had been bled, and dreaded the approaching removal to Fontainebleau, and all the courtly fatigues that awaited her there. "The young princesses," she said, alluding to the brides of Bourbon and Condé, "were charmed with the anticipation of their visit; but, at her time of life, people felt differently."

Mary Beatrice appeared much concerned when she read this letter, for she knew the writer was turned of eighty; she said, "madame de Maintenon had been a true friend to her, and she knew not what she should do if she were to lose her;" adding, "that she had reckoned on her good offices in speaking to the king for her." The day was intensely hot, and she was herself far from well; and as the hour for her journey approached, she became more and more restless and agitated. However, she composed herself by attending vespers; and after these were over, set off, attended only by Lady Sophia Bulkeley. She arrived at Marli at five o'clock, and found madame de Maintenon in bed, and very feeble. While they were conversing *tête à tête*, the king entered the chamber unattended. Mary Beatrice, who had not seen him for several months, was struck with the alteration in his appearance, for he was much broken. Regardless of the ceremonial restraints pertaining to her titular rank as a queen, she obeyed the kindly impulse of her benevolence by hastening to draw a fauteuil for him with her own hand, and, perceiving it was not high enough, she brought another cushion to raise it, saying, at the same time, "Sire, I know you are incommoded by sitting so low." Louis, once the soul of gallantry, now a feeble, infirm old man, tottering on the verge of the grave, but still the most scrupulously regardful of all the courtesies due to ladies of every degree, made a thousand apologies for the trouble her majesty had given herself on his account. "However, madam," said he, "you were so brisk in your movements, you took me by surprise: they told me you were dying."<sup>1</sup> Mary Beatrice smiled, but had not the courage to avail herself of this opportunity of telling her adopted father that her sufferings had been more of the mind than the body, then declaring the cause, and appealing to his compassion. She said afterwards, "that she talked of subjects the most indifferent in the world, while her heart was ready to burst, not daring to give vent to her feelings."

When the king went to take his evening walk, or rather, to show himself, as usual, on the promenade, Mary Beatrice told madame de Maintenon "that she had a great desire to speak to the king on the subject of her pension, as eight months had passed since she had received any portion of it, and that in consequence, every one at St. Germain's was dying of hunger—that she came partly to represent this to his majesty, but her courage had failed her, though her heart was pierced with anguish at the sufferings of so many people whom she knew so well." Madame de Maintenon appeared touched by this discourse, and said

<sup>1</sup> Diary of Chaillot.

"she would not fail to mention it to the king, who would be much concerned." She added, "that she was, however, surprised to hear it, as she had been told that her majesty had been paid the sum of 50,000 livres the last time she came." "It is true," replied the queen, "but that 50,000 was the arrear of a previous seven months' delay, and was, of course, all anticipated."<sup>1</sup> The payment she now requested had been due for two months when the last instalment was disbursed, and she ought to have received it then, but it was too painful to her to press for it. "It is well known," continued she, sighing, "that I should not ask for it now, were it not for those poor Irish. How much do you think was reserved for my use of that last 50,000 livres? Less than a thousand crowns, to put in my privy purse for necessary expenses. Of that sum, the larger half went to the relief of urgent cases of distress."<sup>2</sup> When the poor queen had thus unburdened her mind, she went to make her round of visits to the princes and princesses. As she was passing through the salon where the great ladies had assembled to make their compliments to her, Lady Sophia Bulkeley told her that madame de Beauvilliers and madame de Remiremont were following her. Her majesty, who had not observed them in the noble circle, immediately turned back to speak to them, with every mark of respect, and gave them her hand to kiss. She would not, however, appear as if she were assuming the state of a queen of France holding a court, by sitting down, but stood while she conversed with the ladies, who expressed themselves charmed with her politeness to them, one and all, and the graciousness of her deportment. When she visited the princesses, she made a point of speaking courteously to their ladies, so that she left an agreeable impression everywhere she went.<sup>3</sup>

"The queen," says our Chaillot chronicler, "did not return here till near ten o'clock. As she had said she would be here at nine, lady Middleton and madame Molza were waiting with us at the gate."<sup>4</sup> They were very uneasy, because they feared that the queen, who was not well when she went away, had been taken ill at Marli. It wanted about a quarter to ten when her majesty arrived. She made great apologies for being so late, and begged that the sisters who waited on her would go to bed, but they entreated to be permitted to remain. She would not herself go to bed till she had attended prayers in the tribune, before she performed her private devotions in her own apartments. Lady Sophia Bulkeley was well pleased with this visit. She said, "that all the ladies at the French court had been charmed with her majesty; that they had talked of her at supper, and declared 'that no lady in France since the queen-mother, Anne of Austria, had afforded so perfect a model of dignity and politeness.'"<sup>5</sup> Thus, we see, that in the midst of all her trials

<sup>1</sup> Diary of Chaillot.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Inedited MSS. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>4</sup> This expression shows that the author of the *Diary of Chaillot* and *Memorials* of Mary Beatrice must have been either the portress or the *tourriers* of the convent, or one of the lay sisters, as the rule would not have permitted the other nuns to have been at the gate.

<sup>5</sup> Diary of Chaillot.

and poverty, Mary Beatrice had the singular good luck of maintaining, in that fastidious and fickle court, the favourable impression she had made at her first appearance there, in 1689, when Louis XIV. had said of her, "See what a queen ought to be!"<sup>1</sup>

The French ladies had told lady Sophia Bulkeley that they were always charmed with the queen of England's visits to Fontainebleau. Her ladyship would have repeated more of the agreeable things that had been said of her royal mistress to the nuns, but Mary Beatrice, who always discouraged everything like flattery, interrupted her by saying, gravely, "The ladies here have much kindness for me, which was not the case in England, truth to tell; but I have lived since then to become wiser by my misfortunes." At the evening recreation, she said to the nuns, "Can you believe that I have returned, without having ventured to speak to the king on my business; but I hope what I have done will be the same as if I had, as I have spoken to Madame de Maintenon." The mind of the fallen queen misgave her that she had committed herself, and she cried, "But what shall I do if she should fail me? all would be lost then! But I am wrong," continued she, correcting herself; "my God, it is in Thee only that I should put my trust; Thou art my stay."<sup>2</sup>

So pressing was the want of money, that Mary Beatrice was reduced to the painful necessity of taking up a sum to relieve the direful pressure of distress, at this crisis. She found a merchant willing to accommodate her with a loan for three months, on the security of her French pension. "It was a painful duty," she said; "but if she waited till she touched what had been so long due to her, two-thirds of St. Germain's would have perished."<sup>3</sup> She was also very anxious about her son's health, and determined to supply him with the means of going to the waters of Plombières, at any sacrifice.

One little expense which Mary Beatrice indulged herself in out of this loan, was to give a day of pleasure to some lowly individuals in her household, to whom so long a sojourn in a convent had probably been weary work. Our Chaillot diary records, "that on Tuesday, August 29th, the queen hired a coach for the filles de chambres of her ladies to go to Paris, to see a young person, of their own degree, take the novitiate habit of a *sœur-domestique*, at the Ursuline convent, and in the afternoon to see the *Petit Luxembourg*. The girls came back in raptures, for the princess de Condé hearing that they were in the family of the queen of England, had, out of respect to their royal mistress, ordered all the grand apartments to be thrown open to them, and even that they should be introduced into her own private apartment, where she was playing cards."

The day Mary Beatrice was at Marli, she had called on the duc de Berri, the grandson of Louis XIV., as etiquette required, but he was not at home. On the morrow, he sent a gentleman of his household to make his compliments to her majesty, and to express "his regret that he

<sup>1</sup> Madame de Sévigné.

<sup>2</sup> Diary of Chaillot, MSS. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

was absent, hunting in the plains of St. Denis, when she did him the honour of calling, but that he should take an early opportunity of returning her visit." The queen, who had no wish for his company, told the equerry, "that she thanked his royal highness for his polite attention, which she considered all the same as if he had put himself to the trouble of coming."<sup>1</sup>

This, her majesty told the abbess, she had said, in the hope of being excused from his visit, as he was a prince for whose character she had no esteem; "nevertheless," added she, "you will see that he will come." The following day his royal highness made his appearance at the customary hour for formal calls—four o'clock. He came in state, and as he was the next in succession to the throne of France, after the infant dauphin, etiquette required that the abbess of Chaillot should pay him the respect of going with some of the community to receive him at the grate. She only took five or six of the sisters—doubtless, the elders of the house—and her reception was not the most courteous in the world, for she begged him not to bring any of his followers into her house. His royal highness appeared a little surprised, and explained that his visit was to the queen of England, and not to her reverence; however, the holy mother was resolute not to admit any of his train. He was, therefore, compelled to tell the chevalier du Roye and three other nobles of high rank, who were with him, that they could not enter; at which they were much offended.<sup>2</sup> The queen received him in the apartments belonging to the princess dowager of Condé, which were on the ground floor, "to spare him the trouble," as she politely observed, "of going up stairs," but doubtless in the hope of being rid of his company the sooner. However, he seated himself by her on the canapé, and appeared in no hurry to depart. While he was conversing with the queen, the duchess of Perth wondering what had become of the lords of his retinue, went to inquire, and found them very malcontent, in consequence of the slight that had been put upon them; attributing their exclusion to the pride or over-nicety of the queen of England. Lady Perth returned, and told her royal mistress in English, of this misunderstanding. Her majesty, who had never thought of such a thing, was much vexed, and when the duke of Berri begged that she would permit his gentlemen to enter, she said, "Sir, it is not for me to give that order; the power rests with you, and I beseech you to use it." The gentlemen were then admitted, but chose to mark their displeasure by remaining with the princess de Condé, instead of entering her majesty's presence. "I am sure," said Mary Beatrice, "it was no fault of mine." She was greatly annoyed at the circumstance, trivial as it really was, but she felt the insecurity of her position in that court, and beheld in the duke de Berri the probable regent of France."<sup>3</sup>

The queen's principal physician, M. Garvan, came on the 13th of

<sup>1</sup> Diary of Chaillot.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> He died the following spring, having shortened his life by his own evil courses, leaving the post of guardian to the infant heir of France to be disputed between the duke of Maine, the son of Louis XIV. by Montespan, and the duke of Orleans, who obtained it.

September, to try and persuade her to return to St. Germain, but she would not hear of it. She said she should write to her son, to prevent him from paying any attention to those who were pressing him to importune her on that subject. "Nothing that any one else can say, will make me do it," added she; "but if my son asks me, I cannot refuse him."<sup>1</sup>

The duchess dowager of Orleans came to see Mary Beatrice in her retreat, and brought her a very kind letter from her daughter the duchess of Lorraine, expressing "the great satisfaction that both herself and her lord had experienced in the society of the chevalier de St. George, whom she styled a most accomplished prince." The delighted mother could not refrain from reading this letter to the sisters of Chaillot; she expressed her gratitude to the duke and duchess of Lorraine, and begged madame the duchess of Orleans to tell them "that she regarded them as friends, whom God had raised up for her and her son at their utmost need, when they looked in vain for any other succour." The duchess of Orleans said, "her daughter was greatly altered, which she attributed to the number of children she had had." "Or rather," rejoined the queen, "by the grief of losing them; for," added she, with great emotion, "there is nothing so afflicting as the loss of children." "Her majesty," continues our recording nun, "repeated this several times; and it appeared as if it were only by an effort of virtue that she refrained from speaking of the princess her daughter."<sup>2</sup> That grief was too deep, too sacred to be named on every occasion; there was, withal, a delicacy of feeling in Mary Beatrice, which deterred her from wearing out sympathy by talking too much of her bereavement. When some one remarked in her presence, that people often loved their grandchildren better than they had done their own children, she replied, "When I shall have grandchildren, I hope my affection for them will not lead me to spoil them; but I am sure I shall not love them better than I love the king my son, or than I loved my poor daughter."<sup>3</sup> The affection of Mary Beatrice, for these her youngest children, was of so absorbing a nature as to render her apparently forgetful of her buried family in England, her three elder daughters, and her first-born son, the infant duke of Cambridge. If any one alluded to the loss of those children, which had been among the trials of the first years of her wedded life, she generally replied, "that she acknowledged the wisdom and mercy of her Heavenly Father in that dispensation, as well as in all his other dealings with her; for now she felt an assurance of their eternal happiness, which she might not otherwise have done. Happy," she would add, "are those mothers who bear for the Lord."<sup>4</sup>

On the 16th of Sept., 1713, being the 12th anniversary of king James's death, her anguish was renewed by the commemorative offices at which she had assisted in the tribune, where the hearts of the husband and daughter she had loved so fondly were enshrined, yet she said, "that in the midst of her grief she had consolation in the thought that they were

<sup>1</sup> Diary of Chaillot.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Diary of the Nun of Chaillot, MSS. Archives au Royaume de France.

both happy in the enjoyment of everlasting peace." She added, "that she had often reflected with astonishment on the graciousness of God, in preserving to her her son, when he bereaved her of the princess; and that she was satisfied that He who is infinitely wise and good had done all in mercy." From these expressions, and the general tone of her letters, it is certain that although, in compliance with the customs, perhaps in obedience to the authority, of the church of which she was a member, Mary Beatrice continued to the end of her life to pray for the repose of the souls of her husband and daughter, she believed that they had already entered into "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

The next day, Saturday, 17th of September, Mary Beatrice received a packet of letters from her absent son, just after she had entered the chapel to attend complins; but, anxious as she was to hear from him, she would not open the envelope till the service was over. She read her letters while she was taking her tea. The same evening, the princess of Condé, who drank tea with her, showed her a print of the late princess her daughter, which the painter Lepel had caused to be engraved. The queen looked at it, and, repressing the tears with which the sight of those dearly loved features, now veiled for ever in the darkness of death, called to her eyes, pursued her discourse on indifferent subjects. Eloquent as she generally was, when the name of that last and fairest of her buried hopes was mentioned; she could not speak of her then; her heart was too full.

She said "that she had a copy of Rigaud's portrait of Louis XIV. made to send to her son. That portrait," she observed, "had always struck her as a great resemblance of his majesty, only it was full thirty years younger than he was, even when she came into France; and he was very much changed and bent since then." She added, "He perceives it himself, and says sometimes—'Formerly, I was taller than some of the people about me, who are now taller than me.'"<sup>1</sup>

On the 26th of September, an ecclesiastic came from St. Germain to consult with the queen on the means to be taken for the relief of the destitution there, telling her, "that to his certain knowledge, several persons had passed thirty hours without food." Mary Beatrice was greatly afflicted, and said, "She was embarrassed to the last degree herself, not daring to importune the king of France, though her pension was several months in arrear, and her son was also without money." She was tantalized with promises from some of queen Anne's ministers, that her dowry should be paid. Secret engagements had been undoubtedly made between that sovereign and Louis XIV., before the peace of Utrecht, guaranteeing that provision for the widow of James II.; and the abbé Gautier had been sent to England, to receive the first instalment from Harley, the lord-treasurer, but was put off from day to day. Desmarets, the French minister of finance, made the promises of the British minister, touching the payment of the dowry, an excuse for delaying the disbursements of her pension from his royal master.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> MSS. in the Secret Archives au Royaume de France.



The distress of her followers roused the unfortunate queen once more from the quiescent state of endurance in which she was willing to remain, as regarded her own pecuniary difficulties; she wrote a heart-rending appeal to madame de Maintenon. She received a letter in reply, on Sunday, October 1st, while she was at dinner, in which that lady expressed great sympathy, saying "that her majesty's letter had filled her heart with pity; that she could not think of her situation without pain; and though she did everything in her power to avoid causing any to the king, she could not refrain from representing her distress to his majesty, and that he would speak himself to M. Desmarts on the subject." She said also, "that he had sent to M. de Torey, requesting him to write to the abbé Gautier; not," added the cautious diplomatiste, "that I dare to solicit for your majesty anything that would be inconvenient to him, but merely to testify my zeal for your interests."<sup>1</sup>

This communication served to raise the spirits of the desolate widow, and the good effects of the intervention of the powerful advocate she had succeeded in interesting in her favour, appeared in the receipt of the payment of 50,000 livres of the arrears due to her on her pension. Small as that sum really was, reduced into English pounds, it was as the cup of cold water to the fainting caravan in the desert, and enabled the exiled queen to accord to many of the famishing emigrants at St. Germain the means of dragging on the fever of life for a few months longer. Common honesty also demanded that she should make a small instalment to the convent of Chaillot, on account of the large sum in which she stood indebted to them, not only for a home, but very often for food, both for herself, her ladies, and their maids. "Her majesty," says the recording sister of Chaillot, "gave our mother, very privately, three thousand livres, all in gold, but entreated her not to let any one know that she had paid her anything." No sooner, indeed, was it suspected, much less known, that the widowed consort of James II. had received any portion of her income, than she was beset with clamorous demands from all her creditors and clients,—the Irish in particular.<sup>2</sup>

Some readers will, doubtless, feel disposed to censure Mary Beatrice for expending money she could ill afford, in the following manner: The *fête* day of the abbess occurring while she was at Chaillot, she could not avoid complying with the custom, which prescribed that every person in the convent should make some present, great or small, to that lady for the decoration of her church. Mary Beatrice was not only under great obligations to the house, but considered it necessary to give according to her rank, rather than her means; as the widow of a king of England, and bearing the title of queen, she determined not to be outdone by any French lady on this occasion. Having privately got the assistant sister, Marie Hélène, to measure the width of the choir, she sent her careful privy purse, lady Strickland, to Paris, to purchase the materials for a curtain, called by our nun an *aparament*, to hang up before it, instead of a piece of tapestry. Lady Strickland performed her

<sup>1</sup> MSS in the Secret Archives of France.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Diary of Chaillot.

commission, it seems, to admiration; for she made a choice of a beautiful piece of red brocade, flowered with gold and silver, and edged with a splendid gold fringe with a rich heading. Sister Marie Hélène, who possessed the pen of a ready writer, composed, by the queen's desire, some verses, suitable to the occasion, to accompany the present. Meantime, the matter was kept as secret as anything could be, in which three ladies were concerned, till the important day arrived. After the abbess had received all the other little offerings, they were placed in the chamber of assembly, and the queen was invited to come and look at them. Her majesty had something obliging to say of everything; and when she had inspected all, she bade sister Marie Hélène bring her gift, and present it to the abbess, with the verses, in her name. It was quite a surprise, and the whole community were eloquent in their admiration of the elegance and magnificence of the offering; but the queen imposed silence, not loving to hear her own praise.<sup>1</sup> The community wished to have the arms and initials of the royal donor emblazoned on the *parament*; but Mary Beatrice would not permit it, saying, "that it would appear like vanity and ostentation, and that she should consider it highly presumptuous to allow anything to her own glorification to be placed in a church."

Cardinal Gaulterio, who had seen the chevalier de St. George, at the court of Lorraine, after his return from Plombières, came to bring letters from him to his widowed mother, and rejoiced her heart with good accounts of his health and commendations of his conduct. Mary Beatrice told the nuns, "that she had laughed and cried alternately at the sight of the cardinal, who was her countryman, because she had thought to see his face no more."

The "*cocquere*," as our Chaillot chronicle designates the enthusiastic broad-brimmed Jacobite before mentioned, paid the queen a second visit about this time. Mary Beatrice received him in the presence of her friend, cardinal Gaulterio, and behaved so graciously to him, that he left her highly delighted with the interview. The conference between so remarkable a trio as our Italian queen, a cardinal, and a quaker, must have been an amusing one.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Chaillot Diary.

<sup>2</sup> Three years prior to this date, 1714, we find some curious particulars of the quaker, Bromfield, in the inedited diary despatches of secretary St. John to the earl of Strafford, ambassador to the states-general, which appear very similar to our nun's account of the *cocquere*. St. John writes April 20th, 1712:

"As to the quaker, Bromfield, the queen (Anne) hath had one or two letters from him, wherein he gives such an account of himself as would serve to convey him to Tyburn, and I own I look upon him as a madman. Your excellency will not, I believe, think fit to give him any passport. If you can make use of him to discover any Jacobite correspondence, it will be of service.

"May 18th.—Bromfield, the quaker, I have been in search of, ever since your excellency gave me notice of his being come over; my messenger has at last found him out, and he is in custody."

The Earl of Strafford, in his letter from the Hague to St. John, writes, April 21: "There is one Bromfield, a quaker, who wrote me a letter with one enclosed to the queen, showing that the fellow had formerly been a private secre-

Martine, the Hessian envoy at Paris, notices the quaker's visit to the chevalier de St. George, in a letter to Robethon, the Hanoverian minister,<sup>1</sup> in which he mentions the return to Paris of one of his friends, who had spent two months with the exiled prince at Bar, where he got much into his confidence, and spoke very favourably of him. The chevalier himself told Martine's friend, "that a quaker, who was much spoken of in England at that time, came to Bar on purpose to see him, and when he entered the room, addressed him in these words: 'Good day, James; the Spirit desired me to come to thee to tell thee that thou shalt reign over us, and we all wish it. I come to tell thee, that if thou hast need of money, we will pay thee amongst us from three to four millions.'" The prince wanted to make him some present, but he would not take anything. The prince made him eat at his own table.<sup>2</sup>

Mary Beatrice would gladly have ended her days in the retirement of Chaillot; but for the sake of her beloved son's interest, she was induced to return to St. Germain towards the end of November, to the great joy of her ladies, the duchess of Perth, the countess of Middleton, lady Sophia Bulkeley, and madame Molza, who, though they were zealous Roman catholics, appear to have considered six months' conformity to conventual rules rather too much of a good thing. Before

tary to the late king James, and was no fool. I sent for him to see what I could get out of him. He at first inferred that he would sell his secret to no one but the queen; but I made him sensible that could not be done, and that he must trust me before I could let him have a pass." Strafford goes on to say that Bromfield's mighty secret was that he knew of a nobleman in France, who was the rightful representative of the house of Valois, and might be easily set up as a pretender to the crown of that realm, to disturb the government. He was very desirous of a pass to England, that he might have a private conference with queen Anne; but the ambassador says "he hopes to make a better use of him by getting secret intelligence of the court of St. Germain, against which Bromfield appeared much irritated." Strafford told him to get into the confidence of Taylor, a nonjuror, and the head of the Jacobite party at Rotterdam. Bromfield said he wanted money to keep company with them; to which Strafford replied, "that if he found him deserving of encouragement he should not want for money." He confessed "that he had been imprisoned by king William, having been sent over by king James to raise loans for him in England, in which he had succeeded," he said, "to the amount of two millions; adding, that there were people engaged in doing the same for his son, and that there was certainly some design on foot." The duke of Marlborough says he remembers to have heard of him as a person in credit, as master of the mint to king James in Ireland. 12th of May, Strafford writes, "I proposed to Bromfield, the quaker, to send me a letter for some of his friends at St. Germain, that the answers might be directed to the merchant at Rotterdam who sells me my wine, which part he accepted of. Really the quaker is no fool. 22nd of May.—I am informed that the quaker, Bromfield, who I mentioned to you in my former letters, finding I would not give him a pass, has contrived to go over without any, in the last merchant's ship that went from Rotterdam. He sent me the letter of his correspondent at Paris only as a blind, that I might not hear of his going over. You will easily discover him. He is of a middle stature, between fifty or sixty years old, with a long grisly beard."—Collection of State Letters and Papers, Birch MSS.

<sup>1</sup> Dated Paris, March 23rd, N. S., 1714. Bothmar State Papers in Macpherson

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

the widowed queen quitted Chaillot, one of the nuns congratulated her on the beneficial effects the waters of Plombières had produced on the weakly constitution of the chevalier de St. George, adding, "that she should pray for the improvement of his health and the preservation of his life, as the most important things to be desired for him." "How can you say so?" cried the queen. "Is there no other good thing to be desired for my son?" "Madam," replied the nun, "we know that on these depend his fortunes." "Ah, my sister!" said the royal mother, "think not too much of his temporal good, but rather let us ask sanctification and constancy in his religion for my son, and the accomplishment of God's holy will, whatever it may be." With this strong feeling on her mind, Mary Beatrice ought not to have coveted the throne of a protestant realm for her son. Such, however, are the inconsistencies of maternal ambition.

General reports were, at that time, prevalent, that the chevalier de St. George was about to comply with the earnest solicitations of his friends of the church of England, by abjuring that of Rome. The resignation of the earl of Middleton, the only Roman catholic in his train at Bar, appeared a preliminary to that step. Few could believe that he would hesitate to imitate the example of his great-grandfather, Henry of Navarre, when, under similar temptations, he had sacrificed his protestantism for a crown. The unfortunate family of Stuart were, with one exception only, singularly deficient in the wisdom of this world. The Merry Monarch was the only man of his line who possessed sufficient laxity of principle to adapt himself to the temper of the times in which he lived.

The son of James II. had not only been imbued by his parents with strong prejudices in favour of the faith in which he had been educated, but a feeling of spiritual romance induced him to cleave to it, as a point of honour, the more vehemently, whenever he was assailed with representations of how much his profession was opposed to his worldly interests.

Among the Chaillot records,<sup>1</sup> a paper is preserved, in the well-known hand of the widow of James II., enclosed in a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, headed—

"EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE KING MY SON, WRITTEN BY HIM TO ME IN ENGLISH, THE 30TH OF DECEMBER, 1713.

"I doubt not that the reports, positive and circumstantial as they are, which are in circulation of my having changed my religion, have reached you, but you know me too well to be alarmed; and I can assure you, that with the grace of God, you will sooner see me dead than out of the church."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>In the Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup>To render this extract intelligible to her friend, her majesty has translated it into French, of which the above is the literal version. If ever the original should be forthcoming, the phraseology will of course appear somewhat different. It may therefore be a satisfaction to the reader to see the inedited French document, of which, through the favour of monsieur Guizot, I was permitted to take a transcript, from the autograph of the royal mother, who, in her ardent zeal for the church of Rome, afforded, in this communication, sufficient reason for the exclusion of her son from the throne of a Protestant realm.

Under this, the royal mother has, with characteristic enthusiasm, written :

"For my part, my dear mother, I pray God that it may be so, and rest in firm reliance that God in his mercy will never abandon that dear son whom he has given me, and of whom his divine Providence has, up to the present time, taken such peculiar care.

"At St. Germain, January 26th, 1714.

MARIA R."

In the letter wherein the preceding extract is enclosed, the queen says—

"I have been delighted to see these lines written by his hand, and am well persuaded that they are imprinted on his heart. I have written to this dear son, that I threw myself on my knees after I had read them, and thanked God with all my heart that through his mercy both were inspired with the same sentiments, he in wishing rather to die, and I in desiring rather to see him dead than out of the church."<sup>1</sup>

The name of bigot will, doubtless, be applied to Mary Beatrice by many readers of the above passage, and perhaps with justice, for confining exclusively to one peculiar section a term which includes the righteous of every varying denomination of the great Christian family. The accidents of birth and education had made this princess a member of the Latin church, but if she had been born and brought up as a daughter of the church of England, or any other protestant community, there can be little doubt but she would have been equally zealous and sincere in her profession, and no less ready to sacrifice temporal advantages for conscience' sake.

The enthusiastic attachment of Mary Beatrice to her own religion prompted her to give as much publicity to her son's assurances on the subject of his determination to adhere to the Romish communion, as if it had been her great object to exclude him from the throne of England. Among Bothmar the Hanoverian minister's papers, there is an intercepted letter, headed thus in Robethon's hand :

"Paris, 31st January, 1714.—From the secretary of the Pretender's mother to lord Aylesbury."

Which ends with these words :—

"Our friend at Bar-le-duc remains firm to his persuasions as yet, though many

\* *EXTRAIT D'UNE LETTRE DU ROY MON FILS, QU'IL M'A ECRITE EN ANGLAIS LE 30 DECEMB. 1713.*

"Je ne doute pas, que les bruits positifs, et pleins de circonstances qui concernent de mon changements de religion ne soient arrivés jusques à vous, mais vous me connoissez trop bien pour en estre allarmé, et je puis vous assurer, qu'avec la grace de Dieu, vous me verrez plus tost mort que hors de l'Eglise."

"Pour moi, ma chere mere, je prie Dieu qu'il soit ainsi, et je me tiens en repos, quant une ferme confiance, que Dieu par sa misericorde n'abandonnera jamais ce cher fils qu'il m'a donné, et du quel sa Divine Providence à jusques j'ay pris un soin si particulier.

MARIA R.

"A St. Germain, ce 26 Janr."

1714.

\* *Au dos :—Janvier 1714 sur la perseverance du Roy Jacques 3<sup>me</sup> dans notre St. Religion.*

<sup>1</sup> Archives au Royaume de France. Inedited autograph.

efforts have been made to bring him over. It was a great comfort to his mother to find his firmness in that point, by a letter under his own hand. We shall see what the darling hopes of a crown will do when proper steps are made towards it."<sup>1</sup>

The death of queen Anne was almost hourly expected at that time; all Europe stood at gaze, awaiting, with eager curiosity, the proceedings of the rival claimants of the crown of Great Britain. That the prospects of the expatriated son of James II. and Mary Beatrice were regarded at that crisis as flattering may be inferred from the encouragement given by the emperor of Germany to the secret overtures for a matrimonial alliance between that prince and the archduchess his sister.<sup>2</sup> The favourable dispositions of the dying sovereign of Great Britain toward her disinherited brother, were generally asserted, and it may, perhaps, be considered as symptomatic of the state of her mind at the approach of death, that she was willing to accord the long withheld provision of her royal father's widow.

Early in the year 1714, Mary Beatrice received the first, last, and only instalment from the British government, ever paid to her of the jointure settled upon her by the parliament of England. Queen Anne, on the 23d of December, 1713, signed the warrant authorizing the payment of 11,750*l.* out of 500,000*l.* lately granted by parliament for the liquidation of her own private debts. 50,000*l.* per annum was the sum originally claimed by the exiled queen, but her necessities, and above all her desire of entering into amicable relations with queen Anne, for the sake of her son, induced her gladly to accept a first quarter's payment on the lord treasurer Harley's computation of the dower at 47,000*l.* The acquittance she gave was simply signed "*Marie, Reine.*"

This transaction was subsequently made one of the heads of Harley earl of Oxford's impeachment in the house of lords, when, among other political offences, he was accused

"Of having by means of Matthew Prior (the poet) held secret correspondence with Mary, consort to the late king James, and that he had also had frequent conferences with the abbot Gualtier, a Popish priest, her emissary, to concert settling the yearly pension of the said 47,000*l.* upon her, for her life, under pretence of those letters-patent, and that he had advised her majesty, queen Anne, to sign a warrant to himself, reciting the said grant of the late king James for payment thereof."<sup>3</sup>

To this accusation the earl of Oxford pleaded, "that the consort of James II. was legally entitled to receive the jointure, which had been secured to her by an act of parliament, and guaranteed by the private

<sup>1</sup> Hanover State Papers, in Macpherson. "The chevalier St. George," says the duchess of Orleans, "was the best man in the world, and complaisance itself. One day he said to lord Douglas, 'What can I do to please my country,' meaning England. 'Take a dozen Jesuits,' replied Douglas, 'embark with them, and when you land, hang them all publicly. You cannot do anything more agreeable to the English than that!'"—*Fragments Historique.*

<sup>2</sup> Letters of the duke of Lorraine, and the secretary of state to the court of Vienna.

<sup>3</sup> State Trials, vol. viii. 316.

articles of the treaty of Ryswick, and the legality of her claims not being doubted by her majesty queen Anne's counsel-at-law, he had considered it his duty to pay proper attention to it; and being a debt he had thought himself authorized to pay it out of the fund of 500,000*l.* which had been provided for the liquidation of her majesty's debts."<sup>1</sup> The arrears of the dower, for all the years that this unfortunate queen had been deprived of her provision, amounted to upwards of a million of sterling English money; her urgent necessities rendered her glad to compound that claim, for the sake of touching the above eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds, in ready money; that sum enabled her to relieve the distresses of her unfortunate followers, who had been for many months perishing, before her eyes, of want.

The earl, or as he was entitled in that court, the duke, of Melfort, having returned to St. Germain, died there in the beginning of the year 1714, leaving his wife and family almost in a state of destitution. He was a man, whose violent temper, defective judgment, and headlong zeal for the interests of the church of Rome, contributed to the ruin of his royal master and mistress; but the assertion that the exiled family regarded him in any other light than that of a faithful servant, is disproved by the affectionate manner in which the chevalier de St. George recommended his family to the care and protection of queen Mary Beatrice. The following inedited letter of condolence, addressed by that prince to lady Melfort, which, through the courtesy of the present duke de Melfort, is here, for the first time, placed before the historical reader, must set that dispute at rest for ever:

"Bar, Feb. 3, 1714.

"The true sense I have of the late duke de Melfort's long and faithful services, makes me sincerely share with you in the loss both you and I have made of him. It is a sensible mortification to me not to be able to be of that comfort and support to you and your son and whole afflicted family, which you so justly deserve from me. All I could do, was to recommend you all to the queen's goodness and bounty, which I did before the duke of Melfort's death, whose merit is too great ever to be forgot by me, who desire nothing more than to have it in my power of showing you and your family how truly sensible I am of it, and the particular esteem and kindness I have for yourself. JAMES R.

"For the duchess of Melfort."<sup>2</sup>

In consequence of her son's recommendation, her majesty appointed the duchess de Melfort as lady of the bedchamber, and one of her daughters maid of honour. The same young lady, probably, who while in the service of the late princess Louisa, was celebrated by count Hamilton by the name of mademoiselle de Melfort, among the beauties of St. Germain. A melancholy change had come over those royal bowers since then. After the death of the princess, and the enforced absence of her brother, the sportive lyre of their merry old poet, chevalier Hamilton, was never strung again. His gay spirit was quenched at last with sorrow, age, and penury.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Journals of the Lords. State Trials*, vol. viii.

<sup>2</sup> From the original autograph in possession of the duke de Melfort, peer of France

<sup>3</sup> His sister, the countess de Grammont, was dead, and he retired to Poussé to

Towards the spring of 1714, Mary Beatrice was attacked with so severe an illness that she was given up by her physicians. She received the intimation with perfect calmness; life had now nothing to attach her, except a longing desire to see her son. Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon came to take leave of her, and testified much concern; they paid her great attention during the whole of her illness, from first to last. After she had received the last sacraments of her church, contrary to all human expectation, she revived, and finally recovered.<sup>1</sup> Her great patience, tranquillity, and docility in sickness, were supposed to be the reasons that her feeble frame had survived through illness that would have proved fatal to younger and more vigorous persons, so true it is, "that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." The queen's beloved friend, Angelique Priola, was so dangerously ill at the same time that her life was despaired of also, and she too recovered. The first letter written by Mary Beatrice during her convalescence, dated May 22, was to congratulate that lady on her amendment, and to express her regret that in consequence of bad weather she was unable to come and see her, and recruit both mind and body by spending a few days at Chaillot:

"It is very proper," she says, "that I should come to testify in person the joy I feel in the new life that God has given you, and that I should give you some signs of that which he has also restored to me, for no one could be nearer death, than I have been, without dying. I believe, however, that you have not been in less danger than I was, only you did not see it so plainly, for my head was perfectly clear and self-possessed, even when it was supposed that I had less than an hour to live. But I was not worthy to appear before God, and it is meet that I should suffer still more in this life to do penance for my sins, and I shall be too happy, if God, in his mercy, will spare me in the other."

Her majesty goes on to express "her intention of coming to Chaillot as soon as the weather should change for the better, provided her health continues to amend, seeing she gains strength very slowly." She sends affectionate messages to the "sisterhood in general, and to some of the invalids by name, requesting the prayers of the community for herself and her son, who is at present," she says, "at the waters of Plombières." This very interesting letter concludes with these words:

"Adieu, my dear mother, till I can give you in person the particulars of the state of mind and body in which I am at present, and of my feelings when I believed myself dying, at which time both my heart and soul were far more tranquil than when I am well. It was one of the effects of God's mercy on me."<sup>2</sup>

The utter prostration of physical powers in which the royal widow remained for many weeks after this severe and dangerous illness, is probably the reason that her name is so little mentioned in connexion with

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live on the alms of his niece, who was abbess of the convent there, rather than increase the burdens of the widow of his royal master. He died at an advanced age, somewhere about the year 1716.

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs de St. Simon. Chaillot Records.*

<sup>2</sup> *Autograph Letter of the widow of James II., to the abbess of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.*



the political history of a crisis, in which, as the mother of the chevalier de St. George, she was only too painfully interested. The stormy conflicts, on the subject of the succession, that rudely shook the ebbing sands of her august step-daughter, queen Anne, will be related in the biography of that queen.<sup>1</sup>

During the last weeks of queen Anne's illness, Mary Beatrice transmitted the intelligence, she obtained on that subject, regularly to her son. Her proceedings were of course closely watched. Prior, in his dispatch to lord Bolingbroke, of August 17, expresses himself uncertain whether his royal mistress were alive or dead. The widow of James II. had received earlier tidings of the event, for we find, by the same letter, that she had sent off an express to her son in Lorraine. This express was dispatched by Mary Beatrice on the 12th of August, the day the news of queen Anne's death reached her. The moment the chevalier de St. George learned the demise of his royal sister, he took post and travelled incognito, with the utmost speed, from Bar to Paris, to consult the queen, his mother, and his other friends, "having resolved," says the duke of Berwick, "to cross over to England to assert his rights."<sup>2</sup> As he was prohibited from entering France, Mary Beatrice came to meet him at Chaillot, where the duc de Lauzun had hired a small house, in his own name, for the reception of the royal adventurer, whose person was too well known at St. Germain's for him to venture to brave the authority of his most Christian majesty by appearing there. Surrounded as both the mother and son were with spies, the secret of his arrival in the purlieus of Paris was quickly carried to the court of France. Louis XIV. had paid too dearly for his romantic sympathy for the widow and son of James II. on a former occasion to commit himself a second time, by infringing the peace of Utrecht, as he had done that of Ryswick, to dry the tears of an afflicted queen.

France was not in a state to maintain a war; her monarch was turned of seventy-six—the age of chivalry was over; instead of trusting himself to listen to the impassioned pleadings of the Constance and Arthur of modern history, he wisely sent his cool-headed minister, de Torcy, to persuade the luckless claimant of the British crown to return whence he came, and if he could not prevail, to tell him that he had orders to compel him to leave France without delay. As no invitation arrived from England, but on the contrary George I. had been peacefully proclaimed, it was judged unadvisable for the chevalier to attempt to proceed thither, destitute as he was of money, ships, or men, and uncertain where to land.<sup>3</sup> To have had the slightest chance of success, he ought to have been on the spot before the death of queen Anne, ready to carry the field by a prompt appeal to the suffrages of the people. Now there

<sup>1</sup> The general history of that exciting period has been ably condensed by a noble historian of the present day, Lord Mahon, who, having carefully collected many inedited documents, connected with the events related in the authorized annals of the times, gives a more impartial view of things, that so closely affected the passions and prejudices of contemporaries, than can rationally be expected from partisan writers on either side.

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs du marshal de Berwick*, vol. ii. p. 134.

*Ibid.*

was nothing to be done but to await quietly the effect that might be produced by the manners and appearance of the new sovereign, who had been called to the throne of the Plantagenets.

Mary Beatrice and her son perceived, too late, how completely they had been fooled by the diplomacy of Harley. It must be confessed that neither the queen nor the earl of Middleton had put any confidence in the professions of that statesman, till by the disbursement of a quarter's payment of the long-contested dower, he gave a tangible voucher of his good intentions towards the Stuart cause. It was, in sooth, eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds cleverly employed, in throwing dust in the eyes of those whose confidence he, by that politic sacrifice, succeeded in winning.<sup>1</sup>

The parting between Mary Beatrice and her son was, of course, a sorrowful one. The prince returned to Bar, and from Bar proceeded to Plombières, where he issued a manifesto, asserting his right to the crown of England, and proclaiming "the good intentions of the late princess, his sister, in his favour." This declaration turned, in some measure, the table on the treacherous members of queen Anne's cabinet, who had played fast and loose with the court of St Germain, and was followed by the disgrace of Harley, Ormond, and Bolingbroke.

The young queen of Spain, who was a princess of Savoy, sister to the late dauphiness, Adelaide, and granddaughter of Henrietta, of England, kept up an affectionate correspondence with Mary Beatrice, whom she always addressed as her dear aunt. Mary Beatrice received a very pleasing letter from this friendly princess, during her abode at Chaillot, telling her, "how much pain she had felt at the reports of her illness, and thanking her for her goodness in having had prayers for her and her consort put up in the convent of Chaillot." Her majesty entreated, "that those might be continued till after her delivery, as she was now in her eighth month, and should be compelled to remain in bed for the rest of the time."

On the birth of the expected infant, which proved a son, the king of Spain wrote, with his own hand, to announce that event to Mary Beatrice; and as she was still treated by that monarch and his ceremonious court with the same punctilious respect as if she had been the queen-mother of a reigning sovereign, the royal letter was delivered to her, in all due form, by the secretary to the Spanish embassy, who came in state to Chaillot, and requested an audience of her majesty for that purpose. Mary Beatrice received also a letter from the princess des Ursins, giving a very favourable account of the progress of the queen, and tell

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<sup>1</sup> Harley played too fine a game to be understood by the obtuse faculties of the sovereign whom he was the means of placing on the throne of Great Britain. He incurred the hatred and contempt of both parties by his diplomacy. The Jacobite mob threw halters into his coach as he went to proclaim George I.; and George I. in return for that service, took an early opportunity of impeaching him of high treason, for having entered into secret correspondence with the court of St Germain; that correspondence which had, in effect, beguiled the son of James II. from coming over to make a personal appeal to the feelings of his sister and the people of England.

ing her, "that the new infant was to be named Ferdinand—a name revered in Spain." Mary Beatrice wrote, in reply, to the king of Spain, congratulating him on this happy event. In her reply to the princess des Ursins, after expressing her joy at the safety of the queen of Spain, she says:—

"I pray you to embrace for me the dear little prince of the Asturias, to whom I wish all the blessings spiritual and temporal, that God in his grace may be pleased to bestow; and I beg you to tell him as soon as he can understand what it means, that he has an old great-great-aunt who loves him very much."<sup>1</sup>

Meantime, in consequence of the death of the duc de Berri, the last surviving grandson of France, in the preceding May, the court of Versailles was scarcely less agitated with cabals and intrigues, regarding the choice of the future regent for the infant dauphin, than that of England had recently been on the question of the regal succession. The exiled queen of England has been accused of aiding, with her personal influence, the attempt of madame de Maintenon, to obtain that high and important post for her pupil, the duc de Maine, Louis XIV.'s son by Montespan, in preference to the duc d'Orleans, to whom it of right belonged; and, for this end, she constantly importuned his majesty to make a will, conferring the regency on the duc de Maine. The veteran intriguer, to whom the weight of four-score years had not taught the wisdom of repose from the turmoils of state, fancied, that if her pupil obtained the regency, she should still continue to be the ruling power in France. Louis XIV. was reluctant to make a will at all, and, still more so, to degrade himself in the opinion of the world, by making testamentary dispositions, such as he knew would be very properly set aside by the great peers of France. Madame de Maintenon carried her point, nevertheless, by the dint of her persevering importunity. The part ascribed to Mary Beatrice is not so well authenticated; on the contrary, it appears, that it was to her that the vexed monarch vented the bitterness of his soul on this occasion. When he came to Chaillot to meet her, on the 28th of August, 1714, the moment he saw her, he said, "Madam, I have made my will. They tormented me to do it!" continued he, turning his eyes significantly on madame de Maintenon as he spoke; "and I have had neither peace nor repose till it was done." Mary Beatrice attempted to soothe his irritation, by commending him for his prudential care in settling the government for his infant heir before his death. The answer of the aged king was striking: "I have purchased some repose for myself, by what I have done, but I know the perfect uselessness of it. Kings, while they live, can do more than other men; but after our deaths, our wills are less regarded than those of the humblest of our subjects. We have seen this by the little regard that was paid to the testamentary dispositions of the late king, my father, and many other monarchs. Well, madam, it is done, come what may of it; but, at least, they will not tease me about it any more."<sup>2</sup>

"The queen Beatrix Eleanora, wife of James II., king of England,"

<sup>1</sup> Diary of Chaillot.

<sup>2</sup> St Simon. Duclos, and the duke of Berwick's Autobiography.

says Elizabeth Charlotte, the mother of the regent Orleans, "lived too well with the Maintenon for it to be credible that our late king was in love with her. I have seen a book, entitled, 'The Old Bastard Protector of the Young,' in which was recounted a piece of scandal of that queen and the late père de la Chaise. This confessor was an aged man, turned of four-score, who bore no slight resemblance to an ass, having long ears, a large mouth, a great head, and a long face. It was ill imagined. That libel was even less credible than what they have said about our late king."<sup>1</sup>

It is rarely, indeed, that our caustic German princess rejects a gossip's tale; and her departure from her wonted custom, of believing the worst of every one, is the more remarkable in this instance, inasmuch as the widowed consort of James II. was the intimate friend, and in some things unadvisedly the ally, of "*La vieille Maintenon*." The duchess of Orleans complains, that the latter had prejudiced the queen against her, so that she had, on some occasions, treated her with less attention than was her due. "For instance," she says, "when the queen of England came to Marli, and either walked with the king, or accompanied him in his coach on their return, the queen, the dauphiness, the princess of England, and all the other princesses, would be gathered round the king but me, for whom alone they did not send." This implies a negative rather than a positive slight: for the exiled queen certainly had no power of sending for any lady in that court. She ought, perhaps, on observing the absence of madame, to have inquired for her, especially as she was a family connexion of her late lord, king James, being the granddaughter of his aunt, the queen of Bohemia, and the widow of his brother-in-law and cousin, the late duke of Orleans. Our grumbling duchess is, however, candid enough to attribute the friendship with which Mary Beatrice honoured Maintenon, to the idea that ingenuous princess had formed of her sanctity. "She feigns so much humility and piety when with the queen of England," continues the duchess of Orleans, still speaking of Maintenon, "that her majesty regards her as a saint."<sup>2</sup> It was considered a conclusive evidence of the matrimonial tie between Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon, when it was seen that she occupied a fauteuil in the presence of the consort of James II., who never abated one iota of the state pertaining to a queen of England in matters on which that ceremonious court placed an absurd importance.<sup>3</sup>

As soon as it was known that the king had been to visit queen Mary Beatrice at Chaillot, all the court considered it necessary to follow the royal example; and as she made a point of offending no one, by refusing to grant receptions, she found herself so much fatigued as to be glad to return to St. Germain. The following affectionate billet appears to have been written by her to the abbess of Chaillot after her return:—

"It is now eight days since I quitted you, my dear mother, in the crowd and embarrassment of visits which fatigued me much, and were troublesome, not

<sup>1</sup> *Fragments Historiques*.  
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<sup>2</sup> *Ibid*  
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<sup>3</sup> St. Simon

only in themselves, but from having deprived me of the pleasure of conversing with you. It seemed to me, however, that I left you in a state of repose. I wish to-day to learn if that continues, and if the little depression in which you found yourself had any other effects. I hope that it is removed and that your heart is in that peace which I desire for it, as for my own. And I pray to God that he will grant it to us, as it is only Him who has power to give us what we wish. I shall go to-morrow to St. Cyr, and on Wednesday week to Fontainebleau, if it please God. You shall have tidings of me once before then. Send me yours, which cannot be indifferent to me assuredly, since I love you with all my heart."

This letter has no other date than Saturday, but certainly belongs to the period of her last utter loneliness, as there is no mention of husband or children, and the solitary pronoun "I," which she uses with reference to her visits to St. Cyr and Fontainebleau, tells the melancholy case in which the royal widow stood, after death had bereaved her of her sweet companion and comforter, the princess Louisa, and cruel circumstances had deprived her of the society of her son.

The following spring, strange manifestations of popular feeling in favour of the disinherited representative of the old royal line broke forth in various parts of England. The cries of "No foreign government—no Hanover!" "Down with the roundheads!" "St. George for England!" were reiterated in Oxford, London, Bristol, and Leicester, and other large towns. The oak leaves were, in spite of all prohibition, triumphantly displayed once more on the national festival of the 29th of May, with the words—"A new restoration," super-added in many places. In London, on the 10th of June, white roses were worn, in honour of the birth-day of the chevalier de St. George; and at night, the mob compelled the householders to illuminate, and broke the windows of those who did not, and finished their saturnalia by burning the effigy of William III. in Smithfield.<sup>1</sup> It was the 27th anniversary of the birth of the son of Mary Beatrice, and the only one which had been celebrated with anything like popular rejoicings. At Edinburgh, his health was publicly drunk at the town-cross, by the style and title of king James VIII., with acclamations.<sup>2</sup> The object of this wild enthusiasm was, like Robert the Unready, too tardy to take advantage of the movement which might have borne him triumphantly to a throne, if he had been at hand to encourage his friends. He waited for foreign aid: if Henry IV., Edward IV., and Henry VII., had done so, neither would have died kings of England. The timidity of Mary Beatrice, arising from the excess of her maternal weakness for her son, continued to paralyse the spirit of enterprise that was requisite for the leader of such a cause. She declared, as lord Stair affirms, "that without a fleet, and a proper supply of arms and troops, her son ought not to imperil the lives and fortunes of his devoted friends, by attempting a descent either on England or Scotland."<sup>3</sup>

It was, probably, for the purpose of impressing this caution on the

<sup>1</sup> Jesse's History of the Two Pretenders. Calamy bears record of the excited state of the populace in favour of the pretender, and the insults offered to the reigning sovereign.

<sup>2</sup> Lockhart of Carnwarth.

<sup>3</sup> Stair's Despatches.

mind of her son, that we find the royal invalid rousing herself to personal exertion once more, and commencing a journey to Plombières, in a litter, on the 12th of June, to obtain an interview with him, as he was prohibited from entering the French dominions. The chevalier de St. George came to meet his mother at Plombières; and after she had reposed herself there for a few days, induced her to accompany him on his return to the court of Bar, where she was most affectionately received by the friendly duke and duchess of Lorraine. The earl of Stair was immediately, as in duty bound, on the alert to trace the proceedings of the exiled queen and her son. On the 24th of July he writes to his own cabinet—

“I sent Barton to Lorraine, to be informed of the pretender’s motions; I met the abbé du Bois in a wood, and gave him an account of the intelligence I had concerning the pretender. I desired he would be particularly careful in informing himself concerning the pretender’s designs, and how far the court meddled with them. I set a man to observe lord Bolingbroke.”<sup>1</sup>

Our ambassador also held secret intelligence with Mr. Hooke, a protestant divine, in the establishment of the chevalier, formerly chaplain to Monmouth, a fabricator of libels against James II., whom that infatuated prince, in an evil hour for himself, pardoned and took into his own service and confidence, fancying that by favours he could convert a factious divine into a friend. Barton returned on the 29th of July from Bar, and on the same day lord Stair reports that “the pretender is still there with the queen (his mother); everything quiet, and few people there. They talk of his (the pretender) going to Britain; when his mother comes back, he will probably set out.”

The following passage, in a letter from the duke of Berwick to Torcy, the French minister, dated August 24, 1715, affords an amusing comment on the conduct and character of his renowned uncle:—

“I have received a letter from the duke of Marlborough, in which he expresses to me that he hopes much to enjoy the protection of M. le chevalier (St. George), accompanying these professions with a second present of two thousand pounds sterling. This gives me much hope, considering the character of my uncle, who is not accustomed to scatter his money thus, unless he foresees that it will prove of some utility.”

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<sup>1</sup>Miscellaneous State Papers, in 2 quarto vols., printed for Cadell, vol. ii. p. 532.

# MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

## CHAPTER XII.

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MARY BEATRICE returned to St. Germain's in time to attend the death-bed of her old friend, Louis XIV., and to use her influence with him once more in behalf of her son. The dying monarch exerted himself to write with his own hand to his grandson, the king of Spain, urging him to render all the assistance he could to his adopted son, as he called the chevalier de St. George, to aid in establishing him on the British throne.<sup>1</sup> Louis had himself actually entered into serious engagements with queen

<sup>1</sup> Lemontey's *Histoire du Regency*.

Mary Beatrice to furnish arms for ten thousand men, and ships to transport them to Scotland. He had issued his commands for the preparation of the armament, and it was in a state of forwardness at the time when his death frustrated all the dispositions he had made in favour of the expected rising in the north of England.<sup>1</sup> "He gave," says the duke of Berwick, "all the orders that were necessary, and then calmly awaited his last hour. He had told the queen of England several times that he was not ignorant, that at his advanced age he must soon expect to die, and thus he prepared himself for it, day by day, that he might not be taken by surprise. They had a very different opinion of him in the world, for there they imagined that he would not suffer any one to speak to him of death. I know to a certainty, that what I have stated is true, having had it from the mouth of the queen herself, a princess of strict veracity."<sup>2</sup>

Louis XIV. breathed his last, September 1st, 1715.

Mary Beatrice, who was greatly afflicted, not only for the loss of her old friend, but on account of the damp that event was sure to cast on the hopes of the Jacobite cause at that painfully exciting crisis of the fortunes of her son, withdrew to Chaillot to indulge her grief. In the dispute which took place, touching the guardianship of the infant king, his successor, the exiled queen was appealed to by the duke of Maine and his party, as a person more in the confidence of the deceased monarch than any one. Her majesty deposed in the presence of the duke and duchess de Lauzun, what had been said to her by Louis XIV. on the subject of his testamentary dispositions. On which, the duke of Orleans, who had possessed himself of the power, observed with some point, "that a testament could be of little value when the testator doubted whether it would ever be carried into effect."<sup>3</sup>

It was unfortunate for Mary Beatrice, that by a sort of negative implication with the rival faction patronised by madame de Maintenon, she incurred the ill-will of the regent Orleans, and furnished him with an excuse for repudiating the cause of her son. The death of Louis XIV. had produced an entire change in the aspect and interests of the French court. Madame de Maintenon found herself, in her present adversity, as carefully shunned by the minions of fortune, as she had recently been courted and caressed. The fallen queen of England was of a different spirit from the time-serving flatterers who feared to offend the prince, into whose hands the power of the French crown had fallen, by appearing to show the slightest marks of respect to his adversary.

Not so wise in her generation as the children of this world, and acting in the kind sincerity of an honest heart, Mary Beatrice treated her afflicted friend with the tender sympathy and attention that were due to the relict of the deceased sovereign. Their first meeting was by mutual appointment, at Chaillot. Madame de Maintenon was dressed in the deepest mourning, and looked ill and dejected. As soon as the queen saw her, she extended her arms towards her, and when they drew near

<sup>1</sup>Lemontey's *Histoire du Regency*. *Memoires du Berwick*.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup>Duclos, *Memoirs of the Regency*, vol. i. p. 102-3.



each other, tenderly embraced her; both burst into tears. Their communications were long and affectionate. Mary Beatrice recurred frequently to the memory of her departed lord, king James, but with that holy sorrow which time and religion had softened and subdued. With her, there was a joy in her grief; and, whenever madame de Maintenon related any instance of piety shown by Louis on his death-bed, her majesty was sure to rejoin, "that was like my sainted king—even he could not have done better." Madame de Maintenon repeated this observation afterwards to the sisters of Chailhot, and said it had given her much comfort. Mary Beatrice returned the same evening to St. Germain. When she was ready to leave her chamber, after she had taken an affectionate farewell of madame de Maintenon, she asked for the abbess of Chailhot, who, with a train of the oldest sisters, attended her majesty to the gate. She spoke warmly in praise of madame de Maintenon, and the admirable frame of mind in which she appeared. The abbess replied, "that her majesty's example had been very proper to animate that lady." The queen raised her eyes to Heaven with a look that sufficiently indicated the humility of her heart, and, entering the chapel, she knelt down for a few moments in the act of silent adoration, with an air of such perfect self-abasement, that all present were deeply touched. She took the arm of the abbess as they left the chapel, and talked much of madame de Maintenon, and what she had been saying of Louis XIV.,—repeating, "that it reminded her of her own sainted monarch." She bade the abbess a very gracious farewell, and requested her prayers for her son; and then, turning to the nuns, entreated that they would also pray for him.<sup>1</sup>

Mary Beatrice returned to St. Germain to hold her anxious councils with Berwick, and her son's new secretary of state, lord Bolingbroke, as to the means of obtaining the necessary supplies for the Jacobite rising in Scotland. Bolingbroke's frequent solicitations for that purpose to the regent Orleans, only served to expose the designs of the friends of the cause, and to put the British government on the alert. The arms and stores that had been secretly provided by the friendship of the deceased king, Louis XIV., were on board twelve ships lying at Havre; but just as they were ready to sail, sir George Byng came into the roads with a squadron, and prevented them from coming out of harbour, and lord Stair, the British ambassador, demanded of the regent that they should be given up, as they were intended for the service of the pretender. The regent, instead of doing this, ordered the ships to be unloaded, and the arms and ammunition to be carried to the king of France's arsenal.<sup>2</sup> This was one of the leading causes of the failure of the enterprise, since the bravest champions can do little without weapons.

The rebellion in Scotland broke out prematurely, hurried on by the ardour of misjudging partisans; its details belong to our national annals; all we have to do with it is to trace its effects on the personal history of the royal mother of the representative of the fated line of Stuart. Bolingbroke, in his letter to that prince, of September 21st, after inform-

<sup>1</sup> Inedited MS. Fragments in the Secret Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Documents in Lord Mahon's Appendix. Berwick's Memoirs. St. Simon.

ing him that her majesty's almoner, Mr. Innes, and captain O'Flanighan, had been consulting about providing a vessel to convey him to the scene of action, says :

"The queen orders Mr. Innes to furnish money to O'Flanigan, and by that means he will guess at the service intended, as well as by what was said to him before my return; but I shall say nothing to him, nor any one else of the measure taken, because I know no better maxim, in all business, than that of trusting no creature with the least circumstance beyond what is absolutely necessary he should know in order to enable him to execute his part of the service."<sup>1</sup>

An excellent maxim, doubtless; but the object of the new minister was evidently to alienate the confidence of his master from the queen and her counsellors, and more than that, to estrange him from the only person capable of giving good advice, the duke of Berwick; and that he had succeeded in creating a coolness, may be perceived even from the manner in which he speaks of the duke :

"The duke of Berwick is gone to St. Germain's, so that I shall have no opportunity of making either a secret or a confidence of this to him. I add no more as to his grace, though I should have something to say, because the queen tells me she has writ to your majesty her opinion, in which I most humbly concur."

The self-importance of the new secretary of state was piqued at finding Mary Beatrice confided implicitly in Berwick, and only partially in himself, and that, instead of having to communicate intelligence to her, she communicated it to him. He intended to be the head of the Stuart cause, and he found himself only employed as the hand. The queen and Berwick transacted all the secret important correspondence and negotiations together, and then employed him, not as a minister of state, but as an official secretary. Berwick had been empowered by her majesty to press the king of Sweden for performance of his promise of landing 8000 troops in Scotland, to assist her son; but Charles was himself in great difficulties, being closely besieged at Stralsund at the very time his aid was solicited, and could only express his regret at being unable to accord the needful succours. The king of Spain revoked his promise of a pecuniary loan at the same time; and both these inauspicious circumstances being communicated by Mary Beatrice to Bolingbroke, he thus briefly announces the twofold disappointment to the luckless chevalier de St. George :

"I enclose to your majesty," continues Bolingbroke, "two letters from Stralsund with great reluctance, since you will find by them that all our hopes of troops are vanished. I received them from the queen, whose packet accompanies this, and who intends to send your majesty's servants down to you."<sup>2</sup>

The chevalier replied, "that his affairs had a melancholy aspect, but that so far from discouraging him, it confirmed him in his determination to set out at once, since matters only became worse by delay, and that he ought to have been on the spot six months before."<sup>3</sup> It was necessary for him to come to Paris or its environs, in order to hold a private council with his mother and friends previous to his embarkation from one of the ports on the coast of Bretagne.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Mahon's Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

Some political overtures were made, at this time, in the vain hope of propitiating the regent, for a marriage between his unmarried daughter, mademoiselle de Valois, and the chevalier de St. George.<sup>1</sup> How far the queen was concerned in promoting this project, does not appear; it certainly was not pushed, with any degree of earnestness, on the part of the prince, who apprehended that it would be injurious to his popularity with his party in England. It has been said, that the young lady herself, being greatly in love with the royal knight-errant, who, at that period, excited a very romantic interest in France, besought her father to make her his wife, to which the cautious regent replied, "*Nous verrons, ma fille—nous verrons!*"

Meantime, the standard of the chevalier had been raised in Scotland, and a formidable insurrection, headed by lord Derwentwater and Mr. Forster, took place in Northumberland. On the second Sunday in October, the protestant clergymen, who acted as chaplains to the rebel muster, prayed for the son of James II., by the style and title of king James, and for Mary Beatrice, by the designation of "Mary, queen-mother."<sup>2</sup> The same was done at Kelso, where a mixed congregation of protestants and Roman catholics met in the great kirk, to listen to a political sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Patten, on the text, "The blessing of the first-born is his." The gentlemen of the latter persuasion told the preacher, "that they approved very well of our liturgy, which they had never heard before."<sup>3</sup>

On the 28th of October, the chevalier left Bar. Information was immediately given to the British ambassador, lord Stair, who went to the regent Orleans, and demanded, in the name of his sovereign, George I., that orders should be issued to prevent his passage through France. The regent, according to the duke of Berwick's statement, replied, "If you can point out, to a certainty, the precise place where he may be found, I will have him re-conducted to Lorraine; but I am not obliged to be either spy or gaoler for king George." Some days afterwards, lord Stair assured the regent, "that the pretender would arrive on such a day, which he named, at Chalons, in Champagne." "Prudence," says Lemontey, "prescribed to the regent a conduct, oblique enough to satisfy George I., without discouraging the Jacobites; but the events precipitated themselves, as it were, with a rapidity, which rendered it difficult to preserve a course sufficiently gliding."<sup>4</sup> He summoned Contades, the major of the guards, into his presence, and there, before lord Stair, gave positive orders to him to intercept the prince on the road, and conduct him back to Lorraine; but aware of the unpopularity in which such a proceeding would involve him, he secretly instructed Contades not to find the person of whom he went in quest."<sup>5</sup> Berwick adds, "that the chevalier, being warned of the intended arrest, kept out of the danger, by taking a circuitous route. Contades, on his return, gave a flourishing account to Stair of all he had done during an absence of several

<sup>1</sup> Bolingbroke's Correspondence.

<sup>2</sup> Notes on the Life of Calamy.

<sup>3</sup> Patten's History of the Rebellion.

<sup>4</sup> Memoires du Regence par M. Lemontey.

<sup>5</sup> Memoires du Regence, by Lemontey. See also Duclos and St. Simon.

days; and his excellency affected to be satisfied; yet he shrewdly suspected, that the regent had no particular desire to hinder the passage of the chevalier, and Contades no great relish for the commission that had been imposed on him. Stair had also sent his myrmidons out in all directions to try to discover the road the prince was taking; but he was so well disguised, and travelled with so few companions, that he never heard of him till it was too late to be of any use."<sup>1</sup>

No one was more uncertain of the movements of her son than the queen; for he dared not write to her, lest his letters should be intercepted. He had, withal, too much reason to suspect, that she could not keep a secret, and that there were traitors at St. Germain's, and spies within the hallowed pale of her favourite retreat at Chaillot.

The feelings of the anxious mother, though they have never been unveiled to public view, may be imagined, after her only son, her last surviving child, had left a place of security, and set forth to join a desperate enterprise, with a bill of attainder hanging over him, and the price of blood on his head, when a fortnight had elapsed since she had heard tidings of him. Twelve precious inedited letters from the queen's faithful lady-in-waiting, lady Sophia Bulkeley, who generally performed the office of private secretary to her royal mistress, when unable to write herself, to her friends at Chaillot, afford much interesting information, connected with the personal history of Mary Beatrice, at this period. They are addressed to the abbess and ex-abbess, *la mère déposée*, of Chaillot, written in very bad, but perfectly intelligible French, though illiterately spelled. Lady Sophia, though a Scotchwoman, and a Stuart of Blantyre by birth, had, during her seven and twenty years' exile with her royal mistress, nearly forgotten her mother tongue, and writes Perth, *Pairte*, and Stirling, *Sirle*. There, is, however, a warmth of feeling, an affectionate simplicity in her style, that are worth all the meretricious graces and elegantly-turned periods of the classic Bolingbroke. The first letter, of this valuable series of domestic documents, is dated merely "this 13th of November," the date preceded by St. Andrew's cross, the distinctive mark of this lady's correspondence, from which our limits will only permit us to select such extracts as relate to the queen. Lady Sophia commences her first letter to the ex-abbess, written, she says, by desire of the queen, with inquiries after the health of the sisters of Chaillot, and then proceeds:

"God be thanked, that of the queen is good, though she looks ill enough, which is not wonderful, considering the painful inquietude she suffers, and must continue to do, till the king, her son, be established. Her majesty commands me to inform you, of what you have probably heard some time ago, which is, that the king, my master, has left Lorraine; but this is all she can tell you at present, except that his affairs go on prosperously in Scotland, and that we reckon that the earl of Mar has at Perth twenty thousand men, well disciplined, and firmly united for the good cause, and that the duke of Argyle has not more than three thousand men in his camp. Moreover, in the north of England, four provinces [*counties*] have declared for the good cause; and the Scotch—that is to say, a considerable portion of the army of the earl of Mar, are going, if possible

to join our friends in the north; but as Argyle is encamped at Stirling, and guards the passage of the river and the bridges, where he is strongly entrenched, it is difficult to force it; nevertheless, they hope soon to pass into England."<sup>1</sup>

Such was the exaggerated account of the state of her son's affairs in Scotland, which flattered the maternal hopes of the widowed consort of James II., while she was, at the same time, tortured with suspense and uncertainty on his account, not knowing what had become of him, whether he was in France, Scotland, or England, living or dead, at this momentous crisis of his fortunes. The earl of Mar had written to her on the 12th of October, giving her a statement of the proceedings of the insurgents, and earnestly demanding the presence of him they styled their king.<sup>2</sup>

Lady Sophia Bulkeley concludes her letter to the abbess of Chailhot in these words:

"The queen begs you, my dear mother, and all the community, to redouble, if it be possible, your holy prayers for the preservation of the person of the king, and for the success of this great enterprise, and for the preservation of his faithful subjects. Her majesty ordered me to write yesterday, but we waited till this evening, having a hope that the letters from England, which ought to come to-day, might furnish some fresh news; but as the post is delayed, her majesty would not longer defer inquiring what tidings you have, and communicating hers to you. For myself, permit me, my dearest mother, to assure you, that no one can esteem and honour you more entirely than your very obedient servant,

"S. BULKELEY.

"I hope that Miss Plowden and her lady mother are both well. Have the goodness, my beloved mother, to tell my dear Catharine Angelique, that the queen is very sorry she has not time to answer her letter; but she must not allow that to discourage her from writing, as her majesty is very glad to receive letters from her."

Endorsed, "To the very reverend mère déposée de Moufle of the ladies of St. Marie de Chailhot, at Chailhot."<sup>3</sup>

Almost immediately after the date of this letter, the queen received an intimation of the movements of her son, who, dodged by the spies of the British embassy, had been playing at hide and seek for many days, without venturing to approach the coast, though his friend, lord Walsh, lay at Nantes, with a light-armed, swift-sailing vessel, ready to convey him down the Loire. The chevalier de St. George and his friend, William Erskine, brother to the earl of Buchan, who were wandering about in disguise, observed that portraits and descriptions of his person were set up in some of the post-houses to facilitate his apprehension. Another of his attendants, colonel Hay, falling in with a party that were lying in wait to seize the royal adventurer, very narrowly escaped being assassinated, in mistake for him, as he was travelling in one of his post-carriages.<sup>4</sup> All of a sudden, the chevalier determined to come to Paris, to attend a general council of his friends, both French and English, that was to be held at the hotel de Breteuil, the house of

<sup>1</sup> Inedited Stuart Papers in the Secret Archives au Royaume de France.

<sup>2</sup> Letter of the Earl of Mar in Mrs. Thomson's *Lives of the Jacobites*, vol. i.

<sup>3</sup> Inedited Stuart Papers in the Hotel Soubise, by favour of M. Guizot.

<sup>4</sup> Stuart Papers.

the baron de Breteul et de Preully, a nobleman of great wealth, and of distinguished family, who had married the beautiful daughter of lord and lady O'Brien Clare, who had accompanied queen Mary Beatrice on her voyage to France, when she fled with her infant son in 1688. Lady Clare was the state housekeeper at St. Germain, and one of the ladies of the bedchamber to the queen. The hotel de Breteul was the resort of all that was gay, gallant, and *spirituel* in Paris; it was also, of course, a general rendezvous for the friends of the house of Stuart. It was in the salons of the marquise de Chatelet, the sister of the baron de Breteul, they held their conferences.<sup>1</sup>

When the queen was informed that her son meant to take Paris in his route, she came to Chaillot to avail herself of the opportunity of making all necessary arrangements with him, and bidding him a personal farewell.<sup>2</sup> The following interesting particulars are recorded in the autobiography of one of the nieces of the baron de Breteul. "The chevalier de St. George came very privately to Paris in the dress of an abbé, with only one or two companions. He went directly to the hotel de Breteul, where he met all his friends and confederates." It should seem, the young ladies of the family had the honour of being presented to him, which made a great impression on madame de Crequi, then mademoiselle de Froulay, a girl in her teens, who continues, "He was at that time a very handsome and accomplished prince, and did not appear more than five or six and twenty years of age. We had the honour of making our courtesies to him, and he addressed some complimentary words to us, after which, he withdrew with his followers into my uncle's cabinet, where they remained in conference great part of the night. At the dawn of day he departed for Chaillot, where the queen, his mother, who had come to meet him, was waiting for him at the convent of the Visitation. He slept in a little house which the duc de Lauzun had, no one knew why, retained for his own use in that village. He remained there four and twenty hours."<sup>3</sup> Mary Beatrice felt this parting with her son on an expedition so full of peril, a severe trial; he was dearer to her than ever—the last tie that bound her to a world of care and sorrow; but she suspected not, that the only serious danger he was to encounter would be within a few hours after he had bidden her adieu.<sup>4</sup>

The hotel de Breteul was a marked place, and everything that passed there was watched with jealous attention by the spies of lord Stair; there was, besides, an unsuspected traitress within the domestic circle. Mademoiselle Emilie de Chatelet was so greatly piqued at the preference evinced by one of the prince's gentlemen in waiting, lord Keith, for her cousin mademoiselle de Froulay, that she did all she could to injure the Jacobite cause out of revenge. Secret information of whatever designs came to her knowledge was communicated by her immediately to the earl of Stair.<sup>5</sup> It was, therefore, in all probability through the ill offices

<sup>1</sup> Souvenances de la Marquise de Crequi.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Chaillot Records.

<sup>5</sup> Souvenances de la Marquise de Crequi.

of this inimical member of the family circle at the hotel de Breteul that the intelligence of the chevalier de St. George's visit was conveyed to the British embassy, together with the information that he was to set out the following day for Chateau Thierry, on his way to the coast of Bretagne, and that he would change horses at Nonancourt. If we may believe the following statement of madame de Crequi, which is corroborated by Lemontey, Duclos, St. Simon, and several other contemporary French writers, lord Stair, misdoubting the regent Orleans, instead of claiming his promise of arresting the unfortunate prince, determined to take surer measures on his own account, by sending people in his own employ to waylay him. Be this as it may, it is certain that the prince, after he had taken leave of the queen, his mother, started from Chaillot in one of the post-carriages of the baron de Breteul, attended by some horsemen who had put on the livery of that noble French family. At the entrance of the village of Nonancourt, which is not more than twenty leagues from Paris, a woman begged the postilions to stop, and, stepping quickly on the boot of the carriage, she addressed the feigned abbé in these words: "If you are the king of England, go not to the post-house, or you are lost, for several villains are waiting there to murder you."

Rather a startling announcement, for a man on whose head the tremendous bribe of 100,000*l.* had been set by the British government. Without betraying any discomposure, he asked the woman who she was, and how she came by her information. She replied, "My name is L'Hopital. I am a lone woman, the mistress of the post-house of Nonancourt, which I warn you not to approach, for I have overheard three Englishmen, who are still drinking there, discussing with some desperate characters in this neighbourhood a design of setting upon a traveller, who was to change horses with me to-night, on his way to Chateau Thierry, where you are expected, on your road to England." She added, that she had taken care to intoxicate the ruffians, and having locked the door upon them, had stolen out to warn him of his danger, beseeching him at the same time to confide implicitly in her good intentions, and allow her to conduct him to the house of the curé, where he would be safe.<sup>1</sup>

There was something so simple and earnest in the woman's manner, that, stranger as she was to him, the royal adventurer resigned himself to her guidance, with that frank reliance on the generous impulses of the female character, which no one of his race had ever cause to rue. She led him and his attendants safely to the house of the village pastor, and then ran to summon M. D'Argenson, the nearest magistrate, who came properly supported, and took three persons into custody at the post-house: two of them were Englishmen, and produced lord Stair's passports; the other was a French baron, well known as a spy in the employ of that minister.<sup>2</sup> The leader of the party was colonel Douglas, son of sir William Douglas, an attaché to the embassy, who assumed a

<sup>1</sup>Souvenances de la Marquise de Crequi.

<sup>2</sup>Lemontey. Duclos. St. Simon. Madame de Crequi. See the depositions signed by the magistrates in Lemontey's Appendix.

high tone, and said "that he and his companions were in the service of the British ambassador." The magistrate coolly observed that "no ambassador would avow such actions as that in which he was engaged," and committed them all to prison.<sup>1</sup>

Meantime, the worthy L'Hopital despatched one of her couriers to the marquis de Torcy, with a statement of what had occurred, and took care to send the chevalier forward on his journey in another dress, and in one of her own voitures, with a fresh relay of horses, with which he reached Nantes, and finding the vessel in waiting for him, descended the Loire, and safely arrived at St. Maloes.

Mary Beatrice wrote with her own hand to mademoiselle L'Hopital, a letter full of thanks for the preservation of her son; but that which charmed the good woman most, was the acknowledgments she received from the regent, who sent her his portrait as a testimonial of his approbation of her conduct on this occasion. Reasons of state compelled the regent to stifle the noise made by this adventure, and he prevented the depositions of the post-mistress of Nonancourt and her servants from being published.<sup>2</sup>

Lady Sophia Bulkeley gives the superior of Chaillot the following confidential account of the state of mind in which her royal mistress and herself remained, during a second interval of suspense that intervened before tidings of the chevalier's proceedings reached the anxious little court at St. Germaines:

"This 28 of November.

"As the queen intends to write to you, my dear mother, I shall not say much, except to let you know that, through the mercy of God, the queen is well, and received yesterday news from Scotland and the north of England; but still her majesty can hear no tidings of the king, her son. Her majesty doubts not of the fervour and zeal of your prayers to the Lord for his preservation. The lively and firm faith of the queen supports her, which makes me every moment reproach myself for being so frequently transported with fears for the safety of the king. I take shame to myself when I see how tranquil the hope she has in Divine Providence renders the queen; but I pray you not to notice this in your reply, for I put on the courageous before her majesty."<sup>3</sup>

Under the impression that her son had embarked at St. Malo, Mary Beatrice enclosed a packet of letters for him to the earl of Mar in Scotland, to whom she also wrote.<sup>4</sup> But the chevalier, though he went on

<sup>1</sup> Lemontey. Duclos. St. Simon. Madame de Crequi. See the depositions signed by the magistrates in Lemontey's Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> But those documents are still in existence, and have been printed in the Appendix of Lemontey's *Histoire de la Regence*. See also Letter of Marechal D'Uxelles to M. Iberville, Minister from France to the Court of Sweden, dated 9th December, 1715.

The duke of Berwick, a great authority, affirms, "that there were no just grounds for imputing to the earl of Stair, the foul charge of suborning these men to assassinate the chevalier de St. George, and that he considered his lordship too honourable a man to be capable of such a design." In Paris, it was thought otherwise; and after he claimed the men and took them into his family again, the French nobility universally shunned him, and very few ladies would receive his visits, or admit him into their circles.

<sup>3</sup> Inedited Autograph Letter in the Hotel de Soubise.

<sup>4</sup> Mar Correspondence in Mrs. Thomson's *Lives of the Jacobites*.



board ship, waited several days for a favourable wind, and finally learning that the forces of George I. occupied Dunstaffnage,<sup>1</sup> where he intended to land, and that there was a squadron on the look-out for him, came on shore again, and travelled privately on horseback to Dunkirk, where he embarked on board a small vessel of eight guns, attended by six gentlemen only, who were disguised like himself in the dress of French naval officers.<sup>2</sup> He was seven days in performing the voyage, and it was long ere the news of his safe landing reached the court of St. Germain.

On the 5th of December, lady Sophia Bulkeley writes by the desire of her royal mistress, to the superior of Chaillot, to inquire after the health of the community, and to tell them the floating rumours that had reached her from the scene of action. "Her majesty," she says, "continues well, but, as you may truly suppose, very restless till she can receive sure intelligence of the arrival of the king, her son, in Scotland. There are reports, but we imagine without foundation, that the faithful friends of the king have been defeated in England, and, on the other hand, they say that the earl of Mar has beaten our enemies in Scotland, but that wants confirming. However, there are many letters which corroborate the latter rumour, yet we dare not flatter ourselves at present, for if it be really so, there will surely arrive between this and to-morrow morning, the verification, which the queen will not fail to communicate to the dear sister Catharine Angelique, as she intends to write to her; therefore, it will not be necessary for me to inflict on you the trouble of reading a longer letter of my scrawling."<sup>3</sup> "*Griffonage*" is the word; it is certainly graphically descriptive of the queer calligraphy of the noble amanuensis, to say nothing of her misapplication of capitals to adjectives and adverbs, and small letters for names of places; but her unaffected sympathy for the royal mistress, whose exile and adversity she had shared for seven-and-twenty-years, makes every word from her pen precious. She adds two postscripts to this letter — the first, to tell the abbess that the duke de Lauzun had just arrived at St. Germain, but was not likely to remain more than twenty-four hours; the second, which is dated five o'clock in the evening, shows that he was the bearer of heavy tidings, which lady Sophia thus briefly intimates:

"The bad news from the north of England having been confirmed, and that from Scotland none too good, the queen orders me to tell you, my dearest mother, that she cannot write; and I am to tell you that she doubts not that you will redouble your prayers for the preservation of the person of the king, her son, for the prosperity and consolation of his faithful subjects."<sup>4</sup>

The disastrous intelligence which Lauzun had come to St. Germain to break to Mary Beatrice, was no less than the death-blow of her son's cause in England, in consequence of the cowardly or treacherous conduct of Mr. Forster at Preston, and the defeat and surrender of the rebel

<sup>1</sup> Memoirs of the Duke of Berwick.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Mahon's History of England from the peace of Utrecht.

<sup>3</sup> Stuart Papers in the Hotel de Soubise.

<sup>4</sup> Inedited Stuart Papers in the Hotel de Soubise.

army there on the 13th of November, together with the loss of the battle of Sheriff-muir in Scotland on the same day.

The queen and her faithful ladies spent their melancholy Christmas at St. Germain's, in painful uncertainty of what had become of the chevalier de St. George. Lady Sophia Bulkeley writes again to the superior of Chailot on the 29th of December, telling her "that the queen continued well, and had been able to attend for nine successive days, the services of the church for that holy season, which," continues lady Sophia, "have been very consolatory to her majesty, who only breathes for devotion." Her ladyship goes on to communicate the messages of her royal mistress to her cloistered friend in these words:—

"The queen commands me to tell you, that as soon as she receives any good news, she will not fail to impart it. She says, you are not to give credit to the report, which she understands you have heard, that the Scotch wish to make peace with the duke of Hanover, for it is not true, although their affairs are not in so good a condition as they were. The season is so inclement there, that they cannot do anything on either side. God has his seasons for all things, and we must submit to his holy will, and not cease to hope in his mercy, since our cause is just."<sup>1</sup>

The manner in which lady Sophia speaks of her royal mistress is very interesting:

"Although you know the great virtue of the queen, my dear mother, you would be surprised to see with what firmness her majesty supports all the trying events that have come upon her since she has been at St. Germain's. Return thanks to God, my dear mother, for all the grace He has given the queen, and request of Him a continuation of it for her and her preservation, who is so dear to us."

This unaffected tribute of affection and esteem from one of the noble British matrons of her bedchamber, who had lost everything for her sake, surely affords a presumptive evidence of the moral worth of the consort of James II. It is a common saying, that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre; but this proverb appears reversed with regard to our unfortunate queen, for the more we search into the records that have been borne of her by her personal attendants, and all those who enjoyed the opportunity of observing her conduct in her most unreserved hours of privacy, the brighter does the picture grow. Be it also noted, that no one who knew her intimately has ever spoken ill of her, although she was not, of course, free from the faults and errors of judgment inherent in human nature. It will be said, that those who have commended Mary Beatrice were partial witnesses, being her servants and personal friends; nor can this be denied, seeing that they gave proofs of attachment not often to be met with among courtiers. Partial they were, for they preferred her in her poverty, exile, and adversity, to her powerful and prosperous rivals, the regnant queens, Mary and Anne. They preferred her service to their own interests, and were contented to be poor expatriated outlaws for her sake; and being thus faithful in deeds, is it likely that they would be unfaithful in their words, or less worthy of credit than the unscrupulous writers who performed an acceptable service to her powerful enemies by calumniating her?

<sup>1</sup> Inedited Stuart Papers in the Hotel de Soubise.

The new year, 1716, opened drearily on Mary Beatrice: every day agitated her with conflicting rumours of victories and defeats, and it was not till the 10th of January that she received certain tidings that her son had reached his destination in safety. The following animated letter from the lady Sophia Bulkeley gives a brief but pleasing account of the welcome news to the abbess of Chaillot, and will best describe the feelings with which it was received by the royal mother:

"This Friday, 10th of Jan.

"By the order of the queen, my dearest mother, I have the honour and the pleasure of informing you, that, by the grace of God, the king, my master, landed in Scotland on Tuesday week, at *Peter's Head* [Peterhead], in spite of fourteen or fifteen English vessels that were hovering on the coast to take him. After that, can we doubt that Holy Providence protects him in all things, or of the goodness of God towards our dear king for the time to come? The queen is well, thanks be to the Lord! her majesty, and all of us are, as you may well believe, transported with joy. Will you assist us, my very dear mother, in offering up thanksgivings to God for his goodness, and asking of Him a continuance of them. I cannot tell you more at present."

Endorsed, "To the very reverend mother, superior of the ladies of St. Marie de Chaillot, at Chaillot."

The letter of the chevalier himself, announcing his arrival, was written to his secretary of state, lord Bolingbroke, and is dated three weeks earlier; it is very short, and will, perhaps, be acceptable to the reader.

JAMES STUART TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.<sup>1</sup>

"Peterhead (Scotland), Dec. 22. 1715.

"I am at last, thank God, in my own ancient kingdom, as the bearer will tell you, with all the particulars of my passage, and his own proposals of future service. Send the queen<sup>2</sup> the news I have got, and give a line to the regent *en attendant*, that I send you from the army a letter from our friends, to whom I am going to-morrow. I find things in a prosperous way; I hope and will go on well, if friends on your side do their part as I shall have done mine. My compliments to Magni; tell him the good news. I don't write to him; for I am wearied, and wont delay a moment the bearer. J. R."

In his letter dated Kinnaird, January 2, 1716, the chevalier sends several messages to the queen, his mother; he speaks of his own situation cheerfully, though he owns with some humour, that he has nothing to begin the campaign with, "*but himself*."

"All was in confusion," he says, "before my arrival; terms of accommodation pretty openly talked of; the Highlanders returned home, and but 4000 men left at Perth. Had I retarded some days longer, I might have had a message not to come at all. My presence, indeed, has had, and will have, I hope, good effects. The affection of the people is beyond all expression. . . . We are too happy if we can maintain Perth this winter; that is a point of the last importance. We shall not leave it without blows.

"I send to the queen, my mother, all the letters I mention here, that she may peruse them, and then agree with you the best ways of forwarding them. You will show her this, for mine to her refers to it. There will go by the next messenger a duplicate of all this packet, except my letter to the queen."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Inedited Stuart Papers, in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Mahon, vol. i., Appendix, p. xxxiv.

<sup>3</sup> His mother, queen Mary Beatrice.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Mahon's Appendix, from Stuart Papers in her Majesty's Collection at Windsor.

Mary Beatrice had endured the conflicts of hope and fear, the pangs of disappointment, and the tortures of suspense for upwards of four months, with the patience of a Christian, and the firmness of a heroine; so that, as we have seen by lady Sophia Bulkeley's letters, every one was astonished at her calmness, when all around her were in a state of excitement and alarm; but directly she received the cheering intelligence that her son had landed in Scotland, where his presence had been vainly demanded for the last thirteen years, the revulsion of feeling overpowered her feeble frame, and she was attacked with a nervous fever, which rendered her incapable of further exertion.

Lady Sophia Bulkeley, to whose correspondence with the *religieuses* of Chaillot we are indebted for these interesting particulars connected with the almost forgotten mother of the chevalier de St. George, at the period of the disastrous attempt of his friends in Scotland to restore him to the throne of his forefathers, writes on the 29th of January, 1716, by desire of her royal mistress, to the abbess of Chaillot, to tell her, "that her majesty was progressing favourably towards convalescence, though still feeble. After having kept her bed fifteen days, the queen had sat up the day before, for the first time, and was so much better, that nothing but her weakness prevented her from being dressed and going on as usual; that she now slept well, and the chevalier Garvan, her physician, would not allow her to take bark oftener than twice in four and twenty hours, which he meant her to continue for some time to come. If the weather were not so inclement, her majesty would soon be restored," continues lady Sophia, "for, thank God! she recovers very rapidly after these sort of illnesses, when once the fever leaves her, by which we perceive that her constitution is naturally good. The queen has not received anything since the arrival of the courier from the king, who brought the news of his landing. She is expecting every moment to see one arrive, but apparently the contrary winds cause the delay. In the meantime, some of the letters from Edinburgh notice that the king arrived at Perth on the 7th, and that all the nobles in the duke of Mar's army went on before to receive his majesty. They appeared transported with joy to see him, and the following day he reviewed his army at Perth." The enthusiastic affection of lady Sophia Bulkeley for the cause, combined with her droll French, has the effect of making her identify herself in this letter with the Jacobite army at Perth; for she says:—"The enemy threatens much to attack us before our forces can be drawn together. Their numbers much exceed ours at Perth; therefore," continues her ladyship, "we have the more need of your prayers for them." After communicating the usual petition of the queen to the community of Chaillot, for more prayers for the success and preservation of the king, she adds:

"To tell you the truth, I fear he will have much to do ere he can be put in possession of his crowns; but I doubt not that time will come after many troubles, for I should fail in my duty to God, if I doubted of his protecting the king, my master, after having preserved him through so many perils from the time he was three months old. I should have little faith, if I could doubt that his Holy Providence would always take care of our lawful king, and, after having thoroughly

proved him as gold in the furnace, giving him the victory over his perfidious enemies."

After this enthusiastic burst of loyalty, which may be forgiven to a lady who claimed kindred with the royal house of Stuart, and who had been present at the birth of the exiled heir of that ill-fated line, lady Sophia adverts to a subject of nearer, if not dearer interest to herself:

"May I not venture," she says, "my dearest mother, to entreat you to think of me in your prayers to the Lord, and of my son, who set out on Wednesday fortnight for Scotland. God grant that he be arrived in some safe port; but, unhappily, a gentleman belonging to the king, my master, named Mr. Booth, is supposed to have perished on the English coast, or to have been taken prisoner. God grant that the fate of my son may be better!"

Nothing could be nearer to a tragic termination than the expedition in which Mr. Bulkeley, the son of this noble lady, and his two companions, the marquis of Tynemouth, eldest son of the duke of Berwick, and Sir John Erskine were engaged. They had been deputed by the queen and the duke of Berwick to convey to the aid of the chevalier, in Scotland, a hundred thousand crowns in ingots of gold, which the king of Spain had at last granted to the earnest importunities of the royal widow in behalf of her son; "But," says the duke of Berwick, "everything appeared to conspire to ruin our projects. The vessel in which they were was wrecked on the coast of Scotland, and, as it was in the night, they had barely time to save themselves, by means of the shallop, without being able to carry away any of the ingots, which they had concealed in the hold of the ship."<sup>2</sup>

The queen still kept her chamber, when lady Sophia Bulkeley wrote by her desire on the 5th of February, to communicate to the abbess of Chaillot the intelligence of her son's proceedings in Scotland. A gentleman had just arrived from Perth with letters, and had rejoiced the anxious ladies at St. Germaine, and their royal mistress, with an account of the universal rapture which had pervaded all ranks of the people, in that quarter of Scotland, at beholding the representative of their ancient monarchs among them again, or, as the refrain of the Jacobite song written on that occasion has it,—

"The auld Stuarts back again."

"The queen," writes lady Sophia Bulkeley,<sup>3</sup> "has waited, that she might send

<sup>1</sup> "Poor Booth," writes the chevalier de St. George to Bolingbroke, "I am in pain for; we passed Dunkirk together, and I heard no more of him after the next day that his ship lagged behind mine."—Stuart Papers in Lord Mahon's Appendix, from her Majesty's Collection at Windsor.

<sup>2</sup> The vessel was lost near the mouth of the Tay, for want of a pilot. A regal diadem was to have been made for the intended coronation of the luckless son of James II. at Scoon, of some of the gold with which this bark was freighted. Well might that prince, in his address to his council, observe: "For me it is no new thing if I am unfortunate. My whole life, even from my cradle, has been a constant series of misfortunes." He was, at that time, suffering from the depressing influence of the low intermittent fever, to which he inherited, from his mother, a constitutional tendency.

<sup>3</sup> Inedited Stuart Letter\* in the Hotel de Soubise.

you her tidings, which, thanks to the Lord, are good! She was hoping to tell you all about the king, her son, because she was expecting every moment the arrival of a courier from him; and now a gentleman has just come, who left the king, my master, in perfect health on Saturday week. All the Scotch in that neighbourhood were delighted beyond description to see him. All the world came to kiss his hand in such crowds, that he was obliged to extend them both at once, so that he might be able to save a little time to attend to business. The noblemen and officers were charmed to find that he could understand them so well.

"My lord Edward wrote to my lady, his wife, that without seeing, no one could conceive the joy with which the people were transported. The gentleman who has come, says, 'that he believes the king is crowned,' that is to say, consecrated: for he was to be in a few days, at the time of his departure. In short, my dear mother, the affairs of his majesty are in as favourable a train as they can be in this inclement season: for they have just the same weather there as here, only the cold is more severe."<sup>1</sup>

A melancholy reverse is presented to this flattering picture, by turning to the history of the rebellion, by which it appears, that at the very time queen Mary Beatrice and her ladies were rejoicing and offering up thanksgivings to God, for these imaginary successes, and the royal mother was pleasing herself with the idea, that the coronation of her son, as king of the ancient realm of Scotland, had actually taken place, that his recognition in London would quickly follow, and that her eyes would look upon his consecration in Westminster Abbey, the desperate enterprise was already at an end, and he in whose behalf it had been undertaken was a fugitive.

The duke of Berwick declares, "that from the first there were no hopes of a successful issue to this desperate enterprise, and that when the prince arrived in Scotland, he found his cause in a most melancholy position. His army, which the earl of Mar had, in his letters, exaggerated to sixteen thousand men, did not amount to more than four or five thousand, ill-armed, and badly disciplined, while Argyle had a great train of artillery, and a very great superiority in numbers of well-armed veteran troops."<sup>2</sup> Argyle was, at one time, within eight miles of Perth, and, for reasons best known to himself, refrained from attacking the Jacobite forces.<sup>3</sup> It might be that he was willing to spare the slaughter of so many of his countrymen, and wished not to bring the blood of the unfortunate representative of the ancient royal line of Scotland on his house; but, from whatever motive, it is certain, that he allowed him to escape, when he might have annihilated him and his little army.

The chevalier, at first, refused to avail himself of the opportunity of retiring from Scotland; and it was not till he was assured, that by withdrawing, he would enable his unhappy friends to make their peace with the Britannic government, that he could be induced to do so.<sup>4</sup> When he embarked for Montrose, he sent a sum of money, the remnant of his

<sup>1</sup> Inedited Stuart Papers, in the Hotel de Soubise. Letter of Lady Sophia Bulkeley to the Superior of Chaillot.

<sup>2</sup> Memoires du Marechal Berwick.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Mahon's Hist. of England. Chambers' Hist. of the Rebellion.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Mahon's Hist. of England. Chambers' Hist. of the Rebellion. Memoires du Marechal Berwick.

slender resources, with a letter to Argyle, desiring it might be applied to the relief of the poor people whose villages he had reluctantly given orders to burn. "So that," said he, "I may, at least, have the satisfaction of having been the destruction of none, at a time when I came to free all."<sup>1</sup> Such tenderness of conscience passed for an unheard of mixture of folly and weakness in times like those, and produced, as the unerring result, an overflowing access of calumny.

But to return to the queen, his mother, of whom lady Sophia Bulkeley gives the superior of Chaillot the following intelligence, in a letter dated Feb. 5th:—

"Her majesty had entirely left her bed since my last, and had been daily taking a few turns in her chamber till yesterday, when the gout attacked her two feet. The chevalier Garvan (her physician) entreated her to keep in bed, because the inflammatory action would pass off the sooner. This her majesty has proved: for she is much better to-day than she was yesterday. Her majesty sends her regards to her dear friends."

In her concluding paragraph, lady Sophia adverts to the frightful peril in which her own son had been involved, of which she had just heard from the gentleman who had brought the letters from the chevalier to queen Mary Beatrice. She says:—

"I entreat you, my dear mother, to have the goodness to assist me in returning thanks to the Almighty for the escape of the earl of Tynemouth and my son, about a fortnight back, from the wreck on the coast of Scotland. Happily, they were not above twenty miles from Perth, and the gentleman who has arrived here to-day, says, that they had joined the king before he departed. You see what great cause I have to offer up my thanksgivings to God, which I can never do sufficiently by myself without your charitable aid, and that of our dear sisters."<sup>2</sup>

The sanguine anticipations which had been raised at St. Germain's by the flattering reports of the prince's messenger, were too quickly destroyed by accounts of the hopeless position of the Stuart cause.

On the 16th of February, lady Sophia Bulkeley tells the abbess of Chaillot, "that anguish of heart had made the queen ill again; but still she trusted, that her majesty would rally in a day or two, unless some very sad news should arrive to agitate her."

"That which we have from England this evening,"<sup>3</sup> continues her ladyship, "intimates that our enemies intend to give us battle soon, if they have not done so already, as they far outnumber the king's army, and are all regular troops. We have much to fear. I tell you these things frankly, my dear mother, that you may see what need there is of your prayers; but make no observation, if you please, on this passage, for the queen reads all your letters herself."<sup>4</sup>

Thus we see that lady Sophia, although she was writing this letter in her capacity of private secretary to her majesty, was able to introduce information, of which the considerate ladies at St. Germain's had deemed it expedient to keep their royal mistress in ignorance. Nothing

<sup>1</sup> Lord Mahon. Chambers.

<sup>2</sup> Inedited Stuart Papers, in the Hotel de Soubise, through the favour of M. Gutzot.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

could be more pitiable than the state of trembling apprehension in which both the queen and her noble attendants awaited the arrival of letters and newspapers from England, Scotland, and Holland. The Dutch Gazette was, at that time, a less restricted medium of publishing the events of the day than any English journal whatsoever. Editors and printers in London had, it is true, occasionally been induced to venture their ears for gold, but not during the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act.

The queen's distress of mind, at this trying season, was aggravated by the conduct of her son's secretary of state, lord Bolingbroke, who, instead of showing the slightest consideration for her maternal anxiety, treated her with marked disrespect, and neither attempted to communicate intelligence, nor to consult her on what steps ought to be taken for the assistance of him he called his master. Ever since the death of Louis XIV., he had regarded the cause of the chevalier de St. George as hopeless; and according to lord Stair's report, he did his utmost to render it so, by squandering, in his own profligate pursuits, the money with which he had been too confidently entrusted to buy powder and other supplies for the Jacobite muster.<sup>1</sup>

Mary Beatrice was, meantime, suffering great pecuniary difficulties, which are alluded to by lady Sophia Bulkeley, in reply to some appeal that had been made to her majesty's benevolence, through the abbess of Chaillot, to whom she says: "The queen orders me to tell you, that she is much grieved (her finances are so scanty) that it is out of her power to do anything for this lady. The queen, between ourselves," continues lady Sophia, "has never been in greater distress for money than she is at present. They are now [the old story] eight months in arrear with her pension. The Lord, I hope, will comfort her majesty, and reward her great patience, by giving her shortly her own. I can not cease to believe it, and to hope in God against all human hopes. The prisoners taken in England are condemned to death. There are many catholics among them."<sup>2</sup>

The next event in the life of Mary Beatrice, was the return of her luckless son. The chevalier de St. George, landed safely at Gravelines,<sup>3</sup> about February 22, and came secretly in disguise to see her at St. Germain, where, in spite of the interdict against his presence in the French dominions, he remained with her several days<sup>4</sup>—a consolation she had scarcely ventured to anticipate, after the disastrous termination of his expedition to Scotland. More than once she had said, during his absence, that she could be content if he were spared to her; to say, like Jacob, "It is enough; Joseph, my son, yet liveth;"<sup>5</sup> but to look upon his face once more, she had scarcely ventured to expect.

The morning after the arrival of the chevalier at St. Germain, lord

<sup>1</sup> Letter of the Earl of Stair to Horace Walpole. Walpole Correspondence, by Coxe.

<sup>2</sup> Inedited Stuart Papers, in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

<sup>3</sup> Letter of Lord Bolingbroke to Wyndham.

<sup>4</sup> Memoires du Mareschal de Berwick.

<sup>5</sup> MS. Memorials by a Nun of Chaillot.



Bolingbroke came to wait upon him, and advised him to return to Bar as quickly as possible, lest he should be denied an asylum there.<sup>1</sup> It was, however, an indispensable matter of etiquette, that permission should first be requested of the duke of Lorraine, and that the prince should wait for his answer. After lingering at St. Germain's longer than prudence warranted, he bade his widowed mother farewell, and set out for Chalons-sur-Marne, where he told her and Bolingbroke it was his intention to wait for the reply of the duke of Lorraine; but he proceeded no farther than Malmaison, and then, retracing his steps, went to the house of mademoiselle de Chausseraye, at Neuilly; and her majesty had the surprise and mortification of learning that he spent eight days there,<sup>2</sup> in the society of several intriguing female politicians, and held private consultations with the Spanish and Swedish ambassadors, from which his best friends were excluded. The royal mother would possibly have remained in ignorance, of circumstances, alike painful to her and injurious to him, if his ill-managed rupture with Bolingbroke had not betrayed the unsuspected secret to her and all the world.

The duke of Berwick, dazzled, with the wit and literary accomplishments of Bolingbroke, attached a value to that false brilliant, which he was far from meriting, and declared, "that the chevalier had committed an enormous blunder in dismissing from his service the only Englishman capable of managing his affairs."<sup>3</sup> Mary Beatrice, who placed a greater reliance on Berwick's judgment than on her own, acted, probably, in compliance with his suggestions, in sending a conciliatory message to Bolingbroke, assuring him "that she had had no concern in his dismissal, and expressed a hope, that she might be able to adjust the differences between him and her son." The tone in which "all-accomplished St. John" rejected her proffered mediation, savoured more of his Roundhead education than of the classical elegance of phraseology for which he has been celebrated. "He was now," he said, "a free man, and wished his arm might rot off if he ever again drew his sword or his pen in her son's cause."<sup>4</sup> It is doubtful, whether butcher Harrison, or any other low-bred member of the Rump, could have replied to a fallen queen and distressed mother, in terms more coarsely unmannerly.

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs du Berwick.* Bolingbroke Correspondence.

<sup>2</sup> Berwick.

<sup>3</sup> The loss of the services of a statesman, who had changed his party rather oftener than the vicar of Bray, and had been false to all, was, with all due submission to honest Berwick, no great misfortune. "The enormous blunder," committed by the chevalier de St. George, was, in ever having employed and placed confidence in a person, devoid alike of religious principles and moral worth, and having done so, to dismiss him, in a manner which afforded a plausible excuse for proving that his enmity was not quite so lukewarm as his friendship. As might be expected, a series of treacherous intrigues between Bolingbroke and the Walpole ministry, were commenced, to pave the way for his return from exile. Dr. Johnson's abhorrence of this infidel was founded more on principles of moral justice than on his own well-known predilection for the Jacobite cause.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Mahon's History of England.

Lord Stair, who appears to have been somewhat better acquainted with Bolingbroke's proceedings than the duke of Berwick, gives the following jeering account of the affair to his friend, Horace Walpole :—

"Poor Harry is turned out from being secretary of state, and the seals are given to lord Mar; they call him knave and traitor, and God knows what! I believe all poor Harry's fault was, that he could not play his part with a grave enough face; he could not help laughing now and then at such kings and queens. He had a mistress here at Paris, and got drunk now and then; and he spent *the money* upon his mistress that he should have bought powder with, and neglected buying the powder or the arms, and never went near the *queen* [*Mary Beatrice*]. For the rest, they [*the Jacobites*] begin to believe that their king is unlucky, and that the westerly winds and Bolingbroke's treasons have defeated the finest project that ever was laid."<sup>1</sup>

The letters of Mary Beatrice to her friends at Chaillot at this exciting period, have been apparently abstracted from the collection preserved in the hotel de Soubise, for although she generally employed lady Sophia Bulkeley as her amanuensis in the Chaillot correspondence, she occasionally wrote herself, when time and the state of her health permitted, as we find from the commencing words of the following touching note, of that faithful friend, which, it seems, inclosed one of hers :

"This 6th of March.

"As I have the honour to put this envelope to the queen's letter, I have no need, my dearest mother, to give you the trouble of reading one in my bad writing, save to tell you that we have great cause to praise God that her majesty continues well. The Lord gives us much consolation in that, while He chastens us in other things. His name be blessed for all. We remain in a constant state of uncertainty as to what will become of our friends who remain in Scotland, especially our husbands and sons. Permit me, my dear mother, to entreat a continuance of your charitable prayers for them, and believe me to be, with much attachment, your very humble and obedient servant,

"S. BULKELEY."

The son of lady Sophia happily escaped the dreadful penalty suffered, by too many of the unfortunate noblemen and gentlemen, who had been rash enough to engage in the desperate enterprise, which, in evil hour, was undertaken in 1715, for the restoration of the house of Stuart. "My son, and Mr. Bulkeley," says the duke of Berwick, "whom the king had not been able to bring off with him, instead of endeavouring to conceal themselves in the highlands like the others, ventured to come from the north of Scotland to Edinburgh, where they remained undiscovered for eight days, and hired a vessel to land them in Holland, whence they made their way to France. The regent, at the solicitation of lord Stair, deprived them of their places under the French government."

The extreme depression in which the queen and her ladies remained during the melancholy spring of 1716, when every post from England brought them sad tidings of the tragic fate of the devoted friends who

<sup>1</sup> Walpole Correspondence, by Coxe, vol. ii. pp. 307, 308. Letter of Lord Stair to Horace Walpole, brother of sir Robert Walpole, dated March 3, 1716, from Paris.

had engaged in the cause of the chevalier de St. George, is feelingly noticed by lady Sophia Bulkeley, in a letter to one of the sisters of Chaillot, dated March the 20th. She says:—

"The weather and ourselves are both so dismal, my dear sister, that I have scarcely courage to write to you, much less to come and see you, though the queen has had the goodness to propose it to me; but I have thought it better to defer it till Easter, in the hope that the holy festivals may a little tranquillize our spirits, which find little repose at present. Her majesty's health is, thanks to God! good, in spite of the continual and overwhelming afflictions with which she is surrounded. The deaths of the earls of Derwentwater and Kenmure have grieved her much.' Nothing can be more beautiful than the speech of the first; if it were translated into French, I would send it to you. The other (Lord Kenmure) said nothing then, but merely delivered a letter addressed to our king, which he begged might be sent to him. He afterwards embraced his son on the scaffold, and told him, 'that he had sent for him there to show him how to shed the last drop of his blood for his rightful king, if he should ever be placed in like circumstances.' His poor son was not more than fourteen or fifteen years old. The three other lords were to die last Wednesday, but it is hoped they will be pardoned. Meantime, we can know nothing more till we have letters from England, and they will not arrive before Monday."

We may imagine the agonizing feelings that agitated the sad hearts of the anxious queen and her ladies during the interval. An unconfirmed rumour of the successful enterprise of that noble conjugal heroine, Winifred, countess of Nitheisdale, for the preservation of her husband's life, had reached the court of St. Germain's, and caused great excitement in the tearful circle there, as we find from the context of lady Sophia Bulkeley's letter, in which she says—

"The earl of Nitheisdale, who married one of the daughters of the duke of Powys, and sister of lady Montague, has been fortunate enough to escape out of the Tower, on the eve of the day appointed for his execution. Lady Nitheisdale, who came to see him that evening, dressed him in her clothes, and he went out with two other ladies who had accompanied her. Some letters say that lady Nitheisdale remained in the Tower in his place; others, more recent, affirm, that she went away with him; but this is very certain, that they did not know the husband from the wife, and that they cannot punish her for what she has done. My letter begins to get very long, and is so scrawled, that you will find it difficult to decipher some passages."

The "*griffonage*" for which her ladyship apologizes, is, truth to tell, so bad, that if the holy sister of Chaillot succeeded in making out the next paragraph, she was cleverer than all the experienced transcribers of queer caligraphy in the hotel de Soubise, who were unable to unriddle the mystery. For the satisfaction of the curious reader, it may, however, be confidently affirmed, that neither Jacobite intrigues nor popish plots lurk in those unintelligible sentences, but rather, as we are inclined to suspect, some trifling matters of costume, of which, the nomenclature, as spelled by the noble writer, would be somewhat puzzling. Her ladyship, in conclusion, requests the nun, "to tell her daughter," who was *en pension* in the convent, "that she sends her four pairs of gloves, of the then fashionable tint, called *blanc de pomme de terre*, that she had requested a person to bring her some pairs of brown gloves to wear in the holy week, but as they could not arrive till the morrow,

she thinks she may manage with her white ones, and to take a discreet opportunity of sending back all her soiled gloves to her." The last clause implies a piece of domestic economy practised by the impoverished ladies of the household of the exiled queen at St. Germaine—namely, cleaning their own gloves.

The late unsuccessful enterprise of the Jacobites in Scotland and the north of England had not only involved in ruin and misery all the devoted partisans who had engaged in it, and exhausted the pecuniary resources of friends who had taken a more cautious part, but it had placed the son of Mary Beatrice in a far worse position with the powers of Europe, than that in which he had been left at the peace of Utrecht. His generous friends, the duke and duchess of Lorraine, were reluctantly compelled to exclude him from the asylum he had hitherto enjoyed at Bar, neither durst the prince of Vaudemonte or any other of the vassal princes of France or Germany receive him.

He was advised to retire to Sweden or Deux Ponts, as more likely to please the people of England than a residence in the papal dominions, but he chose to fix his abode at Avignon.<sup>1</sup>

Lady Sophia Bulkeley, in the postscript of a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, merely dated "*Ce Vendredi St., au soir,*" says—

"Lady Clare has just come to tell me, that the queen commands me to inform you that the king, my master, is well, and arrived on the 2nd of this month at Avignon. The queen awaits with impatience the fine weather to come and see you."<sup>2</sup>

The regent Orleans, though he would neither assist nor tolerate the presence of the chevalier de St. George in France, could not be induced to deprive his widowed mother of the royal asylum and maintenance she had been granted by his late uncle, Louis XIV. Profligate as he was himself, Orleans regarded with reverence and compassion, a princess whose virtues and misfortunes entitled her to the sympathies of every gentleman in France. Even if he could have found it in his heart to listen to the remonstrances of the British ambassador against her residence at St. Germain, it would have been regarded as derogatory to the national honour of the proud nation whose majesty he represented, to do anything calculated to distress or trouble her, who was so universally beloved and venerated by all classes of people. Mary Beatrice therefore remained unmolested in the royal chateau of St. Germain, and retained the title and state of a queen dowager of England, and was treated as such in France, to her dying day. Her courts and receptions were attended by the mother of the regent, and all the French princes and princesses, with the same ceremonials of respect as in the lifetime of her powerful friend, Louis XIV. It would doubtless have been more congenial with the taste and feelings of Mary Beatrice, either to have passed the remnant of her weary pilgrimage in the quiet shades of Chaillot, or to have accompanied her beloved son to Avignon; but his interest required that she should continue to support, at any sacrifice, the

<sup>1</sup> Lord Mahon. Chaillot Records and Correspondence.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Inedited Stuart Papers, in the Hotel de Soubise

state of queen-mother, and keep up friendly and confidential intercourse with the wife, mother, and daughters of the regent of France. The marquis de Torcy, mareschal Villeroi, and others of the cabinet of Versailles, cherished great respect for her; and through the ladies of their families she enjoyed the opportunity of obtaining early information as to the political movements in England. It was, under these circumstances, much easier for the Jacobite correspondence to be carried on through the widow of James II., at the chateau of St. Germain, than with the more distant retreat of her son at Avignon. The communications between these two courts, as they were fondly styled by the adherents of the exiled family, were unremitting; and the pen of the royal mother was, during the last two years of her life, actively employed in secret correspondence with her old friends among the English and Scotch nobility, in behalf of her son.

The little Stuart sovereignty at St. Germain had been thinned by the events of the last few months. Many a brave gentleman, who had departed full of hope to join the Jacobite movement in the north, returned no more: the mourning garments and tearful eyes of their surviving families afforded only too sad a comment on the absence of well-remembered faces. Independently, however, of those who had perished by the contingencies of war, or, sadder still, by the hand of the executioner, the number of the faithful friends, who had held offices of state in her household, or that of her late consort, king James II., was diminishing every year by death. Among these, no one was more sincerely lamented by Mary Beatrice than James, earl of Perth, or, as he was entitled in her court, the duke of Perth, who died in the spring of 1716. If she had followed the energetic councils of that nobleman, in the first years of her regency, her son would, in all probability, have recovered the crown to which he had been born heir apparent, or, at any rate, established himself as an independent sovereign of Scotland.

The following interesting letter of condolence was written by the chevalier de St. George, with his own hand, to the son and successor of his old preceptor:—

“Avignon, May 17, 1716.

“I was more troubled than surprised to hear this morning of your father's death. I lose in him a true, faithful friend, whose merits were known to me, and had been recompensed by me, if he had lived till it shall please God to give me happier days. I desire you will let the duchess of Perth and all your family know the share I take in their just grief, and the desire I have of giving them proofs of that regard and favour they deserve so well on their own as well as his account.

“I believe your absence will be now shorter than you first intended it. You know how desirous I shall be of your company whilst abroad, and that I shall like it always, yet more to give you all the marks of favour and kindness my circumstances will allow of, or your merits deserve. J. R.”

Addressed—“For the duke of Perth.”<sup>1</sup>

The disastrous result of the Jacobite insurrection in the preceding

<sup>1</sup> Royal Stuart Letters, No. 17, in the Archives of the Baroness Willoughby de Eresby. Through the courtesy of this noble lady, the descendant and representative of the ancient historical family of Drummond of Perth, the above inedited letter is for the first time introduced to the public.

year, ought to have convinced the widow and son of James II. of the hopelessness of devising plans for the renewal of a contest which had cost the partisans of the Stuart cause so dear. They were, however, far from regarding that cause as desperate, seeing that the terrors of the sanguinary executions, which had just taken place in London and elsewhere, did not deter the people from wearing oaken boughs, in defiance of the prohibition of government, on the 29th of May, and white roses on the 10th of June.<sup>1</sup> Imprisonments, fines and scourgings were inflicted on those who would not resign those picturesque badges of misdirected loyalty to the soldiers, who were stationed in various parts of the city, to tear them from the hats and bosoms of the contumacious.

The names of "Oak apple day," for the 29th of May, and "White rose day," for the 10th of June, are still used by the peasantry in many parts of England, and tell their own tale as to the popularity of the customs to which they bear traditional evidence. The symptoms of lingering affection for the representative of the old royal line, of which these badges were regarded as signs and tokens, were observed with uneasiness by the Walpole administration, and very severe measures were taken to prevent them.<sup>2</sup> A legislative act for the reform of the British kalendar, by the adoption of new style, would have done more to prevent white roses from being generally worn on the anniversary of the chevalier's birth, than all the penalties Sir Robert Walpole could devise as a punishment for that offence. But owing to the ignorant bigotry of his party, in opposing the alteration in style, as a sinful conformity to popish fashions, the day called the 10th of June in England was, in reality, the 20th, when white roses are somewhat easier to obtain than they are ten days earlier, especially in cold, ungenial seasons.

In the autumn of 1716, an unwonted visitor appeared at St. Germain's, and requested the honour of a presentation to the queen-mother, as Mary Beatrice was called there. This was no other than the young marquis of Wharton, the son of one of the leaders of the revolution of 1688. He had been sent to finish his education in republican and Calvinistic principles at Geneva; and, out of sheer perversity, broke from his go-

<sup>1</sup> Calamy, in his History of his own life and times, pours forth a jeremiad on the perversity of the people in displaying a spirit so inconsistent with their duty to that gracious sovereign, George I. He affirms, that when the general service of thanksgiving for the suppression of the late tumults and seditions took place at St. Paul's, on the 7th of June, they were anything but suppressed; and instances the serious riots at Cambridge, on the 29th of May, when the scholars of Clarehall and Trinity College were miserably insulted for their loyalty to King George I, besides the pulling down of meeting-houses in various towns, which he, oddly enough, mentions among the tokens of disloyalty to the protestant branch of the royal family who had been called to the throne for the protection of the Established Church of England. He also groans in spirit over the number of white roses which he saw worn on the 10th of June, to do honour to the birth day of the pretender. *Life and Own Times*, by Edmund Calamy, D. D.

<sup>2</sup> On the 29th of May, 1717, "guards were placed to apprehend those who durst wear oaken boughs, and several persons were committed for this offence." Moreover, on the 6th of August following, "two soldiers were whipped almost to death in Hyde Park, and turned out of the service, for wearing oak boughs in their hats, 29th of May."—*Chronological History*, vol. ii. pp. 63—7. 72.

vernor, travelled post to Lyons, whence he sent a present of a valuable horse to the chevalier de St. George, with a request to be permitted to pay his homage to him. The exiled prince sent one of his equeries to conduct him to his little court at Avignon; where he gave him a flattering reception, invested him with the order of the Garter, and admitted him into the number of his secret adherents. Wharton afterwards proceeded to St. Germain, on purpose to pay his court to queen Mary Beatrice,<sup>1</sup> who, like her son, was, doubtless, flattered by the attention. The British ambassador, lord Stair, having had full information of Wharton's presentation to the widowed consort of James II., made a point of expostulating with him very seriously on his proceedings, as likely to have a ruinous effect on his prospects in life, and earnestly recommended him to follow the example of his late father, the friend and counsellor of William III. Wharton made a bitterly sarcastic retort; for he had wit at will, and used that dangerous weapon, as he did all the other talents which had been entrusted to him, with a reckless disregard to consequences. Wharton was a character made up of self-ism—a spoiled child of fortune, whose whim had been a law both to himself and all around him. He had never felt the necessity of caution—a quality in which villains of high degree are often found deficient. His apparent artlessness, at first, inspired confidence in those who did not perceive the difference between candour and audacity. The captivating manners and brilliant accomplishments of this young nobleman made, of course, a very agreeable impression on the exiled queen and her little court; but he was, in reality, a false diamond of the same class as Bolingbroke, equally devoid of religion, moral worth, or political honour, and proved, ultimately, almost as mischievous an acquisition to the cause of her son as that anti-Christian philosopher.

The attention of Mary Beatrice was a good deal occupied for the last two years of her life, in the various unsuccessful attempts that were made by her son to obtain a suitable consort. He was the last of the male line of Stuart, and many of those who were attached to his cause were reluctant to risk a scaffold, and the ruin of their own families, on the contingency of his single life. The backwardness of the English nobles and gentlemen of his own religion, during the rebellion of the preceding year, was considered mainly attributable to his want of a successor. The death of his sister, the princess Louisa, had robbed the Stuart cause of its greatest strength, and was a misfortune that nothing but the offspring of a royal alliance of his own could repair. Of all the princesses that were proposed, the daughter of her uncle, Rinakdo d'Esté, duke of Modena, would have been, undoubtedly, the most agreeable to Mary Beatrice for a daughter-in-law, and also, it should appear, to her son, who writes with impassioned eloquence to the father of the lady to implore his consent. "My happiness, my dear uncle," he says, "is in your hands, as well as that of all my subjects; and religion itself is not less interested in your decision."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Life of Philip, duke of Wharton.

<sup>2</sup> Stuart Papers, in possession of her Majesty the Queen, edited by J. H. Glover, Esq., vol. I. p. 15.

The answer was unfavourable, and much regret was felt in consequence.<sup>1</sup> The son of Mary Beatrice was almost as much at discount, in the matrimonial market, at this period, as his uncle Charles II. had been during the protectorate, but not quite, seeing that there was one princess, highly connected, and possessed of great wealth, who was romantically attached to him from report. This was Clementine Sobieska, the granddaughter of the illustrious John Sobieski, king of Poland, whom he afterwards married. Queen Mary Beatrice did not live to witness these espousals. Almost the last time this queen's name is mentioned in connexion with history, is in the correspondence between count Gyllenberg and baron Spear, the Swedish ministers at London and Paris, and Charles XII.'s minister, baron Gortz, relating to the secret designs of that monarch for the invasion of Scotland with 12,000 men, to place her son on the British throne.<sup>2</sup> Spain, and even Russia, were engaged in the confederacy. In September, Bolingbroke writes, "The people who belong to St. Germain's and Avignon, were never more sanguine in appearance."<sup>3</sup>

It appears from one of count Gyllenberg's intercepted letters to Gortz, dated January 18th, 1717, that the merchant of whom a large loan had been procured, was to remit 20,000*l.* into France, to be paid into the hands of the queen-mother, Mary Beatrice, who would hand it over to the persons empowered to take the management of the financial arrangements.<sup>4</sup> The most sanguine anticipations of the success of this confederacy were cherished; but secret information being conveyed to the British government, Gyllenberg, who had undoubtedly forfeited the privileges of an ambassador, was arrested, January 29th, 1717, by general Wade. His papers were seized, which contained abundant evidence of the formidable designs in preparation, which were thus happily prevented.<sup>5</sup>

Mary Beatrice paid her annual visit at Chaillot in the summer. She was in very ill health, and returned to St. Germain's much earlier in the autumn than usual. The following is an extract from a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, written apparently soon after:—

St. Germain's, Nov. 4th.

"The fine weather we have had since I quitted you, my dear mother, was not necessary to make me regret the abode at Chaillot, which is always charming to me, but it certainly makes me regret it doubly, although I cannot deny that since the three weeks I have been here, I have had more time to myself, and more solitude than during the whole period of my stay at Chaillot. This does not prevent me from wishing often for the company of my dear mother, and all the beloved sisters, in which I hope much to find myself again, if God gives me six months more of life. I took medicine last Friday because I have had during the last few days a return of the malady which has tormented me all the summer, but I have been better since then, thank God! and in three or four days I shall leave off the bark."<sup>6</sup>

After a page of kind inquiries after the health of the abbess, and the invalid sisters, whom she had left in the infirmary, and affectionate mes-

<sup>1</sup> Stuart Papers, in her Majesty's possession, edited by Glover.

<sup>2</sup> Intercepted correspondence, published in London, 1717.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Mahon.

<sup>4</sup> Letters of Count Gyllenberg

<sup>5</sup> Lord Mahon's Hist. of England.

<sup>6</sup> Inedited Letter of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot MSS.



sages to Catherine Angelique, and others of her particular friends, in the community, the royal writer refers to some untoward occurrence connected with a religieuse of another convent, in which the name of her son is brought up:

"I send you, my dear mother, the letter of the mother of St. Antoine on that disagreeable business of the sister of Tibejeau. The king my son has never written to me about it, but as I know that he has much friendship for the family of Sillery, it must have been to do them a pleasure that he has mixed himself up in the affair, not knowing your customs, nor my opinion thereupon. I do not think that you ought to apply to Rome at present about it, but only to the regent [Orleans] by the cardinal de Noailles, who has promised me and the abbess that he will do it, and he hopes to obtain a promise from the regent, but he can do no more during the minority of the king [Louis XV.], and after that he must try to obtain one from the king himself."

Her majesty leaves the mystery unexplained, by telling her correspondent, "That she will enter more fully into the subject when she sees her, but must now bid her adieu, for her supper is on table."<sup>1</sup>

This letter is, apparently, one of the last of that curious correspondence of the exiled queen with the religieuses of Chaillot, which, surviving the dissolution of that monastery and all the storms of the revolution, has enabled her biographer to trace out many interesting incidents in her personal history, and more than this, to unveil her private feelings, as she herself recorded them in the unreserved confidence of friendship.

All the letters written by Mary Beatrice in her widowhood are sealed with black. Some bear the impression of her diamond signet, her regal initials "M.R.," crowned and interlaced; but more frequently of a seal a size larger, having the royal arms of England, France, Ireland, and Scotland, on the dexter side, and her own paternal achievement of Esté of Modena and Ferrara, on the sinister—viz., on the first and fourth quarters, *argent*, an eagle displayed, *sable*, crowned, *or*; the second and third, *azure*, charged with the three *fleur-de-lys*, *or*, within a bordure indented, *or* and *gules*. One supporter is the royal lion of England, the other, the crowned eagle of Esté. This was her small privy seal, the miniature of her great seal, as queen-consort of England, of which there is an engraving in Williment's Regal Heraldry.

In the commencement of the year 1718, Mary Beatrice, though fast approaching the termination of her weary pilgrimage, was occupied in corresponding with her old friends in England, in behalf of her son. Her pen appears to have been more persuasive, her name more influential, than those of the secretaries of state, either at Avignon or St. Germain. Early in January that year general Dillon writes to lord Mar, "that Atterbury, whom he figures under the political alias of Mr. Rigg, presses earnestly for Andrew's [*the queen-mother*] writing to Hughes [lord Oxford] about the mantle affair, and thinks the most proper time for compassing that matter, will be during the next sessions of Percy [*parliament*], whilst friends are together in town."<sup>2</sup> This mantle affair seems

<sup>1</sup> Inedited Letter of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Stuart Papers, in her Majesty's possession, edited by J. H. Glover, Esq., vol. i p. 19

to relate to a subscription loan for the use of the chevalier de St. George. It is further recommended, "that her majesty," signified by the soubriquet of "Andrew,"<sup>1</sup> should send her instructions to the earl of Oxford, in order to bring him to the point," rather a difficult matter with so notable a shuffler, we should think. Her majesty was also to be asked if any applications had recently been made to her by the duke of Shrewsbury, because, Atterbury had been informed that he had said, "that if he were sure Mr. Knight [the chevalier] had any project on foot, and a secure person to deal with, he would advance him ten thousand pounds on his own behalf, and engage that another gentleman, a friend of his, (whose name he would not mention,) should do the same;" and, as Atterbury could not, with propriety, take any steps in the matter, he thought her majesty would do well to find a proper method of applying to the duke.<sup>2</sup> The queen was also to be requested "to write a letter to Mrs. Pooley, [*lady Petre*,] thanking her for what she had done, and informing her that her son's affairs required further assistance; and another letter to the same purpose to Mr. Newcomb, [*the duke of Norfolk*,] and to send with these letters two blank powers for raising mantle [money], one for Mr. Allen [*the earl of Arran*], which he might make use of with such of the Primrose family [protestants] as he should think fit, and another for any person which he and the duke of Norfolk should think proper to be employed among Rogers's people [Roman catholics]." Another paper to the same purpose, in her majesty's collection, is supposed, by the learned editor of the newly published volume of the Stuart papers,<sup>3</sup> containing the Atterbury correspondence, to have been sent, first, to the queen-mother at St. Germain, who forwarded it to James, at Urbino, where he was then residing.

From the same volume, it appears that the chevalier had been justly displeased with the conduct of her majesty's almoner, Mr. Lewis Innes, who, when employed to make a French translation of a letter addressed by that prince to the reverend Charles Leslie, and through him to the whole body of the protestant clergy, had put a false interpretation on certain passages. A most insidious piece of priestcraft, intended by Innes for the benefit of his own church, but calculated, like all crooked dealings, to injure the person he pretended to serve. James, in a letter to the duke of Ormond on the subject, expressed himself disgusted with the proceedings of the coterie at St. Germain, and said, that, with the exception of the queen, his mother, he did not desire to have anything more to do with any of them. "Their principles and notions, and mine," continues he, "are very different; former mistakes are fresh in my memory, and the good education I had under Anthony [queen Mary Beatrice] not less; so that I am not at all fond of the ways of those I have lived so long with, nor the least imposed on by their ways and reasonings."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Stuart Papers, in her Majesty's possession, edited by J. H. Glover, Esq., vol. i. p. 19.

<sup>2</sup> Stuart Papers, in her Majesty's possession, edited by Glover, vol. i. p. 20.

<sup>3</sup> J. H. Glover, Esq., Librarian to her Majesty, Queen Victoria.

<sup>4</sup> Stuart Papers, edited by Glover, vol. i. pp. 24, 25.

Not contented with a strong expression of his displeasure at the dangerous liberty taken by Innes, James very properly insisted on his being dismissed from the queen-mother's service. Implicit submission to his authority was yielded, both by her majesty and her spiritual director. "The king is master," wrote Innes, to the duke of Ormond, "and I, having the honour to be both his subject and his servant, think myself doubly obliged simply to obey his majesty's orders, without saying anything for myself."<sup>1</sup>

This unpleasant occurrence happened towards the end of February, but whatever consternation the spirited conduct of the chevalier de St. George created among the reverend messieurs of the chapel royal of St. Germain, it is certain that it did not in the slightest degree disturb the affectionate confidence which had subsisted between the royal mother and her son, and which remained unbroken till the hour of her death.<sup>2</sup>

The coldness of the weather, and the increasing debility of the queen, prevented her from paying her accustomed visit to Chaillot, at Easter. The fatal malady in her breast, though for a time apparently subdued, had broken out again with redoubled violence in the preceding summer. She had borne up bravely, and endured with unruffled patience the torturing pangs that were destroying the principles of life, and continued to exert herself in her beloved son's cause till within a few days of her decease.

Her last illness attacked her in the month of April, 1718. She had recovered from so many apparently more severe, that a fatal termination was not at first apprehended. A deceptive amendment took place, and she even talked of going to Chaillot, but a relapse followed, and she then felt an internal conviction that she should not recover.<sup>3</sup>

The following letter without date or signature, in her well-known characters, which is preserved among the Chaillot papers in the hotel de Soubise, appears to have been written by the dying queen, to her friend Françoise Angelique Priolo. It contains her last farewell to her, and the abbess and sisters; under such circumstances, it must certainly be regarded as a document of no common interest.

*"Patientia vobis necessaria est."*

"Yes in verity, my dear mother, it is very necessary for us, this patience; I have felt it so at all moments. I confess to you that I am mortified at not being able to go to our dear Chaillot. I had hoped it till now, but my illness has returned since three o'clock, and I have lost all hope. There is not, however, anything very violent in my sickness, it has been trifling; but I believe that in two or three days I shall be out of the turmoil, if it please God, and if not, I hope that he will give me good patience. I am very weak and worn down, I leave the rest to lady —, embracing you with all my heart. A thousand regards to our dear mother, and our poor sisters, above all to C. Ang —." <sup>4</sup>

Angelique<sup>5</sup> she would have written, but the failing hand has left the name of that much-loved friend unfinished.

<sup>1</sup> Stuart Papers, edited by Glover, vol. i. p. 24, 25.

<sup>2</sup> Chaillot Records, inedited in the Hotel de Soubise.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Translated from the original French.

<sup>5</sup> Catharine Angelique du Mesme is the religieuse indicated; her other friend. Claire Angelique de Beauvais, had already paid the debt of nature. Mary Beatrice in one of her preceding letters says, "I shall never cease to lament the

About six o'clock on Friday evening, the 6th of May, Mary Beatrice, finding herself grow worse, desired to receive the last sacraments of her church, which after she had prepared herself, were administered to her by the curé of St. Germain's. As it was impossible for her to enjoy the consolation of taking a last farewell of her son, she resigned herself to that deprivation, as she had done to all her other trials, with much submission to the will of God, contenting herself with praying for him long and fervently. She desired, she said, to ask pardon, in the most humble manner, of all those to whom she had given cause of offence, or by any means injured, and declared she most heartily pardoned and forgave all who had in any manner injured or offended her. She then took leave of all her faithful friends and attendants, thanking them for their fidelity and services, and recommended herself to their prayers, and those of all present, desiring "that they would pray for her and for the king, her son, (for so she called him,) that he might serve God faithfully all his life." This she repeated twice, raising her voice as high as she could; and for fear she might not be heard by everybody, the room being very full, she desired the curé to repeat it, which he did. Growing weaker, she ceased to speak, and bestowed all her attention on the prayers for a soul departing, which were continued all night.<sup>1</sup>

The dying queen had earnestly desired to see her friend, marshal Villeroi, the governor of the young king of France, and when in obedience to her summons he came, and drew near her bed, she rallied the sinking energies of life to send an earnest message to the regent Orleans, and to the royal minor, Louis XV. in behalf of her son. Nor was Mary Beatrice forgetful of those who had served her so long and faithfully, for she fervently recommended her servants and destitute dependants to their care, beseeching, with her last breath, that his royal highness, the regent, would not suffer them to perish for want in a foreign land, when she should be no more.<sup>2</sup>

These cares appear to have been the latest connected with earthly feelings that agitated the heart of the exiled queen, for though she retained her senses to the last gasp, she spoke no more. More than fifty persons were present when she breathed her last, between seven and eight in the morning of the 7th of May, 1718, in the sixtieth year of her age, and the thirtieth of her exile. She had survived her unfortunate consort, James II. sixteen years and nearly eight months.

"The queen of England," says the duke de St. Simon, "died at St. Germain's, after ten or twelve days' illness. Her life, since she had been in France, from the close of the year 1688, had been one continued course of sorrow and misfortune, which she sustained heroically to the last. She supported her mind by devotional exercises, faith in God, prayer, and good works, living in the practice of every virtue that constitutes

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loss of my dear Claire Angelique." A packet of letters from the exiled queen, to that religious, preserved in the Chaillot Collection, is thus endorsed: "*Ces lettres de la reine ont été écrites à sa très honorable Mère Claire Angelique de Beauvais, pendant son dernier Trianal fini à cette ascension, 1709.*"

<sup>1</sup> MS. Lansdowne, 849, fol. 308. Brit. Mus. Inedited Stuart Papers. Chaillot Coll.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

true holiness. Her death was as holy as her life. Out of 600,000 livres allowed her yearly by the king of France, she devoted the whole to support the destitute Jacobites with whom St. Germain's was crowded." The same contemporary annalist sums up the character of this princess in the following words:—"Combined with great sensibility she had much wit, and a natural haughtiness of temper, of which she was aware, and made it her constant study to subdue it, by the practice of humility. Her mien was the noblest, the most majestic and imposing in the world, but it was also sweet and modest."<sup>1</sup>

The testimony of St. Simon is fully corroborated by that of a witness of no less importance than the mother of the regent Orleans—a princess who, from her near relationship to the royal Stuarts, and an acquaintance of nearly thirty years, had ample opportunities of forming a correct judgment of the real characteristics of the exiled queen; and as she is not accustomed to speak too favourably of her own sex, and certainly could have had no motive for flattering the dead, the following record of the virtues and worth of Mary Beatrice ought to have some weight, especially as it was written in a private letter of the duchess to one of her own German relatives.

"I write you to-day with a troubled heart, and all yesterday I was weeping. Yesterday morning, about seven o'clock, the good, pious, and virtuous queen of England died at St. Germain's. She must be in heaven. She left not a dollar for herself, but gave away all to the poor, maintaining many families. She never in her life," a strong expression, and from no hiring pen, "did wrong to any one. If you were about to tell her a story of anybody, she would say—'If it be any ill, I beg you not to relate it to me; I do not like histories which attack the reputation.'"<sup>2</sup>

As the besetting sin of the writer of this letter was the delight she took in repeating scandalous tales, she was doubtless among those to whom this admonitory check was occasionally given by the pure-minded widow of James II., who not only restrained her own lips from speaking amiss of others, but exerted a moral influence to prevent evil communications from being uttered in her presence.

Mary Beatrice had suffered too severely from the practices of those who had employed the pens and tongues of those political slanderers to undermine her popularity, to allow any one to be assailed in like manner; nor was she ever known to retaliate on the suborners of those who had libelled her. The eagle of Esté, though smitten to the dust, could not condescend to imitate the creeping adder, "which bites the horse by the heel to make his rider fall backward;" it was not in her nature to act so mean a part. "She bore her misfortunes," continues the duchess of Orleans, "with the greatest patience, not from stupidity, for she had a great deal of mind, was lively in conversation, and could laugh and joke very pleasantly. She often praised the princess of Wales. [Caroline, consort of George II.] I loved this queen much, and her death has caused me much sorrow."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Memoires du duc de St. Simon*, vol. xv. pp. 46, 47.

<sup>2</sup> From the Historical Correspondence and remains of Elizabeth Charlotte, duchess of Orleans. Paris, 1844.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

Though Mary Beatrice was now where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest, hearts were found hard enough to falsify, for political purposes, the particulars of her calm and holy parting from a world that was little worthy of her. She had forgiven her enemies, her persecutors, and, those who were hardest of all to forgive, her slanderers; but those who had thus sinned against her, not only continued to bear false witness against her, but they accused her of having borne false witness against herself, by pretending, "that on her death-bed she had disowned her son, and adopted their calumny on his birth." The absurdity of this tale, which appeared in the Dutch Gazette a few days after her death, is exposed in a contemporary letter, written by a gentleman at Paris, who, after relating the particulars of her late majesty's death, which, he says, "he had from a person who was in the room with her when she died, and sat up by her all night, as most of her servants and many others did," adds:<sup>1</sup>

"You will wonder therefore, upon what your Holland Gazetteer could ground such an apparent falsity, as to insinuate, that she disowned at her death, the chevalier de St. George's being her son, for whose safety and happiness she professed, both then, and at all times, a much greater concern than for her own life, as was manifest to all that were well acquainted with her, and to above fifty persons that were present at her death: for as she loved nothing in this world but him; so she seemed to desire to live no longer than she could be serviceable to him. She had suffered near thirty years' exile for his sake; and chose, rather to live upon the benevolence of a foreign prince, than to sign such a receipt for her jointure, as might give the least shadow of prejudicing what she thought her son's right. And yet what is still more wonderful, the said gazetteer infers, from her desiring to see the mareschal de Villeroy, that it was to disown her son; whereas, quite the contrary, it was to recommend him to the regent of France with her dying breath; hoping that might induce his royal highness, to have a greater regard for him; and likewise to recommend her servants, and those that depended upon her, to his generosity, that he might not suffer them to perish for want, in a foreign country.

"The story of her being at variance with her son was as groundless as the rest; there was not a post but they mutually received letters from each other; and packets came from him directed to her, every post since her death, and will undoubtedly, till he hears of it. Her last will was sent to the chevalier de St. George by a courier. In fine, (to use my friend's words,) never mother loved a son better! Never mother suffered more for a son, or laboured more zealously to assist him! But if malicious men will still pursue that oppressed princess with lies and calumnies, even after her death; that with the rest must be suffered. It is easier to blacken the innocent, than to wipe it away."<sup>2</sup>

It is now evident, whence Onslow, the speaker, derived the vague report, to which he alludes in his marginal note on Burnet's History of his Own Times, "that the widowed queen of James II. took no notice of her son in her will, and left all she had to dispose of to the regent Orleans." Poor Mary Beatrice! Her effects were literally personal, and those she disposed of as follows, without bestowing the smallest share

<sup>1</sup> MS. Lansd. 849, fol. 308.

<sup>2</sup> This remark illustrates the political maxim of the earl of Wharton, when he reminded his royal friend, William III., "that a clever lie, well believed, answered their purpose as well as the truth."

on the regent. Her heart to the monastery of Chaillot, in perpetuity, to be placed in the tribune beside those of her late husband, king James, and the princess, their daughter; her brain and intestines to the Scotch college, to be deposited in the chapel of St. Andrew,<sup>1</sup> and her body to repose unburied in the choir of the conventual church of St. Marie de Chaillot, till the restoration of her son, or his descendants, to the throne of Great Britain, when, together with the remains of her consort and their daughter, the princess Louisa, it was to be conveyed to England, and interred with the royal dead in Westminster Abbey.<sup>2</sup>

Never did any queen of England die so poor as Mary Beatrice as regarded the goods of this world. Instead of having anything to leave, she died deeply in debt to the community of Chaillot; "this debt, with sundry small legacies, she charged her son to pay, out of respect to her memory, whenever it should please God to call him to the throne of his ancestors."<sup>3</sup>

After the customary dirges, prayers, and offices of her church had been performed in the chamber of the deceased queen, her body was embalmed. The following day, being Sunday, it remained at St. Germain, where solemn requiems were chanted in the cathedral church for the repose of her soul.<sup>4</sup> All wept and lamented her loss, protestants as well as persons of her own faith; for she had made no distinction in her charities, but distributed to all out of her pittance. The poor were true mourners.

Her ladies, some of whom had been five and forty years in her service, were disconsolate for her loss, so were the officers of her household. The French, by whom she was much esteemed, also testified much regret, so that a general feeling of sorrow pervaded all classes. The duke de Noailles, as governor of St. Germain, and captain of the guards, came, by the order of the regency, to make the necessary arrangements for her funeral, which was to be at the expense of the French government, with the respect befitting her rank, and the relationship of her late consort to the king of France, but without pomp. A court mourning of six weeks, for her, was ordered by the regent; but the respect and affection of the people made it general, especially when her remains were removed, on the 9th of May, attended by her sorrowful ladies and officers of state. In the archives of France the official certificate of the governor of St. Germain is still preserved, stating, "that being ordered by his royal highness, the regent, the duke of Orleans, to do all the honours to the corpse of the high, puissant, and excellent queen, Marie

<sup>1</sup> Stuart Papers in the Archives au Royaume de France. The chapel dedicated to St. Andrew, at Paris, still exists, and contains a beautiful monument of marble erected by the duke of Perth to the memory of James II., beneath which was placed an urn of gilt bronze containing the brain of that monarch. Monuments and epitaphs of Mary Beatrice, wife, and of Louisa Mary, daughter of James, and also of several members of the Perth family, are still to be seen, together with the tombs of Barclay the founder, and of Innes.

<sup>2</sup> Chaillot Records. Memorials de la Reine d'Angleterre, in the Archives of France.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

Beatrix Eleanora d'Esté of Modena, queen of Great Britain, who deceased at St. Germain-en-laye, 7th of May, he found, by her testament, that her body was to be deposited in the convent of the Visitation of St. Marie, at Chaillot, to be there till the bodies of the king her husband, and the princess her daughter, should be transported; but that her heart and part of her entrails should rest in perpetuity with the nuns of the said convent, with the heart of the king her husband, and that of his mother (queen Henrietta); and that he has in consequence, and by the express orders of the king of France, (through M. le Regent) caused the said remains of her late Britannic majesty to be conveyed to that convent, and delivered to the superior and her *religieuses* by the abbé Ingleton, grand almoner to the defunct queen, in the presence of her ladies of honour, lord Middleton, &c.”<sup>1</sup>

There is also an attestation of the said father Ingleton, stating, “that he assisted at the convoy of the remains of the royal widow of the very high and mighty prince, James II., king of Great Britain, on the 9th of May, 1718, to the convent of Chaillot, where they were received by the devout mother, Anne Charlotte Bocharé, superior of that community, and all the *religieuses* of the said monastery, in the presence of the ladies of her late majesty's household, the earl of Middleton, her great chamberlain; Mr. Dicconson, comptroller-general of the household; count Molza, lord Caryl, Mr. Nugent, and Mr. Crane, her equerries, and père Gaillar, her confessor.”

The following letter was addressed by the chevalier de St. George to the abbess of Chaillot, in reply to her letters of condolence, and contains a complete refutation of the malicious reports that were circulated as to any estrangement between the deceased queen and her son. The original is in French, written in his own hand:—

“June 16, 1718.

“My reverend mother,—You will have seen by a letter I have already written, that I am not ignorant of the attachment and particular esteem that the queen, my most honoured mother, had for you and all your community, and the affection with which it was returned.

“So far from disapproving of the letter of condolence you have written in your name, and in that of your holy community, I regard it as a new proof of your zeal, and I have received it with all the sensibility due to the sad subject. I require all your prayers to aid me in supporting the great and irreparable loss I have just sustained, with proper resignation. Continue your prayers for me, I entreat. Unite them with those, which I hope that righteous soul offers this day in heaven—for you as well as for me. This is the best consolation that her death has left us.

“In regard to her body and heart, they are in good hands, since they are where the queen herself wished them to be, and doubt not, that in this, as in all other things, the last wishes of so worthy a mother will be to me most sacred, and that I shall feel pleasure in bestowing on you and all your house, marks of

<sup>1</sup>The date of this paper is the 12th of May. It certifies the fact that the remains of this unfortunate queen were conveyed with regal honours from St. Germain to Chaillot, by order of the regent Orleans, two days after her decease, but that her funeral did not take place till the end of the following month.



my esteem and of my goodwill, whenever it shall please Providence to give me the means.

*Votre Bon amy*  
*Jacques R*

"Urbino, this 16th of June, 1718."

The obsequies of Mary Beatrice were solemnized in the conventual church of Chaillot, on the 27th of June. The sisters of that convent, and all the assistant mourners, were, by the tolling of the bell, assembled in the great chamber at noon on that day, for the procession, but as the ceremonial and offices were according to the ritual of the church of Rome, the detail would not interest the general reader."<sup>1</sup>

The earnest petition which the dying queen had preferred to the regent Orleans, in behalf of the faithful ladies of her household, who, with a self-devotion not often to be met with in the annals of fallen greatness, had sacrificed fortune and country for love of her, and out of loyalty to him they deemed their lawful sovereign, was not in vain. Orleans, however profligate in his general conduct, was neither devoid of good nature or generosity. Mary Beatrice had asked that the members of her household might be allowed pensions out of the fund that had been devoted to her maintenance by the court of France; and above all, as they were otherwise homeless, that they might be permitted, they and their children, to retain the apartments they occupied in the chateau of St. Germain, till the restoration of her son to his regal inheritance. Long as the freehold lease of grace might last, which a compliance with this request of the desolate widow of England involved, it was frankly granted by the gay, careless regent, in the name of his young sovereign. Thus the stately palace of the Valois and Bourbon monarchs of France continued to afford a shelter and a home to the noble British emigrants who had shared the ruined fortunes of the royal Stuarts. There they remained, they and their families, even to the third generation undisturbed, a little British world, in that Hampton Court on the banks of the Seine, surrounded by an atmosphere of sympathy and veneration, till the revolution of France drove them from their shelter.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The particulars are preserved among the Archives of France in the Hotel de Soubise.

<sup>2</sup> The countess of Middleton survived her royal mistress eight-and-twenty years. She lived long enough to exult, in her ninety-seventh year, in the news of the triumphant entrance of the grandson of James II. and Mary Beatrice, Charles Edward Stuart, into Edinburgh in 1745, and died in the fond delusion that a new restoration of the royal Stuarts was about to take place in England. This lady was the daughter of an earl of Cardigan.

Till that period, the chamber, in which Mary Beatrice of Modena died, was scrupulously kept in the same state in which it was wont to be during her life. Her toilette-table, with its costly plate and ornaments, the gift of Louis XIV., was set out daily, as if for her use, with the four wax candles in the gilt candlesticks ready to light, just as if her return had been expected. Such at least are the traditionary recollections of the oldest inhabitants of the town of St. Germain, relics, themselves, of a race almost as much forgotten in the land as the former Jacobite tenants of the royal chateau.

A time-honoured lady, who derives her descent from some of the noble emigrants who shared the exile of James II. and his consort, has favoured me with the following particulars in corroboration of the French traditions of the palace of the royal Stuarts:—

“I was a very young girl,” writes her ladyship, “when I saw the castle of St. Germain; there were apartments there still occupied by the descendants of king James’s household. Among these were my father’s aunt, Miss Plowden,”—no other, gentle reader, than that ‘petite Louison’ whose childish burst of grief and disappointment at not seeing her mother among the ladies in attendance on the queen, moved her majesty’s kind heart to pity the poor child—“niece to the earl of Stafford, and my mother’s aunt, also an old maiden lady, sister to my grandfather, lord Dillon. The state-rooms were kept up, and I remember being struck with the splendour of the silver ornaments on the toilet of the queen. At the French revolution, all was plundered and destroyed.”

An original portrait of Mary Beatrice, probably the last that was ever painted of her, is one of the few relics of the royal plunder that has been traced, authenticated, and preserved. It is now in the collection of James Smith, Esq., of St. Germain, and is a highly interesting and curious memorial of this unfortunate queen. Its value is not as a work of art, but as affording a faithful representation of Mary Beatrice of Modena in her last utter loneliness.

She is in her widow’s dress, sitting by the urn which enshrines her husband’s heart; she points to it with a mournful air. A large black crape veil is thrown over her head, according to the fashion of the royal widows of France, one corner forming a point on the forehead, and the rest of the drapery falling like a mantle over the shoulders nearly to the ground. Her robes are of some heavy mourning stuff, with hanging sleeves, which are turned back with white lawn weepers, and display the hands and arms a little above the wrist. She wears the round white lawn tippet, which then formed part of the widow’s costume, and about her throat a single row of large round pearls, from which depends a cross. Her hair is shown from beneath the veil: it has lost its jetty hue, so have her eyebrows; and though decided vestiges of beauty may still be traced in the majestic outline of her face, it is of a different character from that which Lely and Kneller painted, and Waller, Dryden, and Granville, sang. A milder, a more subdued expression, marks the features of the fallen queen, the desolate widow, and bereaved mother, who had had so often cause to say with the Psalmist, “Thine in-

dignation lieth hard upon me. Thou hast vexed me with all thy storms." But the chastening had been given in love, the afflictions had been sent in mercy; religion and the sweet uses of adversity had done their work; every natural alloy of pride, of vanity, and impatience, had been purified from the character of this princess. There is something more lovely than youth, more pleasing than beauty, in the divine placidity of her countenance, as she sits in her sable weeds by that urn, a mourner, but not without hope, for the book of holy writ lies near, as well it might, for it was her daily study. It was the fountain of consolation whence Mary Beatrice of Modena drew the sweetness that enabled her to drink the bitter waters of this world's cares with meekness, and to repeat, under every fresh trial that was decreed her,

"It is the Lord, he is the Master, and his holy name be for ever blessed and praised."<sup>1</sup>

The life of the unfortunate widow of James II. can scarcely conclude more appropriately, than with the following characteristic quotation from one of her letters, without date, but evidently written when the cause of her son was regarded, even by themselves, as hopeless:

"Truth to tell, there remains to us at present neither hope nor human resource from which we can derive comfort of any kind whatsoever, so that, according to the world, our condition may be pronounced desperate; but, according to God, we ought to believe ourselves happy, and bless and praise Him, for having driven us to the wholesome necessity of putting our whole trust in Him alone, so that we might be able to say—

*'Et nunquam est expectatio mea! Nomen dominius.*  
Oh, blessed reliance! Oh, resource infallible.'"<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> MS. Lettres de la Reine d'Angleterre, Veuve de Jacques II., in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

<sup>2</sup> Inedited Letter of Mary Beatrice of Modena, to Françoise Angélique Priola. Chaillot Collection, in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

## MARY II.<sup>1</sup>

### QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

#### CHAPTER I.

Love-match of queen Mary's parents—James, duke of York (James II.), and Anne Hyde—Its unpopularity—Birth of lady Mary of York (queen Mary II.)—Nursery at Twickenham palace—Fondness of her father, the duke of York—He plays with her before Pepys—Birth of lady Anne of York (queen Anne)—Duke takes his infants to York—Lady Anne's voracity and obesity—Sent to France to recover—Education at Richmond—Governess of the princesses—Their mother, Anne, duchess of York, dies a Roman catholic—Their father professes the same faith—His unpopularity—Marries Mary Beatrice of Modena—The education of his daughters taken from him—They are educated in the tenets of the church of England—Richmond palace—Preceptor, tutors, and chaplain—Favourite playfellow of Lady Anne—Introduction of the princesses to court—Their masques, &c.—Confirmation of Mary—Remonstrances of her tutor on her Sunday card-playing—Marriage projects for Mary—Hopes of England for the prince of Orange (William III.)—Previous life of the prince—Mary refused by him—Treaty renewed by him—He arrives as her suitor—Diplomatic negotiations—Marriage determined—Mary informed by her father—Her agony of mind—Incidents of her marriage with the prince of Orange—Disinherited by the birth of a brother—Illness of lady Anne with small-pox—The princess of Orange forbidden to see her—Fears of infection—Interview between the princess and Dr. Lake—Her continual grief—Lady Anne's sick-chamber—Danger—Princess of Orange will stay at St. James's—Anger of her husband—Farewell to the queen and departure of the princess and prince of Orange—They land at Sheerness—Adventures at Canterbury—Their first acquaintance with Dr. Tillotson—They re-embark—Voyage to Holland—The attendants of the princess—Her husband admires Elizabeth Villiers—Reception in Holland—Pageants and rejoicings, &c. &c.

THE personal life of Mary II. is the least known of all English queen-regnants. Long lapses of from seven to ten years occur between the three political crises where her name appears in the history of her era. Mary is only mentioned therein at her marriage, her proclamation, and her death. Surely the current events in the career of an English born princess, one who ascended the throne of the island realms, who was withal the daughter of an Englishman and an Englishwoman, ought not to rest in obscurity. It has been the earnest object of the author of the following pages that they should no longer thus remain. Thanks to the memorials of three divines of our church, being those of her tutor, Dr. Lake, and of her chaplains, Dr. Hooper, dean of Canterbury, and of Dr. Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells, many interesting particulars

<sup>1</sup>For the purpose of preventing repetition, the events of the life of her sister Anne whilst she was princess, are interwoven with this biography.

of Mary II. before she left England, and of the first seven years of her married life in Holland are really extant. These clergymen were successively domesticated with Mary for years in her youth, and chiefly from their evidence, and as far as possible, in their very words, have these chasms in her biography been supplied.

Mary II. owed her existence to the romantic love-match of James, duke of York, with her mother, Anne Hyde, daughter of lord-chancellor Clarendon. The extraordinary particulars of this marriage have been detailed in the biography of Mary's royal grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria. The father of Mary had made great sacrifices in keeping his plighted word to her mother; besides the utter renunciation of fortune and royal alliance, he displeased the lower and middle classes of England, who have a peculiar dislike to see persons raised much above their original station; the profligates of the court sneered exceedingly at the heir of three crowns paying the least regard to the anguish of a woman, while politicians of every party beheld with scornful astonishment so unprincipally a phenomenon as disinterested affection. All this contempt the second son of Charles I. thought fit to brave, rather than break his trothplight with the woman his heart had elected; neither could he endure the thought of bringing shame and sorrow on the grey hairs of a faithful friend like Clarendon.

The lady Mary of York, as she was called in early life, was born at St. James's palace, April 30, 1662, at a time when public attention was much occupied by the fêtes and rejoicings for the arrival of the bride of her uncle, king Charles II. Although the duke of York was heir-presumptive to the throne of Great Britain, few persons attached any importance to the existence of his daughter: for the people looked forward to heirs from the marriage of Charles II. with Catherine of Braganza, and expected, moreover, that the claims of the young princess would be soon superseded by those of sons. She was named Mary, in memory of her aunt the princess of Orange, and of her ancestress, Mary queen of Scots, and was baptized according to the rites of the church of England, in the chapel of St. James's palace; her godfather was her father's friend and kinsman, the celebrated prince Rupert;<sup>1</sup> her godmothers were the duchesses of Ormond and Buckingham. Soon afterwards, she was taken from St. James's to a nursery which was established for her in the household of her illustrious grandfather, the earl of Clarendon, at the ancient dower palace of the queens of England at Twickenham, a lease of which had been granted to him from the crown.<sup>2</sup> In the course of fifteen months, Mary's brother, James, duke of Cambridge, was born, an event which barred her in her infancy from any very near proximity to the succession of the crown.

The lady Mary was a beautiful and engaging child. She was loved by the duke of York with that absorbing passion which is often felt by fathers for a first-born daughter. Sometimes she was brought from her

<sup>1</sup> Life of Mary II., 1795.—Published by Daniel Dring, of the Harrow Fleet street, near Chancery Lane.

<sup>2</sup> Clarendon's Life.

grandfather's house at Twickenham to see her parents, and on these occasions the duke of York could not spare her from his arms, even while he transacted the naval affairs of his country, as lord high-admiral. Once, when the little lady Mary was scarcely two years old, Pepys was witness of the duke of York's paternal fondness for her, which he commemorates by one of his odd notations, saying, "I was on business with the duke of York, and with great pleasure saw him play with his little girl just like an ordinary private father of a child."<sup>1</sup> It was at this period of her infant life that a beautiful picture was painted of the lady Mary, being a miniature, in oils on board, of the highest finish, representing her at whole length, holding a black rabbit in her arms. The resemblance to her adult portraits is strikingly apparent. As a work of art this little painting is a gem of the first water, by the Flemish painter, Nechtscher, who was patronised by James duke of York, and painted portraits of his infant children, by his consort, Anne Hyde.

The birth of her sister the lady Anne of York took place on February 6, 1664-5, at St. James's palace. The children of James duke of York were at that time considered with increasing interest by the public, since their uncle, Charles II., had been married nearly three years without heirs, therefore the succession of the royal line, it was supposed, would be continued by the family of his brother. Lady Mary of York, not then three years old, stood sponsor for her infant sister; the heiress of Buccleuch, recently married to the duke of Monmouth, (illegitimate son of Charles II.) was the other godmother. Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury, was godfather to the infant, who received her mother's name of Anne. She was afterwards queen-regnant of Great Britain.

The father of these sisters was at this epoch the idol of the British nation. After he had returned from his first great victory off Lowestoff and Solebay in 1665, he found that the awful pestilence called the Great Plague had extended its ravages from the metropolis to the nursery of his children at Twickenham, where several of the servants of his father-in-law had recently expired.<sup>2</sup> The duke hurried his wife and infants to the purer air of the north, and fixed his residence at York. From that city he found it was easy to visit the fleet, which was cruising off the north-east coast, to watch the proceedings of the Dutch. The duchess of York and her children lived in great splendour and happiness in the north, and remained there after the duke was summoned by the king to the parliament, which was forced to assemble that year at Oxford.

The excessive fondness of the duchess of York for her youngest daughter caused her to be perniciously indulged. The only fault of the duchess was an inordinate love of eating, and the same propensity developed itself in both her daughters. The duchess encouraged it in the little lady Anne, who used to sup with her on chocolate and devour good things, till she grew as round as a ball.<sup>3</sup> Probably, these proceedings were unknown to the duke of York, who was moderate, and even

<sup>1</sup> Pepy's Diary, vol. ii. p. 215. 8vo.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Clarendon's Life, vol. ii.

<sup>3</sup> *Duchess of Marlborough's Conduct*

abstemious, at the table.<sup>1</sup> When the health of the child was seriously impaired, she was sent to the coast of France to recover it. After being absent about eight months, she returned in robust health, but till the time of her mother's death, she was too often pampered into gluttony.<sup>2</sup>

The incursions of the plague seem to have broken up the nursery establishment at Twickenham; and the remains of the old palace at Richmond, where queen Elizabeth died, were put in repair for the residence of the children of the duke of York while their education proceeded. Lady Frances, the daughter of the earl of Suffolk, and wife to sir Edward Villiers, received the appointment of governess of lady Mary of York; she was given a lease of Richmond palace, and established herself there with her charge, and with a numerous tribe of daughters of her own.<sup>3</sup> Six girls, children of lady Villiers, were brought up there with the lady Mary and the lady Anne, future queens of Great Britain. Elizabeth Villiers, the eldest daughter of the governess, afterwards became the bane of Mary's wedded life, but she was thus, in the first dawn of existence, her school-fellow and companion, although four or five years older than the princess. The whole of the Villiers' sisterhood clung through life to places in the households of one or other of the princesses; they formed a family compact of formidable strength, whose energies were not always exercised for the benefit of their royal benefactresses.

The duchess of York had acknowledged by letter to her father, the earl of Clarendon, then in exile, that she was by conviction a Roman catholic, which added greatly to the troubles of her venerable parent, who wrote her a long letter on the superior purity of the reformed catholic church of England, and exhorted her to conceal her partiality to the Roman ritual, or her children would be taken from her, and she would be debarred from having any concern in their education. The duchess of York was, at that time, drooping into the grave; she never had been well since the birth of her son Edgar in 1666, who survived her about a year. The duke of York had revived this Saxon name in the royal family in remembrance of Edgar, king of Scotland, the son of St. Margaret and Malcolm Canmore; likewise he wished to recal the memory of Edgar the Great, who styled himself monarch of the British seas.<sup>4</sup>

In her last moments, the duchess of York received the sacrament, according to the rites of the Roman church, with her husband, and a confidential gentleman of his, M. Dupuy, and a lady of her bedchamber, of the same religion, Lady Cranmer. It is singular, that the second appearance of the name of Cranmer in history should be in such a scene. Before this secret congregation, the duchess of York renounced the religion of her youth, and was prepared for death by father Hunt, a Franciscan. "She prepared to die," says her husband,<sup>5</sup> "with the greatest

<sup>1</sup> Roger Coke's Detection.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> History of Surrey, (Richmond), Collins's Peerage.

<sup>4</sup> Autograph Memoirs of James II. Macpherson's Appendix, vol. i. p. 56.

<sup>5</sup> Memoirs of James II., edited by the Rev. Stanier Clarke.

devotion and resignation; her sole request to him was that he would not leave her till she expired, without any of her old friends of the church of England came, and then that he would go and tell them she had communicated with the church of Rome, that she might not be disturbed with controversy." Soon after, bishop Blandford came, and the duke left the bedside of his dying partner, and explained to the bishop that she had conformed to the Roman-catholic church. The bishop requested leave to see her, and promised not to dispute with her, but to read to her a pious exhortation, in which a Christian of either church might join; the duke permitted this, and the duchess joined in prayer with him, and soon after expired in the arms of her husband, at the palace of St. James, March 31st, 1671.<sup>1</sup>

The duchess of York was interred with the greatest solemnity in Henry VII.'s chapel, most of the nobility attending her obsequies. Her obituary is thus oddly discussed by a biographer of her husband.<sup>2</sup> "She was a lady of great virtue in the main; it was her misfortune rather than any crime that she had an extraordinary stomach; but much more than that, that she forsook the true religion."

No mention is made of any attendance of her daughters by the bedside of the dying duchess of York. The duke of York had been very ill since the death of his sister, the duchess of Orleans, the preceding May; he believed himself in a decline, and had passed the summer with the duchess and their children, at Richmond. The mysterious rites of the Romish communion round the death-bed of the mother had, perhaps, prevented her from seeing the little princesses and their train of prying attendants. The duchess left a baby only six weeks old, lady Catharine; duke Edgar, the heir of England, of the age of five years; both these little ones died in the ensuing twelvemonth. The lady Mary and the lady Anne, who reached maturity, were, when they lost their mother, the one nine and the other six years old. Whilst their mother survived, neither of these ladies had any very great prospect of becoming queens, for they usually saw young brothers in the nursery, of the ages from two to four years old. The death of the duchess of York was the signal for the friends of the duke to importune him to marry again. He replied, "that he should obey his brother if it was thought absolutely needful, but should take no steps on his own account towards marriage."

The approximation of the daughters of the duke to the British throne, even after the death of their brother Edgar, duke of Cambridge, was by no means considered in an important light, because the marriage of their father with some young princess was anticipated. Great troubles, nevertheless, seemed to surround the future prospects of their father, for, soon after the death of their mother, he was suspected of being a convert to the religion she died in. All his services in naval govern-

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Blandford has been greatly blamed for his liberality, but he acted rightly; for by seeing and praying with the dying duchess of York, he satisfied himself that she exercised her free will in respect to the religion she had chosen.

<sup>2</sup> Life of James II. 1702, p. 15.



ment, his inventions, his merits as a founder of colonies, and his victories won in person as an admiral, could not moderate the fierce abhorrence with which he was then pursued. His marriage with a catholic princess, which took place rather more than two years afterwards, completed his unpopularity. Mary Beatrice of Modena, the new duchess of York, was but four years older than the lady Mary Stuart. When the duke of York went to Richmond palace, and announced his marriage to his daughters, he added, "I have provided you a play-fellow."<sup>1</sup>

The education of the lady Mary and the lady Anne, of York, was, at this time, taken from their father's control by their uncle, Charles II. Alarmed by his brother's bias to the Roman-catholic religion, the king strove to counteract the injury that was likely to accrue to his family, by choosing for them a preceptor who had made himself remarkable by his attacks on popery. This was Henry Compton, bishop of London, who had forsaken the profession of a soldier, and assumed the clergyman's gown, at the age of thirty—the great loyalty of his family procured him rapid advancement in the church. The tendency of the duke of York to the Roman-catholic tenets, had been suspected by the world; and Henry Compton, by outdoing every other bishop, in his violence against him, not only atoned for his own want of education, in the minds of his countrymen, but gave him dominion over the children of the man he hated.<sup>2</sup> A feud, in fact, subsisted between the house of Compton and the duke of York, on account of the happiness of one of the bishop's brothers being seriously compromised by the preference Anne Hyde gave to the duke.<sup>3</sup> As to the office of preceptor, bishop Henry Compton possessing far less learning than soldiers of rank in general, it was not very likely that the princesses educated under his care would rival the daughters or nieces of Henry VIII. in their attainments. The lady Mary and the lady Anne Stuart either studied, or let it alone, just as suited their inclinations. It suited those of the lady Anne to let it alone, for she grew up in a state of utter ignorance. There are few housemaids at the present day, whose progress in the common business of reading and writing is not more respectable. Her spelling is not in the antiquated style of the seventeenth century, but in that style, lashed by her contemporary Swift, as peculiar to the ladies of his day:

"Here in beau spelling *tru tel deth*."

The construction of her letters and notes is vague and vulgar, as will be seen hereafter. The mind of her eldest sister was of a much higher cast, for the lady Mary had been long under the paternal care; her father, the duke of York, and her mother, Anne Hyde, both possessed literary abilities, and her grandfather, lord Clarendon, with whom her childhood was domesticated, takes high rank among the classics of his country. Mary, when an infant, met with more encouragement in her tendency to study in the domestic circle of her nearest relations, than

<sup>1</sup> Letters of lady Rachel Russell.

<sup>2</sup> Memoirs of the earl of Peterborough.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Lake's MS.

from her ignorant preceptor, or a governess, whose name and memory is connected with nothing but mischief-making.<sup>1</sup>

The French tutor of the princess was Peter de Laine; he has left honourable testimony to the docility and application of the lady Mary, his elder pupil; he declares, that she was a perfect mistress of the French language, and that all those who had been honoured with any share in her education found their labours very light, as she possessed aptitude and faithfulness of memory, and ever showed obliging readiness in complying with their advice. His observation regarding her knowledge of French is correct; her French notes are far superior in diction to her English letters, although in these latter very charming passages occasionally occur. Mary's instructors in drawing were two noted little people, being master and mistress Gibson, the married dwarfs of her grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria, whose wedding is so playfully celebrated by Waller.<sup>2</sup> The Gibsons likewise taught the lady Anne to draw; it has been said, that these princesses had that taste for the fine arts, which seems inherent to every individual of the house of Stuart; but the miserable decadence of painting in their reigns does not corroborate such praise.

From the time of their mother's death, the ladies Mary and Anne were domesticated at Richmond palace with their governess, lady Francis Villiers, her daughters, and with their assistant-tutors and chaplains, Dr. Lake and Dr. Doughty; their offices appear to have been limited to religious instruction. If these divines were not employed in imparting the worldly learning they possessed to their pupils, they, at least, did their utmost to imbue their minds with a strong bias towards the ritual of the church of England, according to its practical discipline in the seventeenth century. Every feast, fast, or saint's day in the Common Prayer Book was carefully observed, and Lent kept with catholic rigidity. Lady Mary was greatly beloved, before she left England, by the clergy of the old school of English divinity. There was one day in the year which the whole family of the duke of York always observed as one of deep sorrow. On the 30th of January, he and his children and his household assumed the garb of funereal black; they passed the day in fasting and tears, in prayer and mourning, in remembrance of the death of Charles I.<sup>3</sup>

The lady Mary of York was devotedly attached to a young lady who had been her play-fellow in infancy, Anne Trelawney. The lady Anne, likewise, had a play-fellow, for whom she formed an affection so strong,

<sup>1</sup> Life of queen Mary II. 1695.

<sup>2</sup> Granger's Biography, vol. iv. p. 119, to which we must add, that the dwarfs of Charles I.'s court, contrary to custom, were good for something. Gibson and his wife were among the best English-born artists of their era. He was just three feet six inches in height; she was a dwarfess of the same proportion. This little couple had nine good-sized children, and having weathered the storms of civil war, lived happily together to old age. Little mistress Gibson was nearly a centenarian when she died.

<sup>3</sup> Despatches of d'Avaux, ambassador from France to Holland, corroborated by Pepys, who mentions "that his master, the duke of York, declined all business or pleasure on that day."

that it powerfully influenced her future destiny. The name of this girl was Sarah Jennings; her elder sister, Frances, had been one of the maids of honour of Anne, duchess of York, and had married a cadet of the noble house of Hamilton. If the assertion of Sarah herself may be believed, her father was the son of an impoverished cavalier-baronet, and, therefore, a gentleman; yet her nearest female relative on the father's side was of the rank of a servant maid.<sup>1</sup> It is a mystery who first introduced the fair Frances Jennings to court; as for the younger sister, Sarah, she was introduced to her highness, the little lady Anne of York, by Mrs. Cornwallis,<sup>2</sup> the best beloved lady of that princess. The mother of Frances and Sarah Jennings was possessed of an estate sufficiently large, at Sundridge, near St. Albans, to make her daughters looked upon as co-heiresses; her name is always mentioned with peculiar disrespect, when it occurs in the gossiping memoirs of that day.<sup>3</sup> Sarah herself, when taunting her descendants in after-life, "affirms that she raised them out of the dirt;" she was born at a small house at Holywell, near St. Albans, on the very day of Charles II.'s Restoration, 1680, consequently, she was four years older than the lady Anne of York; by her own account, she used to play with her highness, and amuse her in her infancy, and thus fixed an empire over her mind from childhood.

The princess Mary once told Sarah Churchill<sup>4</sup> a little anecdote of their girlhood, which they both agreed was illustrative of her sister Anne's character. The princesses were, in the days of their tutelage, walking together in Richmond-park, when a dispute arose between them—whether an object they beheld at a great distance was a man or a tree. The lady Mary being of the former opinion, the lady Anne of the latter. At last they came nearer, and lady Mary, supposing her sister must be convinced it was according to her view, cried out, "Now, Anne, you must be certain what the object is?" But lady Anne turned away, and persisting in what she had once declared, cried, "No, sister, I still think it is a tree." The anecdote was told by Sarah Churchill long years afterwards for the purpose of depreciating the character of her royal friend, as an instance of imbecile obstinacy, that refused acknowledgment of

<sup>1</sup> Abigail Hill; see the Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Dartmouth; Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. i. p. 89.

<sup>3</sup> Some stigma connected with fortune-telling and divination was attached to the mother of these fortunate beauties, Frances and Sarah Jennings. Count Anthony Hamilton, whilst doing justice to the virtues and goodness of her eldest daughter Frances, who had married into his own illustrious house, notices that "she did not learn her good conduct of her mother," and that this woman was not allowed to approach the court on account of her infamous character, although she had laid Charles II. under some mysterious obligation. As to the father of Sarah and Frances Jennings, no trace can be found of him in history, without he is the same major Jennings whose woeful story is attested in Salmon's Examination of Burnet's History, p. 533: how major Jennings, left bleeding and senseless among the slain at Langford, near Salop, was stabbed in cold blood by a Roundhead officer and cruelly treated by the common soldiers at the instigation of Baxter, the nonconformist minister and author, who was incensed at finding round this cavalier's neck a medal of Charles I.

<sup>4</sup> Cox MSS., vol. xlv., folios 90-92. Inedited letter of the duchess of Marlborough to sir David Hamilton.

error on conviction. But, after all, candour might suggest that the focus of vision in one sister had more extensive range than the other — that Mary was long-sighted, and Anne near-sighted. Indeed, the state of suffering from ophthalmia which the lady Anne endured in her childhood, gives probability to the more charitable supposition.

The first introduction of the royal sisters to court was by their performance of a ballet, written for them by the poet Crowne, called "*Calista, or the Chaste Nymph*," acted December 2, 1674. While they were in course of rehearsal for this performance, Mrs. Betterton, the principal actress at the king's theatre, was permitted to train and instruct them in carriage and utterance.<sup>1</sup> Although such an instructress was not very desirable for girls of the age of the lady Mary and the lady Anne, they derived from her lessons the important accomplishment for which both were distinguished when queens, of pronouncing answers to addresses or speeches from the throne in a distinct and clear voice, with sweetness of intonation and grace of enunciation. The ballet was remarkable for the future historical note of the performers. The lady Mary of York took the part of the heroine, *Calista*; her sister, the lady Anne, that of *Nyphe*; while Sarah Jennings (afterwards duchess of Marlborough), acted *Mercury*; lady Harriet Wentworth, whose name was afterwards so lamentably connected with that of the duke of Monmouth, performed *Jupiter*. Monmouth himself danced in the ballet. *Henrietta Blague*,<sup>2</sup> a beautiful and virtuous maid of honour, afterwards the wife of lord Godolphin, (the friend of Evelyn,) performed the part of *Diana*, in a dress covered with stars of splendid diamonds. The epilogue was written by Dryden, and addressed to Charles II.; in the course of it, he thus compliments the royal sisters:

"Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,  
Whose morning rays like noontide strike and shine,  
Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,  
To bind your friends and to disarm your foes."<sup>3</sup>

The lady Anne of York soon after acted *Semandra* in Lee's *Mithridate*; it was a part by no means advantageous to be studied by the young princess; her grandmother, *Henrietta Maria*, and her ancestress, *Anne of Denmark*, were more fortunate in the beautiful masques written for them by Ben Jonson, Daniel, and Fletcher. The impassioned lines of Lee, in his high-flown tragedies, had been more justly liable to the censures of master Prynne's furious pen. Mrs. Betterton instructed the princess in the part of *Semandra*, and her husband taught the young noblemen

<sup>1</sup> Colley Cibber's *Apology*; he says, queen Mary allowed this actress a pension during her reign.

<sup>2</sup> This young lady had the misfortune to lose a diamond worth 80*l.* belonging to the countess of Suffolk, which the duke of York (seeing her distress) very kindly made good. (*Evelyn's Diary*.)

<sup>3</sup> Life of Dryden, by sir Walter Scott, who mentioning the verbal mistake in which Merrick quoted the line—

"Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,"

says, "that as the glorious nymphs supplanted their father, the blunder proved an emendation on the original."

who took parts in the play. Anne, after she ascended the throne, allowed Mrs. Betterton a pension of £100 per annum, in gratitude for the services she rendered her in the art of elocution.<sup>1</sup>

Compton, bishop of London, thought that confirmation, according to the church of England, preparatory to the first communion, was quite as needful to his young charges as this early introduction to the great world and the pomps and vanities thereof. He signified the same to the duke of York, and asked his leave to confirm the lady Mary when she was fourteen. The duke replied, "The reason I have not instructed my daughters in my own religion, is because they would have been taken from me; therefore, as I cannot communicate with them myself, I am against their receiving."<sup>2</sup> He, however, desired the bishop "to tell the king, his brother, what had passed, and to obey his orders." The king ordered his eldest niece to be confirmed, which was done by the bishop, their preceptor, in state, at Whitehall Chapel,<sup>3</sup> to the great satisfaction of the people of England, who were naturally alarmed regarding the religious tendencies of the princesses.

Both the royal sisters possessed attractions of person, though of a very different character. The lady Mary of York was in person a Stuart; she was tall, slender, and graceful, with a clear complexion, almond shaped dark eyes, dark hair, and an elegant outline of features. The lady Anne of York resembled the Hydes, and had the round face and full form of her mother, and the lord chancellor Clarendon. In her youth, she was a pretty rosy Hebe. Her hair, a dark chesnut-brown; her complexion, sanguine and ruddy; her face, round and comely; her features, strong and regular. The only blemish in her face, was that of a defluxion which had fallen on her eyes in her childhood—had contracted the lids, and given a cloudiness to her countenance. Her bones were very small, her hands and arms most beautiful. She had a good ear for music, and performed well on the guitar,<sup>4</sup> an instrument much in vogue in the reign of her uncle, Charles II. The disease which had fallen on her eyes, seems to have given the lady Anne a full immunity from a necessity of acquiring knowledge. She never willingly opened a book, but was an early proficient at cards and gossiping. Sarah Jennings had been settled in some office suitable for a young girl, in the court of the young duchess of York, and was inseparable from the lady Anne.<sup>5</sup>

King Charles II. thought proper to introduce his nieces to the city of London, and took them in state, with his queen and their father, to dine at Guildhall, at the lord mayor's feast, 1675. They were at this time completely out, or introduced into public life, and the ill effects of such introduction began to show itself in the conduct of lady Mary. Like her sister Anne, she became a constant card-player, and, not content with devoting her evenings in the week days to this dangerous diversion,

<sup>1</sup> Langhorne's Drama, p. 2, edition, 1691.    <sup>2</sup> Autograph Memoirs of James II.

<sup>3</sup> Roger Coke's Detection. The chapel belonging to Whitehall Palace destroyed by fire

<sup>4</sup> Tindal's continuation of Rapin, p. 307.

<sup>5</sup> Conduct of Sarah duchess of Marlborough.

she played at cards on the Sabbath. Her tutor, Dr. Lake, being in her closet with her, led the conversation to this subject, which gave him pain, and he was, moreover, apprehensive lest it should offend the people. Lady Mary asked him, "what he thought of it?" His answer will be thought, in these times, far too lenient. "I told her," he says, "I could not say it was *sin* to do so, but it was not expedient; and I advised her highness *not* to do it, for fear of giving offence. Nor did she play at cards on Sunday nights," he adds, "while she continued in England."<sup>1</sup> Her tutor had not denounced the detestable habit of gambling on Sabbath nights in terms sufficiently strong to prevent a relapse; for he afterwards deplored piteously that the lady Mary renewed her Sunday card parties in Holland. It was a noxious sin, and he ought plainly to have told her so. He could have done his duty to his pupil without having the fear of royalty before his eyes, for neither the king nor the duke of York, her father, were gamblers.<sup>2</sup> Most likely, Dr. Lake was afraid of the ladies about the princesses, for the English court, since the time of Henry VIII., had been infamous for the devotion of both sexes to the sin of gambling. The lady Anne of York is described by her companion, Sarah Jennings (when, in after-life, she was duchess of Marlborough), as a little card-playing automaton, and this vile manner of passing her Sabbath evenings proves that the same corruption had entered the soul of her superior sister.

When the lady Mary attained her fifteenth year, projects for her marriage began to agitate the thoughts of her father and the councils of her uncle. The duke of York hoped to give her to the dauphin, son of his friend and kinsman, Louis XIV. Charles II. and the people of England destined her hand to her first-cousin, William Henry, prince of Orange, son of the late stadtholder, William II., and Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I. The disastrous circumstances which rendered this prince fatherless before he was born, have been mentioned in the life of his grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria.

William of Orange (afterwards William III., elected king of Great Britain) came prematurely into this world in the first hours of his mother's excessive anguish for the loss of her husband. She was surrounded by the deepest symbols of woe, for the room in which William was born was hung with black; the cradle that was to receive him was black, even to the rockers. At the moment of his birth the candles were suddenly extinguished, and the room was left in the most profound darkness. Such was the description of one Mrs. Tanner, the princess of Orange's *sage-femme*, or midwife, who added the following marvellous tale, "that she plainly saw three circles of light over the new-born prince's head, which she supposed meant the three crowns which he afterwards attained."<sup>3</sup> No jealousy was felt on account of this prediction by his uncles, the expatriated heirs of Great Britain. James, duke

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Lake's Diary, January 9th, 1677, in manuscript; for the use of which we have to renew our acknowledgments to G. P. Eliot, Esq.

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs of Sheffield*, duke of Buckingham.

<sup>3</sup> Birch MS. 4460. Plut. Sampson Diary, written 1698, p. 71.

of York, mentions, in his memoirs, the posthumous birth of his nephew as a consolation for the grief he felt for the loss of the child's father.

The infant William of Orange was consigned to the care of Catharine lady Stanhope, who had accompanied queen Henrietta Maria to Holland, in the capacity of governess to the princess-royal, his mother. It was in lady Stanhope's apartments,<sup>1</sup> in the Palace in the Wood at the Hague, that young William was reared, and nursed during his sickly childhood, till he was ten years old. In after-life he spoke of her as his earliest friend. Her son Philip, earl of Chesterfield, was his playfellow.

More than one dangerous accident befel the Orange prince in his infancy. "You will hear," wrote his mother's aunt, the queen of Bohemia,<sup>2</sup> "what great peril my little nephew escaped yesterday, on the bridge at the princess of Orange's house; but, God be thanked, there was no hurt, only the coach broken. I took him into my coach, and brought him home." At the following Christmas, the queen of Bohemia wrote again, Jan. 10, 1654. "Yesterday was the naming of prince William's<sup>3</sup> child. I was invited to the supper, and my niece the princess of Orange. The little prince of Orange, her son, and prince Maurice, were the gossips. The States-general—I mean their deputies—the council of state, and myself and Louise, were the guests. My little nephew, the prince of Orange, was at the supper, and sat *verie* still all the time: those states that were there were *verie* much taken with him." Such praiseworthy Dutch gravity in a baby of two years old was, it seems, very attractive to their high mightinesses, the States deputies. These affectionate *mynheers* were of the minority in the senate belonging to the Orange party.

Notwithstanding the occasional visits of the deputies of the Dutch states, the prospects of the infant William were not very brilliant in his native land, for the republican party abolished the office of stadtholder whilst he was yet rocked in his sable cradle. It is true that the stadtholdership was elective, but it had been held from father to son since William I. had broken the cruel yoke of Spain from the necks of the Hollanders. The infant representative of this hero was, therefore, reduced to the patrimony derived from the Dutch magnate of Nassau, who had married a former princess of Orange, expatriated from her beautiful patrimony in the south of France. A powerful party in Holland still looked with deep interest on the last scion of their great deliverer, William, but they were, like his family, forced to remain oppressed and silent under the government of the republican, de Witt, while England was under the sway of his ally, Cromwell. The young prince of Orange had no guardian or protector but his mother, Mary of England, and his grandmother, the widow of Henry Frederick, prince of Orange, who resided in the old court, or dower palace, about two miles from the ancient state palace of the Hague.

<sup>1</sup> Letters of Philip earl of Chesterfield.

<sup>2</sup> Letters of the queen of Bohemia. Evelyn's Works, vol. iv. p. 144, and Memoirs of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, p. 47.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. p. 159, prince William of Nassau-Dietz, who had married the little prince's aunt Agnes Albertine.

When William of Orange was a boy of eight or nine years old, he still inhabited his mother's Palace of the Wood at the Hague, and without any very settled discipline of instruction, he passed his days in her salons with his governess, lady Stanhope, or playing with the maids of honour in the ante-chamber. A droll scene, in which he participated, is related by Elizabeth Charlotte, princess-palatine, afterwards duchess of Orleans. The queen of Bohemia, her grandmother,<sup>1</sup> with whom she was staying at the Hague, summoned her one day to pay a state visit to the princess of Orange and her son. The princess Sophia,<sup>2</sup> who lived then with the queen of Bohemia, her mother (not in the most prosperous circumstances, as she had made a love-match with a younger brother of the house of Hanover), took upon herself to prepare her little niece for her presentation to the princess of Orange, by saying, "Lisette (Elizabeth), take care that you are not as giddy as usual. Follow the queen, your grandmother, step by step, and at her departure, do not let her have to wait for you." This exhortation was not needless, for, by her own account, a more uncouth little savage than the high and mighty princess Elizabeth Charlotte, was never seen in a courtly drawing-room. She replied, "Oh, aunt, I mean to conduct myself very sagely." The princess of Orange was quite unknown to her, but she was on the most familiar terms with the young prince, William of Orange, with whom she had often played at the house of the queen of Bohemia. Before this pair of little cousins adjourned to renew their usual gambols, the young princess Elizabeth Charlotte did nothing but stare in the face of the princess of Orange; and as she could obtain no answer to her repeated questions of, "Who is that woman?" she at last pointed to her, and bawled to the young prince of Orange; "Tell me, pray, who is that woman with the furious long nose?" William burst out laughing, with impish glee, and replied; "That is my mother, the princess-royal."<sup>3</sup> Anne Hyde, one of the ladies of the princess, seeing the unfortunate little guest look greatly alarmed at the blunder she had committed, very good-naturedly came forward, and led her and the young prince of Orange into the bed-chamber of his mother. Here a most notable game of romps commenced between William and his cousin, who, before she began to play, intreated her kind conductress, mistress Anne Hyde,<sup>4</sup> to call her in time, when the queen, her grandmother, was about to depart. "We played at all sorts of games," continues Elizabeth Charlotte, "and the time flew very fast. William of Orange and I were

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Charlotte was the only daughter of Charles Louis, eldest son of the queen of Bohemia, daughter of our James I.

<sup>2</sup> The mother of George I., elector of Hanover, afterwards (as her representative) George I., king of Great Britain.

<sup>3</sup> The mother of William III. chose to retain the title of her birth-rank in preference to her husband's title.

<sup>4</sup> Elizabeth Charlotte spells the name Heyde, but it is plain that this amiable maid of honour who took pity on the *gaucherie* of the young princess, was the daughter of Clarendon, the future wife of James, duke of York, and the mother of two queens-regnant of Great Britain, for she was at that time in the service of the princess of Orange, or, as that princess chose to be called, princess royal of Great Britain.



rolling ourselves up in a Turkey carpet when I was summoned. Without losing an instant, up I jumped, and rushed into the salon. The queen of Bohemia was already in the ante-chamber. I had no time to lose: I twitched the princess-royal very hard by the robe to draw her attention, then sprang before her, and, having made her a very odd courtesy, I darted after the queen, my grandmother, whom I followed, step by step, to her coach, leaving every one in the presence-chamber in a roar of laughter, I knew not wherefore."

The death of the princess of Orange with the small-pox, in England, has already been mentioned; her young son was left an orphan at nine years of age, with no better protector than his grandmother, the dowager of Henry Frederick. The hopes of the young prince were dark and distant of anything like restoration to rank among the sovereign-princes of Europe: all rested on the good-will and affection of his uncles in England. On her death-bed, the princess of Orange solemnly left her orphan son to the guardianship of her brother, king Charles. Several letters exist in the state paper office, written in a round boyish hand, from William, confirming this choice, and entreating the fatherly protection of his royal uncles. There are likewise two from his grandmother on the same subject, and of condolence, for the loss of his mother, Mary, princess-royal, her daughter-in-law.<sup>1</sup>

The princess dowager has been praised for the education she gave her grandson, but it had not the least tendency to liberality or learning. He was in his youth economical, being nearly destitute of money; and he was abstinent from all expensive indulgences. He wrote an extraordinary hand of the Italian class of enormously large dimensions; his French letters, though brief, are worded with an elegance and courtesy which formed a contrast to the rudeness and dryness of his manners. He was a daily sufferer from ill-health, having, from his infancy, struggled with a cruel asthma, yet all his thoughts were set on war, and all his exercises tended to it. Notwithstanding his diminutive and weak form, which was not free from deformity, he rode well, and looked better on horseback than in any other position. He was a linguist by nature, not by study, and spoke several languages intelligibly. His earnest desire to regain his rank prompted him to centre all his studies in the art of war, because it was the office of the stadtholder to lead the army of Holland.

The prince of Orange spent the winter of 1670 in a friendly visit at the court of England, where he was received by his uncles with the utmost kindness, and it is said, that they, then and there, concerted with him some plans, which led to his subsequent restoration to the stadtholdership of Holland. William was nineteen, small and weak, and rather deformed. He seldom indulged in wine, but drank ale, or perhaps some schnaps of his native Hollands gin; he regularly went to bed at ten o'clock. Such a course of life was viewed indignantly by the riotous courtiers of Charles II., and they wickedly conspired to entice

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<sup>1</sup> These being mere formal state notes, we need not bore our readers with them.

the phlegmatic prince into drinking a quantity of champagne, which flew to his head, and made him more mad and mischievous than even Buckingham himself, who was at the head of the joke. Nothing could restrain the Orange prince from sallying out and breaking the windows of the apartments of the maids of honour, and he would have committed farther outrages, if his wicked tempters had not seized him by the wrists and ancles, and carried him struggling and raging to his apartments. They exulted much in this outbreak of a quiet and well-behaved prince, but the triumph was a sorry one at the best. Sir John Reresby, who relates the anecdote,<sup>1</sup> declares, "that such an exertion of spirit was likely to recommend the prince to the lady Mary:" it was certainly more likely to frighten a child of her age into fits. At that time he was considered as the future spouse of his young cousin. The prince left England in February, 1670.

The princess Elizabeth Charlotte declares, in her memoirs, "that she should not have objected to marry her cousin, William of Orange." Probably he was not so lovingly disposed towards his eccentric playfellow, for notwithstanding his own want of personal comeliness, this warlike modicum of humanity was vastly particular regarding the beauty, meekness, piety, and stately height of the lady to whom he aspired. None of these particulars were very pre-eminent in his early playfellow, who had, instead, wit at will, and that species of merry mischief called *espièglerie*, sufficient to have governed him and all his heavy Dutchmen to boot. She had, however, a different destiny,<sup>2</sup> as the mother of the second royal line of France, and William was left to fulfil the intention of his mother's family, by reserving his hand for a daughter of England.

Previously to this event, the massacre of the De Witts occurred. The pretence for which outrage was, that De Ruart of Putten, the elder brother, the pensionary or chief civil magistrate of the republic, had hired an apothecary to poison the prince of Orange;<sup>3</sup> the mob, infuriated by this delusion, tore the two unfortunate brothers to pieces, with circumstances of horror not to be penned here. Such was the leading event that ushered the prince of Orange into political life; whether William was guilty of conspiring the deaths of these his opponents, remains a mystery, but his enemies certainly invented a term of reproach derived from their murder, for whensoever he obtained the ends of his ambition by the outcry of a mob, it was said that the prince of Orange had "*De Witted*" his enemies.<sup>4</sup> Be that as it may, the De Witts, the sturdy upholders of the original constitution of their country, were massacred by means of the faction-cry of his name, if not by his con-

<sup>1</sup> Memoirs of Sir John Reresby.

<sup>2</sup> She is the direct ancestress of the king of the French, Louis Philippe.

<sup>3</sup> See the chapter entitled, "De Witt and his faction," (Sir William Temple, vol. ii., p. 245.) The reader should, however, notice that republicanism was the legitimate government in Holland, and that William of Orange, as an hereditary ruler there, was a usurper.

<sup>4</sup> This term is even used by modern authors: see Mackintosh's History of the Revolution, (p. 603.)

trivance; their deaths inspired the awe of personal fear in many, both in Holland and England, who did not altogether approve of the principles by which the hero of Nassau obtained his ends.

Europe had been long divided with the violent contest for superiority between the French and Spanish monarchies. Since the days of the mighty accession of empire and wealth by Charles V., the kings of France had rather unequally struggled against the powers of Spain, leagued with the empire of Germany.

The real points of difference between Louis XIV. and the prince of Orange, were wholly personal ones, and had nothing to do with either liberty or religion. William, who was excessively proud of his Provençal ancestry, was haunted with an idea more worthy of a poet than a Dutchman; being the restoration of his titular principality, the dominions from whence he derived his title, the golden Aurasia<sup>1</sup> of the south of France, seated on the Rhone. William demanded the restitution of the city of Orange, from Louis XIV. after it had been resigned by his ancestors for two centuries, and the title of Orange had been transplanted by the marriage of its heiress, among the fogs and frogs of the Low Countries. As William of Orange retained the title, and was the grandson of queen Henrietta Maria, and as such one of his nearest male relatives, Louis XIV. had no objection to receive him as a vassal-peer of France, and as a son withal, if he would have accepted the hand of his eldest illegitimate child, the fair daughter of the beautiful La Vallière, (who afterwards married the fourth prince of the blood-royal, Conti.) William refused the young lady, and the whole proposition, very rudely; and it is difficult to decide which of these two kinsmen cherished the more deadly rage of vengeful hatred against each other for the remainder of their lives.<sup>2</sup>

The first hint from an official person relative to the wedlock of Mary and William, occurs in a letter from sir William Temple to him. "The duke of York, your uncle," wrote this ambassador, "bade me assure your highness 'that he looked on your interest as his own, and if there was anything wherein you might use his services, you might be sure of it.' I replied, 'Pray, sir, remember there is nothing you except, and you do not know how far a young prince's desires may go; I will tell him what you say, and if there be occasion, be a witness of it.' The duke of York smiled, and said, 'Well, well, you may, for all that, tell him what I bid you.' Upon which I said, 'At least, I will tell the prince of Orange, that you smiled at my question, which is, I am sure, a great deal better than if you frowned.' I know," adds sir William to the prince of Orange, "that your highness will easily pardon me for entertaining you with these circumstances, but I will say no more of the kind unless you give me encouragement."<sup>3</sup>

No impartial person, conversant with the state-papers of the era, can doubt for a moment that the restoration of their nephew to his rights as

<sup>1</sup> From the yellow stone of which the Romans built this town, not from the growth of oranges.

<sup>2</sup> Dangeau and St. Simon's Memoirs.

<sup>3</sup> Sir William Temple's Letters, vol. iv. p. 22, Feb. 1674.

stadtholder, was a point which Charles II. and his brother never forgot, while they were contesting the sovereignty of the seas with the republican faction which then governed Holland. Sir William Temple clearly points out three things that Charles II. had at heart, and which he finally effected. First, for the Dutch fleets to own his supremacy in the narrow seas, by striking their flags to the smallest craft that bore the banner of England, which was done, and has been done ever since—thanks to the victories of his brother. “The matter of the flag was carried to all the height his majesty Charles II. could wish, and the acknowledgment of its dominion in the narrow seas allowed by treaty from the most powerful of our neighbours at sea, which had never yet been yielded by the weakest of them.”<sup>1</sup> The next, that his nephew William, who was at this period of his life regarded by Charles and James affectionately as if he were a cherished son, should be recognised not only as stadtholder,<sup>2</sup> but *hereditary* stadtholder, with succession to children. Directly this was done, Charles made a separate peace with Holland, with scarcely an apology to France.<sup>3</sup> Next it appears, by the same authority,<sup>4</sup> that king Charles II., poor as he was, remembered that England had never paid the portion stipulated with the princess-royal, his aunt; he now honourably paid it, not to the states of Holland, but insisted that it should be paid into the hands of her orphan son, his nephew, William of Orange, and this was done; and let those who doubt it, turn to the testimony of the man who effected it—sir William Temple.

After Charles had seen his bereaved and impoverished nephew firmly established as a sovereign prince, with his mother's dowry in his pocket to render him independent, he recalled all his subjects fighting under the banners of France,<sup>5</sup> and gave leave for the Dutch and their allies the Spaniards and their generalissimo, his nephew William, to enlist his subjects in their service against France. Great personal courage was certainly possessed by William of Orange, and personal courage, before the Moloch centuries gradually blended into the sweeter sway of Mammon, was considered tantamount to all other virtues. In one of the

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Temple's Letters, vol. i. p. 250, edition of MDCCCLVII.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. pp. 247, 252, 258, 261.

<sup>3</sup> In the Atlas Geographicus, vol. i. p. 811, “there is an abstract of the demands of the king of Great Britain in behalf of his nephew, after the last great battle of Solebay, gained by his uncle James duke of York. Article VI. “That the prince of Orange and his posterity shall henceforward enjoy the sovereignty of the United Provinces, that the prince and his heirs should forever enjoy the dignities of general, admiral, and stadtholder.” That this clause might entrench on the liberties of Holland, is undeniable, but at the same time it redeemed the promise made by Charles to his dying sister “regarding the restoration of her orphan son as stadtholder, with far greater power than his ancestors had ever enjoyed.” Nothing can be more diametrically opposite to truth than the perpetual assertion of the authors of the last century, that Charles II. and his brother oppressed their nephew, instead of being what they were, his indulgent benefactors.

<sup>4</sup> Temple's Memoirs, p. 251.

<sup>5</sup> Temple's Memoirs, p. 250. Party historians have taken advantage of these mercenaries fighting on both sides, to make the greatest confusion at this era.

bloody drawn battles, after the furious strife had commenced between Louis XIV. and Spain in the Low Countries, the prince of Orange received a musket-shot in the arm; his loving Dutchmen groaned and retreated, when their young general took off his hat with the wounded arm, and waving it about his head to show his arm was not broken, cheered them on to renew the charge. Another anecdote of William's conduct in the field is not quite so pleasant. In his lost battle of Mont Cassel, his best Dutch regiment pertinaciously retreated. The prince rallied, and led them to the charge, till they utterly fled, and carried him with them to the main body. The diminutive hero, however, fought both the French and his own Dutch in his unwilling transit. One great cowardly Dutchman he slashed in the face, exclaiming, "*Coquin je te marquerai au moins afin de te pendre.*" "Rascal! I will set a mark on thee, at least, that I may hang thee afterwards." This adventure leans from the perpendicular of the sublime somewhat to the ridiculous. It was an absurd cruelty, as well as an imprudent sally of venomous temper; there was no glory gained by slashing a man's face, who was too much of a poltroon not to demolish him on such provocation.<sup>1</sup>

Among the British subjects who studied the art of war under William, whilst that prince was generalissimo for Spain, was the renowned Graham of Claverhouse, who afterwards made his crown of Great Britain totter. At the bloody battle of Seneffe, Claverhouse saved the prince of Orange from death, or from what the prince would have liked less, captivity to Louis XIV. He rescued him from the French by a desperate charge, and sacrificing his own chance of retreat, placed the little man on his own swift and strong war-horse. Like his great-nephew, Frederick II. of Prussia, William of Orange sooner or later always manifested ungrateful hatred against those who saved his life. How William requited sir John Fenwick, who laid him under the same obligation the same day, or soon afterwards, is matter of history.<sup>2</sup> He, however, promised Claverhouse the command of the first regiment that should be vacant; but he broke his word, and gave it to the son of the earl of Portmore, subsequently one of his instruments in the Revolution. Claverhouse was indignant, and meeting his supplanter at Loo, he caned him. The prince of Orange told Claverhouse "that he had forfeited his right hand for striking any one within the verge of his palace." Claverhouse, in reply, undauntedly reproached him with his breach of promise. "I give you what is of more value to you than a regiment," said the prince, drily, "being your good right hand." "Your highness must likewise give me leave to serve elsewhere," returned Claverhouse. As he was departing, the prince of Orange sent him a purse of two hundred guineas, as the purchase of the good steed which had saved his life. Claverhouse ordered the horse to be led to the

<sup>1</sup> Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 399.

<sup>2</sup> Memoirs of captain Bernardi. It rests not only on his testimony, but seems a well-founded fact.

prince's stables, and tossed the contents of the purse among the Dutch grooms.<sup>1</sup>

Most persons suppose that William of Orange had to bide the ambitious attack of Louis XIV., in 1674, single-handed. A mistake: he was the general of all Europe combined against France, with the exception of Great Britain, who sat looking on, and very much in the right; seeing the Roman Catholic power of France contending with the ultra-papist states of Spain and Austria; the last championized, forsooth, by the young Orange protestant, whose repeated defeats, however, had placed Flanders (the usual European battle-ground) utterly at the mercy of Louis XIV.; for William of Orange, with more bravery than was needful, was not quite so great a general as he thought himself. His situation now became most interesting; for his own country was forthwith occupied by the victorious armies of France, and every one but himself gave him up for lost. Here his energetic firmness raises him at once to the rank of the hero, which he was, although he has received a greater share of hero-worship than we think his due. He was not an injured hero; he had provoked the storm, and he was fighting the battles of the most culpable of papist states. We have no space to enter into the detail of the heroic struggle maintained by the young stadtholder and his faithful Dutchmen; how they laid their country under water, and successfully kept the powerful invader at bay. Once the contest seemed utterly hopeless. William was advised to compromise the matter, and yield up Holland as the conquest of Louis XIV. "No," replied he, "I mean to die in the last ditch." A speech alone sufficient to render his memory immortal.

In the midst of the arduous war with France, just after the battle of Seneffe, William of Orange was seized with the same fatal disease which had destroyed both his father and his mother in the prime of their lives. The eruption refused to throw out, and he remained half dead. His physicians declared, that if some young, healthy person, who had not had the disease, would enter the bed, and hold the prince in his arms for some time, the animal warmth might cause the small-pox to throw out, and the hope of his country might be saved. This announcement produced the greatest consternation among the attendants of the prince; even those who had had the disease were terrified at encountering the infection in its most virulent state, for the physicians acknowledged that the experiment might be fatal. One of the pages of the prince of Orange, a young noble of the line of Bentinck, who was eminently handsome, resolved to venture his safety for the life of his master, and volunteered to be the subject of the experiment, which, when tried, was completely successful. Bentinck caught the disease, and narrowly escaped with life; for many years, he was William's favourite and prime minister.

Soon after William's recovery from this dangerous disease, his royal uncles, supposing the boyish thirst of combat in their nephew might possibly be assuaged by witnessing or perpetrating the slaughter of a hundred thousand men, (the victims of the contest between France and

<sup>1</sup> Memoirs of sir Ewen Cameron, published by the Maitland Club, pp. 274, 275.

Spain in four years,) gave him a hint that if he would pacify Europe, he should be rewarded by the hand of his cousin, the princess Mary. The prospect of his uncle James becoming the father of a numerous family of sons, probably prompted a rude rejection, with the reply, "he was not in a condition to think of a wife."<sup>1</sup> The duke of York was deeply hurt and angry<sup>2</sup> that any mention had been made of the pride and darling of his heart, his beautiful Mary, then in her fifteenth year; "though," continues Temple, "it was done only by my lord Ossory, and whether with any order from the king and duke, he best knew." Lord Ossory, the gallant son of Ormonde, the renowned ducal-cavalier, commanded the mercenary English troops before named. He was, of course, as little pleased as the insulted father at the slight cast on young Mary.

The Dutch prince experienced a change in the warmth of the letters which the father of the princess Mary had addressed to him, since the rude answer he had given to a very kind intent. It had, besides, been signified to him by Charles II., when he proposed a visit to England, "that he had better stay till invited." These intimations made the early wise politician understand that the insult he had offered, in an effervescence of brutal temper, to the fair young princess whose rank was so much above his own, was not likely to be soon forgotten by her fond father or her uncle. With infinite sagacity he changed his tactics, knowing that the king of Great Britain, (whatsoever party revilings may say to the contrary,) though pacific, really maintained the attitude of Henry VIII. when Charles V. and Francis I. were contending together. Young William of Orange did not need to be told, that if his uncles threw their swords into the scale against his Spanish and Austrian masters, all the contents of all the dykes of Holland would not then fence him against his mortal enemy Louis, whom, it will be remembered, he had likewise contrived to insult regarding the disposal of his charming self in wedlock.

With the wise intention of backing dexterously out of a pretty considerable scrape, the young hero of Nassau made an assignation with his devoted friend, sir William Temple,<sup>3</sup> to hold some discourse, touching love and marriage, in the gardens of his Hounslardyke palace, one morning in the pleasant month of January. "He appointed the hour," says sir William Temple, "and we met accordingly. The prince told me 'that I could easily believe that, being the only son that was left of his family, he was often pressed by his friends to think of marrying, and had had many persons proposed to him, as their several humours led them; that, for his part, he knew it was a thing to be done at some time or other.'" After proceeding in this inimitable style through a long speech, setting forth "the offers made to him by ladies in France and Germany," he intimated that England was the only country to which he was likely to return a favourable answer; and added, "Before I make any paces that way, I am resolved to have your opinion upon two points; but yet I will not ask it, unless you promise to answer me as a friend, and not as king Charles's ambassador."

He knew very well that all he was pleased to say regarding "his

<sup>1</sup> Temple. vol. ii. p. 294.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. p. 295.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. vol. ii. pp. 325, 334.

paces," as he elegantly termed his matrimonial proposals, would be duly transmitted to his uncle, both as friend and ambassador, and that the points on which he called a consultation would be quoted as sufficient apology for his previous brutality. "He wished," he said, "to know somewhat of the person and disposition of the young lady Mary; for though it *would not pass in the world* (i. e., that the world would not give him credit for such delicacy) for a prince to seem concerned in those particulars, yet for himself, he would tell me without any sort of affectation that he was so, and to such a degree, that no circumstances of fortune and interest would engage him without those of person, especially those of humour and disposition, (*meaning temper and principles.*) As for himself, he might perhaps not be very easy for a wife to live with—he was sure he should not to such wives as were generally in the courts of this age; that if he should meet with one to give him trouble at home, 'twas what he *shouldn't* be able to bear, who was like to have enough abroad in the course of his life. Besides, after the manner in which he was resolved to live with a wife—which should be the very best he could—he would have one that he thought likely to live well with him, which he thought chiefly depended on her disposition and education; and that if I (sir William Temple) knew anything particular in these points of the lady Mary, he desired I would tell him freely."<sup>1</sup> Sir William Temple replied, "that he was very glad to find that he was resolved to marry;" and after some compliments, assured him, "of his own observation he could say nothing of the temper and principles of the lady Mary, but that he had heard both his wife and sister speak with all advantage of what they could discern in a princess so young, and more from what they had been told by her governess, lady Villiers, for whom they had a particular friendship, and who, he was sure, took all the care that could be in that part of her education which fell to her share."

Who would have believed that the first exploit of the young prince, —then making such proper and sensible inquiries regarding the temper and principles of his wedded partner, with such fine sentiments of wedded felicity on a throne,—should be, to corrupt the daughter of this governess, the constant companion of his wife, and subject her to the insult of such a companionship to the last hour of her life? Sir William Temple, who, good man, believed most guilelessly all that the hero of Nassau chose to instil, thus proceeds:<sup>2</sup> "After two hours' discourse on this subject, the prince of Orange concluded that he would enter on this pursuit"—that is, propose forthwith for his cousin Mary. "He meant to write both to the king and the duke of York, to beg their favour in it, and their leave that he might go over into England at the end of the campaign. He requested that my wife, lady Temple, who was returning upon my private affairs in my own country, should carry and deliver both his letters to his royal uncles, and during her stay there, should endeavour to inform herself the most particularly that she could, of all that concerned the person, humour and dispositions of the young prin-

<sup>1</sup> Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. pp. 335, 336.  
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<sup>2</sup> Ibid. p. 336.



cess. Within two or three days of this discourse, the young prince of Orange brought his letters to lady Temple, and she went directly to England with them. "She left me," said Sir William Temple, "preparing for the treaty of Nimeguen," where, by the way, the Dutch and French were equally desirous of peace, although William of Orange contrived to eke out the war, in behalf of his Spanish master, for full three years.

The prince of Orange was better able to negotiate for a wife, having lost his grandmother in 1675, who had possession of the "Palace in the Wood," and other immunities of dowagerhood at the Hague. This princess was remarkable for a gorgeous economy; she had never more than 12,000 crowns per annum revenue, yet she was entirely served in gold plate. Sir William Temple enumerates her water-bottles of gold, the key of her closet, of gold, and all her gold cisterns; everything this grand old dowager touched was of that adorable and adored metal. It was as well, perhaps, for young Mary, that her husband's grandmother had departed before her arrival. It may be doubted, whether the young bride inherited all the gold moveables. William had a bad habit of shooting away all the precious metals he could appropriate, in battles and sieges. The "plenishing" at Whitehall, although only of silver, were coined up, and departed on the same bad errand, in the last years of his life.

The campaign of 1677 being concluded, the Orange hero, having nothing better to do, condescended to go in person to seek the hand of one of the finest girls in Europe, and the presumptive heiress of Great Britain. For this purpose he set sail from Holland, and arrived at Harwich, after a stormy passage, Oct. the 7<sup>th</sup>, of the same year. Having disposed himself to act the wooer,<sup>1</sup> "he came," says Sir William Temple, "like a trusty lover, post from Harwich to Newmarket, where his uncles, Charles II. and James, duke of York, were enjoying the October Newmarket meeting." Charles had a shabby palace there, to which his nephew instantly repaired. Lord Arlington, the prime minister, waited on him at his alighting. "My lord treasurer Danby and I," continues sir William Temple, "went together to wait on the prince, but met him on the middle of the stairs, involved in a great crowd, coming down to the king. He whispered to us both, 'that he must desire me to answer for him'<sup>2</sup> and my lord treasurer Danby, so that they might, from that time, enter into business and conversation, as if they were of longer acquaintance;<sup>3</sup> which was a wise strain, considering his lordship's credit at court at that time. It much shocked my lord Arlington."<sup>3</sup> This means, that William demanded of Temple an introduction to Danby,

<sup>1</sup> Temple's Memoirs, vol ii p. 519, and en suite.

<sup>2</sup> This seems a technical term for introduction, being a sort of warranty that the person introduced was "good man and true."

<sup>3</sup> We have the testimony of M. Dumont, of Les Affaires Étrangère of France, that not the slightest evidence exists among the documents there, implicating the personal honesty of Arlington, Clifford, or the other members of the cabal. These are "dogs to whom a very bad name has been given," perhaps worse than they actually deserved.

with whom he was not personally acquainted; but with such kindred souls a deep and lasting intimacy soon was established.

The prince of Orange was very kindly received by king Charles and the duke of York, who both strove to enter into discussions of business, which they were both surprised and diverted to observe how dexterously he avoided. "So king Charles," says Temple, bade me, "find out the reason of it." The prince of Orange told me, "he was resolved to see the young princess before he entered into affairs, and to proceed in that before the other affairs of the peace." The fact was, he did not mean to make peace, but to play the impassioned lover as well as he could, and obtain her from the good nature of his uncle Charles, and then trust to his alliance with the protestant heiress of England, to force the continuance of the war with France. He could not affect being in love with his cousin before he saw her;<sup>1</sup> and for this happiness he showed so much impatience, that his uncle Charles said (laughing like a good-for-nothing person as he was, at a delicacy which would have been most respectable if it had been real), he supposed "his whims must be humoured;"<sup>2</sup> and, leaving Newmarket some days before his inclination, he escorted the Orange to Whitehall, and presented him as a suitor to his fair niece.

"The prince," proceeds his friend Temple, "upon the sight of the princess Mary, was so pleased with her person,<sup>3</sup> and all those signs of such a 'humour' as had been described to him, that he immediately made his suit to the king, which was very well received, and assented to, but with this condition, that the terms of a peace abroad might first be agreed on between them. The prince of Orange excused himself, and said, "he must end his marriage before he began the peace treaty;" whether he deemed marriage and peace incompatible, he did not add, but his expressions, though perfectly consistent with his usual measures, were not very suitable to the lover-like impatience he affected. "His allies," he growled, "would be apt to believe he had made this match at their cost, and, for his part, he would never sell his honour for — a wife!"

This gentlemanlike speech availed not, and the king continued so positive for three or four days, "that my lord treasurer (Danby) and I began to doubt the whole business would break upon this *punctilio*," says sir William Temple, adding: "About that time I chanced to go to the prince at supper, and found him in the worst humour I ever saw; he told me, 'that he repented coming into England, and resolved that he would stay but two days longer, and then be gone, if the king continued in the mind he was, of treating of the peace before he was married, but that before he went, the king must choose how they should live hereafter, for he was sure it must be either like the 'greatest friends or the greatest enemies,' and desired me 'to let his majesty know so next morning, and give him an account of what he should say upon

<sup>1</sup> He did not really care for Mary, because he seduced her companion, Elizabeth Villiers, directly after his engagement; this girl must have captivated him amidst the festivities of the marriage of her unfortunate young mistress.

Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii., pp. 419, 420.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid., p. 429

it.'"<sup>1</sup> This was abundantly insolent, even supposing William owed no more to his uncle than according to the general-history version; but when we see him raised from the dust, loaded with benefits, and put in a position to assume this arrogant tone,—undeniable facts, allowed even by the partial pen of Temple,—the hero of Nassau assumes the ugly semblance of an ungrateful little person, a very spoiled mannikin withal, in a most ill-behaved humour.

Careless, easy Charles, who let every man, woman, and child, have its own way, that plagued him into compliance, was the very person with whom such airs had their intended effect. Sir William Temple having communicated to his sovereign this polite speech of defiance in his own palace, Charles replied, after listening with great attention, "Well, I never yet was deceived in judging of a man's honesty, by his looks; and if I am not deceived in the prince's face, he is the honestest man in the world. I will trust him—he *shall* have his wife. You go, sir William Temple, and tell my brother so, and that it is a thing I am resolved on." "I did so," continues sir William Temple, "and the duke of York seemed at first a little surprised; but, when I had done, he said, 'the king shall be obeyed, and I would be glad if all his subjects would learn of me to obey him. I do tell him my opinion very freely upon all things; but, when I know his positive pleasure on a point, I obey him.'"<sup>2</sup> "From the duke of York I went," continues Temple, "to the prince of Orange, and told him my story, which he could hardly at first believe; but he embraced me, and told me I had made him a very happy man, and very unexpectedly. So I left him to give the king an account of what had passed. As I went through the ante-chamber of the prince of Orange, I encountered lord-treasurer Danby, and told him my story. Lord-treasurer undertook to adjust all between the king and the prince of Orange." This he did so well, that the match was declared that evening in the cabinet council.<sup>3</sup> Then the prince of Orange requested an interview with his uncle, the duke of York, in which he declared "that he had something to say to him about an affair which was the chief cause of his coming to England: this was to desire that he might have the happiness to be nearer related to him, by marrying the lady Mary." The duke replied, "that he had all the esteem for him he could desire; but, till they had brought to a conclusion the affair of war or peace, that discourse must be delayed."<sup>4</sup> The duke mentioned the conversation to king Charles in the evening, who owned that he had authorized the application of the prince of Orange.

Some private negotiation had taken place between the duke of York and Louis XIV., respecting the marriage of the lady Mary and the dauphin. This treaty had degenerated into a proposal for her from the prince de Conti, which had been rejected by the duke of York with infinite scorn.<sup>5</sup> He considered that the heir of France alone was worthy

<sup>1</sup> Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii., pp. 420, 421.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clark.

<sup>4</sup> Sir William Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii.

<sup>5</sup> There is a story afloat in a party-book, called the "Secret History" of those times, that the king of France (taking advantage of the reluctance manifested

of the hand of his beautiful Mary Court gossip had declared that the suit of the prince of Orange was as unacceptable to her as to her father, and that her heart was already given to a handsome young Scotch lord, on whom her father would rather have bestowed her, than on his nephew. How the poor bride approved of the match, is a point that none of these diplomatists think it worth while to mention: for her manner of receiving the news, we must refer to the unprinted pages of her confidential friend and tutor, Dr. Lake.

The announcement was made to Mary, October 21: "That day," writes Dr. Lake, "the duke of York dined at Whitehall, and after dinner came to St. James's (which was his family residence); he led his eldest daughter, the lady Mary, into her closet, and told her of the marriage designed between her and the prince of Orange, whereupon her highness wept all the afternoon, and all the following day. The same evening, the marriage was formally announced in the privy council; the duke of York assuring the members of it, 'that however he was represented abroad, he did herein, and would, in all his actions, endeavour to ensure the security and peace of the kingdom; and that he would never hinder his children from being educated in the religion of the church of England, which caused great joy in the council.' The next day, the privy council came to congratulate the yet weeping bride; and lord-chancellor Finch made her a complimentary speech. It appears that the prince shared in these congratulations, and was by her side when they were made. The day after, the judges complimented and congratulated their affianced highnesses—lord justice Rainsford, speaking to my lady Mary in the name of the rest, after which, they all kissed her hand."<sup>2</sup> The poor princess had several deputations to receive on Oct. 24, in company with her betrothed. These were the lord-mayor and aldermen, the civilians of Doctors' Commons, and the commercial companies that her father had founded; she had to listen to speeches congratulatory on an event for which her heart was oppressed, and her eyes still streaming. The citizens gave a grand feast, to show their loyal joy at the pure protestantism of this alliance, on the 29th of October,<sup>3</sup> when her highness, the bride, accompanied by her sister, the lady Anne, and

by the duke of York to the Orange match) proposed, by his ambassador, that the young lady Mary should affect indisposition, and request to go, for the recovery of her health, to the baths of Bourbon, when she should be seized upon, and married directly to the dauphin; and he promised every toleration of her faith, and that the protestants in France, to humour the duke of York's passion for toleration, should have unusual privileges. Neither the duke nor the king were to appear as consenting in the scheme. Another version is, "that Louis XIV. sent the duke de Vendôme and a splendid embassy to London, proposing to the duke of York to steal or kidnap the princess, but that Charles II. was averse to the scheme, and had her guards doubled, and great precautions taken, and finished by marrying her suddenly to the prince." (*Secret History of Whitehall*. vol. i., 1678.) There is not a particle of this tale corroborated by documentary history.

<sup>1</sup> Lake: MS. Diary. Sir William Temple uses nearly the same words.

<sup>2</sup> Lake: MS. Diary.

<sup>3</sup> Life of Mary II., 1695. Published at the Harrow, in Fleet street. Sir Francis Chaplin commenced his mayoralty on that day.

her stepmother, the duchess of York, witnessed the civic procession from the house of sir Edward Waldo, in Cheapside, where they sat under a canopy of state; and afterwards partook of the banquet at Guildhall.

The marriage was appointed for the prince of Orange's birth-day, being Sunday, Nov. 4th, O.S. How startled would have been the persons who assembled round the altar, dressed in the bride's bed-chamber, in St. James's palace, could they have looked forward, and been aware of what was to happen on the eleventh anniversary of that date!<sup>1</sup> There were collected in the lady Mary's bed-chamber, at nine o'clock at night, to witness or assist at the ceremony: King Charles II., his queen Catherine, the duke of York, and his young duchess, Mary Beatrice of Modena, who was then hourly expected to bring an heir to England; these, with the bride and bridegroom, and Compton, bishop of London, the bride's preceptor, who performed the ceremony, were all that were ostensibly present, the marriage being strictly private. The official attendants of all these distinguished personages were, nevertheless, admitted, forming, altogether, a group sufficiently large for nuptials in a bed-chamber, and more than was wished by the sad bride. King Charles gave away his niece, and overbore her dejection by his noisy joviality. He hurried the bride and bridegroom to the altar, by saying to Compton, "Come, bishop, make all the haste you can! lest my sister, the duchess of York, here, should bring us a boy, and then the marriage will be disappointed."<sup>2</sup> Here was a slight hint, that he saw which way the hopes of the Orange prince were tending. In answer to the question "Who gives this woman?" king Charles exclaimed with emphasis, "I do," which words were an interpolation on the marriage service.<sup>3</sup> When the prince of Orange endowed his bride with all his worldly goods, he placed a handful of gold and silver coins on the open book; king Charles told his niece, "to gather it up, and to put all in her pocket, for 'twas all clear gain!"<sup>4</sup> After the ceremony was concluded, the bride and the royal family received the congratulations of the court and of the foreign ambassadors, among whom Barillon, the French ambassador, appeared remarkably discontented.

Sir Walter Scott certainly never saw Dr. Lake's manuscript; but, by some poetical divination, he anticipated king Charles's behaviour that night, when in his *Marmion* he affirms—

'Queen Catherine's hand the stocking threw,  
And bluff king Hal the curtain drew.'

For at eleven the prince and princess of Orange retired to rest, and all the ceremonies took place, which were then national.<sup>5</sup> These were, at

<sup>1</sup> When William of Orange invaded England and dethroned his uncle and father-in-law, James II.

<sup>2</sup> Lake: MS. Diary.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid, and the Life of Mary II. 1695.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

<sup>5</sup> Barbarous and uncivilized as these ceremonials were, in a MS. letter kindly communicated by Mrs. Shikethorp of Wendling, in Norfolk, of the late lady Anne Hamilton (widow of lord Anne Hamilton, and one of the ladies of queen Charlotte), she notices that his majesty, George III., and his queen, were the first royal pair married in England, who dispensed with these joyous uproars in

that time, breaking cake and drinking possets, in the presence of all those who assisted at the marriage. King Charles drew the curtains with his own royal hand, and departed, shouting, "St. George for England."

The next morning the prince of Orange, by his favourite, Bentinck, sent his princess a magnificent gift of jewels to the amount of £40,000. The lord mayor came with congratulations to the prince and princess of Orange, and the same routine of compliments from the high officials that had waited on the princess previously, now were repeated to her on account of her marriage.

This protestant alliance was so highly popular in Scotland, that it was celebrated with extraordinary and quaint festivities, being announced with great pomp by the duke of Lauderdale at Edinburgh, at the town Mercat-cross, which was hung with tapestry, and embellished with an arbour hung with many hundreds of oranges. His grace, with the lord provost, and as many of the civic magistrates and great nobles as it could hold, ascending to this Hymeneal temple, entered it, and there drank the good healths of their highnesses the prince and princess, next of their royal highnesses the duke and duchess of York, then the queen's, and last of all the king's, during which the cannon played from the castle, all the conduits from the cross ran with wine, and many voiders of sweetmeats were tossed among the people, who were loud and long in their applauses. Great bonfires were kindled as in London, and the popular rejoicings were prolonged till a late hour.<sup>1</sup>

Two days after the marriage, the bride was actually disinherited of her expectations on the throne of Great Britain, by the birth of a brother, who seemed sprightly and likely to live. The prince of Orange had the compliment paid him of standing sponsor to this unwelcome relative, when it was baptized, November 8th. The lady-governess Villiers stood godmother by proxy, for one of her charges, the young princess Isabella.

The ill-humour of the prince of Orange now became sufficiently visible to the courtiers; as for his unhappy bride, she is never mentioned by her tutor Dr. Lake, excepting as in tears. She had when married, and for some days afterwards, an excuse for her sadness, in the alarming illness of her sister lady Anne, whom at that time she passionately loved. Lady Anne is not named as being present at her sister's nuptials, an absence that is unaccounted for, excepting by Dr. Lake, who says,<sup>2</sup> "Her highness the lady Anne, having been sick for several days, appeared to have the small-pox;" she had most likely taken the infection when visiting the city. "I was commanded," added Dr. Lake, "not to go to her chamber to read prayers to her, because of my attendance on the princess of Orange, and on the other children;" these were lady Isabella, and the new-born Charles, who could have dispensed with his spiritual exhortations. "This troubled me," he resumes, "the more because the nurse of the lady Anne was a very busy zealous Roman-catholic, and would probably discompose her highness, if she had an

their bridal chamber. Horace Walpole fully confirms the same by his account of the possets at the wedding of Frederick, prince of Wales, father of George III.

<sup>1</sup> Life of Mary II. 1695.

<sup>2</sup> Lake's MS. Diary, Nov. 7

opportunity; wherefore, November 11th, I waited on the lady-governess, (lady Frances Villiers,) and suggested this to her; she bade me 'do what I thought fit.' But little satisfied with what she said to me, I addressed myself to the bishop of London,<sup>1</sup> who commanded me to wait constantly on her highness lady Anne, and to do all suitable offices ministerial, incumbent on me."

The parental tenderness of the duke of York had enjoined, that all communication must be cut off between his daughters, lest the infection of this plague of small-pox should be communicated to the princess of Orange, as if he had anticipated how fatal it was one day to be to her. Dr. Lake was not permitted, if he continued his attendance on the princess Anne, to see the princess of Orange. "I thought it my duty,"<sup>2</sup> he says, "before I went to her highness lady Anne, to take my leave of the princess, who designed to depart for Holland with her husband the Friday next. I perceived her eyes full of tears, and herself very disconsolate, not only for her sister's illness, but on account of the prince urging her to remove her residence to Whitehall, to which the princess would, by no means, be persuaded." The reason the prince wished to quit St. James's was because the small-pox was raging there like a plague; besides her sister, the lady Villiers, and several of her father's household, were sickening with this fatal disorder; but the disconsolate bride chose to run all risks rather than quit her father one hour, before she had to commence her unwelcome banishment.

Dr. Lake tried his reasoning powers to convince the princess of Orange of the propriety of this measure, but in vain. He then took the opportunity of preferring a request concerning his own interest. "I had the honour to retire with her to her closet," continues Dr. Lake,<sup>3</sup> "and I call God to witness, that I never said there, or elsewhere, anything contrary to the Holy Scriptures, or to the discipline of the church of England; and I hoped that the things in which I had instructed her might still remain with her. I said, 'I had been with her seven years, and that no person who hath lived so long at court but did make a far greater advantage than I have done, having gotten but 100*l.* a year; wherefore, I did humbly request her highness, that, at her departure, she would recommend me to the king and the bishop of London, and that I would endeavour to requite the favour by being very careful of the right instruction of the lady Anne, her sister, of whom I had all the assurances in the world that she would be very good. Finally, I wished her highness all prosperity, and that God would bless her, and show her favour in the sight of the strange people among whom she was going.' Whereupon, I kneeled down and kissed her gown. Her highness of Orange gave me thanks for all my kindnesses, and assured me, 'that she would do all that she could for me.' She could say no more for excessive weeping. So she turned her back and went into her bedroom."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compton, bishop of London, who was governor or preceptor to the princesses.

<sup>2</sup> Lake's MS. Diary.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. On that very day Dr. Lake mentions that he had completed his thirty-fifth year.

<sup>4</sup> Lake: MS. Diary.

"At three o'clock, I went to the lady Anne, and, considering her distemper, found her very well, without headache, or pain in her back, or fever. I read prayers to her." This was on Sunday, November the 11th, the princess of Orange having been married a week. Notwithstanding all the remonstrances of her husband, and her own danger of infection, the bride carried her point, and came to her paternal home, at St. James's palace, to the last moment of her stay in England. Meantime, the duke of York kept her from seeing her sister Anne, who became worse from day to day, as the disease approached its climax.

"Her highness, lady Anne," says Dr. Lake,<sup>1</sup> "was somewhat giddy, and very much disordered; she requested me not to leave her, and recommended to me the care of her foster-sister's instruction in the protestant religion. At night, I christened her nurse's child Mary." This was the catholic nurse, of whom Compton, bishop of London, expressed so much apprehension: how she came to permit the church of England chaplain to christen her baby is not explained. The fifteenth of November was the queen's birth-day, which was celebrated with double pomp, on account of her niece's marriage. From Dr. Lake, it is impossible to gather the slightest hint of the bridal costume, or of any particular of the dress of the bride, excepting, that her royal highness attired herself for that ball very richly, and wore all her jewels. She was very sad; the prince, her husband, was as sullen, he never spoke to her the whole evening, and his brutality was remarked by every one there. Yet the artists and the poets of England had combined to make that evening a scene of enchantment and delight. All seemed replete with joy and mirth, excepting the disconsolate Mary, who expected that she should have, before she retired to rest, to doff her courtly robes and jewels and embark on board the yacht that was to take her to Holland. On this account, the officials of the household of her father, and those of her own maiden establishment, in England, were permitted to kiss her hand at the ball, and to take leave of her which they did, at eight o'clock in the evening.<sup>2</sup>

The epithalamium of this wedlock was from the pen of the courtly veteran, Waller, and was sung that night:—

As once the lion honey gave  
Out of the strong such sweetness  
came,  
A royal hero<sup>3</sup> no less brave  
Produced this sweet—this lovely  
dame.<sup>4</sup>

To her the prince<sup>5</sup> that did oppose  
Gaul's mighty armies in the field,  
And Holland from prevailing foes  
Could so well free—himself does  
yield.

Not Belgia's fleets (his high command)  
Which triumph where the sun does  
rise,  
Not all the force he leads by land,  
Could guard him from her conquer-  
ing eyes.

Orange with youth experience has,  
In action young, in council old,  
Orange is what Augustus was—  
Brave, wary, provident and bold

<sup>1</sup> Lake's MS. Diary.

<sup>2</sup> James duke of York.

<sup>3</sup> William of Orange.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

<sup>5</sup> Mary, his daughter



On that fair tree<sup>1</sup> which bears his name,  
 Blossoms and fruit at once are found;  
 In him we all admire the same,  
 His flowery youth with wisdom  
 crowned.

Thrice happy pair! so near allied  
 In royal blood and virtue too,  
 Now love has you together tied,  
 May none the triple knot undo."

The wind that night setting in easterly, gave the poor bride a reprieve, and she, in consequence, remained by the paternal side all the next day, November the 16th, in the home-palace of St. James. The perversity of the wind did not ameliorate the temper of her husband; he was excessively impatient of remaining in England to witness the continuance of festivities, dancing, and rejoicing. "This day," says Dr. Lake, "the court began to whisper of the sullenness and clownishness of the prince of Orange; it was observed, that he took no notice of his bride at the play, nor did he come to see her at St. James the day before their departure." Dr. Lake, and the indignant household of the princess, at St. James's, we see, blamed this conduct as unprovoked brutality; but that the prince was not angry without cause is obvious: being secretly exasperated at the unwelcome birth of Mary's young brother, he was not inclined, as his marriage bargain was much depreciated in value, to lose the beauty of his young bride as well as her kingdom; he was displeased, and not unjustly, at her obstinacy in continuing to risk her life and charms of person, surrounded by the infection at the palace of St. James.

The maids of honour of the queen, the duchess of York, and especially of the princess Anne, were enraged at the rude behaviour of the Dutch prince. They spoke of him at first as the "Dutch monster," till they found for him the name of "Caliban," a sobriquet which lady Anne, at least, never forgot.<sup>2</sup>

The lady Anne being dreadfully ill during the days when her sister's departure hung on the caprice of the wind, the paternal care of the duke of York deemed that any farewell between this loving pair would be dangerous for each. He gave orders that whenever the princess of Orange actually went away, the fact was to be carefully concealed from Anne, lest it should have a fatal effect on her.<sup>3</sup> The palace of St. James was still reeking with infection: several of the official attendants of the ducal court were dying or dead. The lady-governess, Frances Villiers, was desperately ill. She was to have accompanied the princess of Orange on her voyage, but it was impossible.<sup>4</sup> Dr. Lake thus enumerates, with a foreboding heart, the disasters accompanying this marriage: "There were many unlucky circumstances that did seem to retard and embitter the departure of the princess of Orange, as the sickness of the lady Anne, the danger of the lady-governess (Villiers), who was left behind, and her husband (sir Edward Villiers), the master of the horse to the princess of Orange, he, too, was obliged to stay in England; likewise the sudden death of Mr. Hemlock, her nurse's father, which happened at St. James's palace this night; the death and burial

<sup>1</sup> The orange tree was the device of William, orange and green his liveries. Letters of the princess Anne to Lady Marlborough.

Dr. Lake, MS. Diary.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

of the archbishop of Canterbury, her godfather;<sup>1</sup> the illness of Mrs. Trelawney's<sup>2</sup> father and uncle, as also Mrs. White's dangerous illness, who was appointed to attend the princess of Orange in Holland. God preserve her highness, and make her voyage and abode there prosperous!"<sup>3</sup>

The wind blew westerly on the morning of the 19th of November, and, in consequence, all was early astir in the palaces of Whitehall and St. James, in preparation for the departure of the Orange bride and bridegroom. The princess took leave of her beloved home of St. James, and came to Whitehall palace, as early as nine in the morning, to bid farewell to her royal aunt, queen Catherine. Mary, when she approached, was weeping piteously, and her majesty, to comfort her, "told her to consider how much better her case was than her own; for when she came from Portugal, she had not even seen king Charles." "But, madame," rejoined the princess of Orange, "remember, you came into England, I am going out of England."

"The princess wept grievously all the morning," continues Dr. Lake.<sup>4</sup> "She requested the duchess of Monmouth to come often to see the lady Anne, her sister, and to accompany her to the chapel, the first time she appeared there. She also left two letters to be given to her sister as soon as she recovered. What a contrast is this tender heart-clinging to her family, to Mary's conduct, after ten years' companionship with the partner to whom her reluctant hand had been given?"

The wind was fair for Holland, the tide served, the royal barges were in waiting at Whitehall stairs, and king Charles and the duke of York were ready with half the nobility and gentry in London, to accompany the princess and her husband down the river as far as Erith, where the bridal party were to dine.<sup>5</sup> Here Mary took a heart-rending farewell of her father and uncle, and in the afternoon she embarked at Gravesend with her husband and suite, in one of the royal yachts, several English and Dutch men-of-war being in attendance, to convoy the gay bark to Holland.

The celebrated poet, Nat Lee, describes the embarkation, in his poem on the marriage and departure of the princess of Orange; and, as he declares that he was an eye-witness of the scene, it is possible that the parties grouped themselves, according to his lines; but it is as evident that he knew nothing of the dangerous illness of the princess Anne; that must have been kept from the public, for he supposes that she was present. The following are the best of the lines of this now-forgotten historical poem:—

Hail, happy warrior, hail! whose arms have won  
The fairest jewel of the English crown!

<sup>1</sup> Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury, died Nov. 9th, and was buried at Croydon on Nov. 16th, by the side of archbishop Whitgift, at his own desire.—Dr. Lake.

<sup>2</sup> Anne Trelawney, the favourite maid of honour of the princess Mary, was with her two years after in Holland.—Sidney Diary.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Lake: Diary, Nov. 16.

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Lake, likewise Echard.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid.

Hail princess hail, thou fairest of thy kind,  
Thou shape of angel with an angel's mind!

But hark! 'tis rumoured that this happy pair  
Must go—the prince for Holland does declare  
I saw them launch—the prince the princess bore,  
While the sad court stood crowding on the shore;  
The prince still bowing on the deck did stand,  
And held his weeping consort by the hand,  
Which, waving oft, she bade them all farewell,  
And wept as if she would the briny ocean swell.  
“Farewell, thou best of fathers, best of friends!”  
While the grieved duke<sup>1</sup> with a deep sigh commends  
To Heaven his child, in tears his eyes would swim,  
But manly virtue stays them at the brim.  
“Farewell,” she cried, “my sister! thou dear part,  
The sweetest half of my divided heart.  
My little love!” Her sighs she did renew:  
“Once more, oh heavens, a long, a last adieu,  
Part! must I ever lose those pretty charms?”  
Then swoons and sinks into the prince's arms.

This is somewhat fustian and common-place; and the theatrical farewell to the lady Anne, the sheer invention of the poet. Other thoughts were working in the brain of Orange, than those surmised by Nat Lee.

The duke of York ought to have seen his son-in-law safely out of the kingdom, for, before William of Orange actually departed, he contrived to play him one of the tricks by which he finally supplanted him in the affections of the English people. The wind changed by the time the Dutch fleet had dropped down to Sheerness; it baffled the mariners, and remained contrary for thirty or forty hours; at the end of which time, the king and duke of York sent an express to entreat the prince and princess to come down the river and remain with them at Whitehall; instead of which, they went on shore at Sheerness, and were entertained by colonel Dorrell, the governor. The next day, November the 23d, they crossed the country to Canterbury, the princess being only accompanied by lady Inchiquin (one of the Villiers' sisters), and a dresser; the prince by his favourites, Bentinck and Odyke. Here an extraordinary circumstance took place; one contemporary witness vouches, “that his authority was no other than the mouth of archbishop Tillotson himself—from whose narration it was written down.”<sup>2</sup> “The prince and princess of Orange, when they arrived at an inn, in Canterbury, found themselves in a destitute condition, for want of cash, as they had been unkindly and secretly thrust out of London by king Charles and the duke of York, from jealousy, lest the lord-mayor should invite them to a grand civic feast.”<sup>3</sup> The prince, to relieve his wants, sent Bentinck to represent them to the corporation, and beg a loan of money.”

<sup>1</sup> The duke of York, her father.

<sup>2</sup> The princess Anne. Lee evidently supposes that she was present, instead of being as she really was, on a bed of sickness at St. James's palace.

<sup>3</sup> Echard's Appendix and Tindal's Notes to Rapin—the latter, a contemporary, adds many aggravating circumstances, all false.

<sup>4</sup> That they had already been to this grand feast, Oct. 29; see Dr. Lake and the Gazette.

It is very plain, that the corporation of Canterbury considered the whole application as a case of mendicity or fictitious distress, for the request was denied. However, there happened to be present, Dr. Tillotson, the dean of Canterbury, who hurried home, gathered together all the plate and ready-money in guineas he had at command, and, bringing them to the inn, begged an interview with M. Bentinck, and presented them to him, "with the hope that they would be serviceable to their highnesses," entreating withal, "that they would quit a situation so unworthy of their rank, and come to stay at the deanery, which was usually the abode of all the royal company that came to the city."<sup>1</sup> The prince accepted the plate and money with warm thanks, but declined going to the deanery. Dr. Tillotson was presented, and kissed the hand of the princess. In this hospitable transaction, no blame can be attached to Dr. Tillotson, whose conduct was becoming the munificence of the church he had entered.<sup>2</sup> Why the prince of Orange did not request a loan or supply by the express that his uncles affectionately sent to invite him back to Whitehall, instead of presenting himself and his princess in a state of complaining mendicity at Canterbury, is inconsistent with plain dealing. As he had been paid the first instalment of the 40,000*l.* which was the portion of the princess, his credit was good in England, and he might have obtained a supply of money, sufficient for a few days, at an inn, from his friend, the prime minister, Danby. The fact is, that the birth of the young brother of Mary had rendered this ambitious politician desperate, and he was making a bold dash at obtaining partisans, by representing himself as an ill-treated person. Nor were his efforts ultimately fruitless, if the following statement of a contemporary be correct—and all circumstances corroborate it. "By this accident, Dr. Tillotson begun that lucky acquaintance and correspondence with the prince and princess of Orange, and Mr. Bentinck, as afterwards, advanced him to an archbishoprick."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This feature of the story is preserved by Birch, the biographer of Tillotson, and not by Echard or Tindal.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Tillotson is, from the period of this adventure, intimately connected with the fortunes of the princess of Orange; therefore, for the sake of intelligibility, the following abstract of his previous life is presented. He was the son of a rich clothier, of Sowerby, near Halifax, who was a strict puritan at the time of John Tillotson's birth, and became a furious anabaptist, which he remained, even after his son had conformed to our church, on her restoration to prosperity. John Tillotson was born Oct. 23, 1630; he became a learned and eloquent man, he was good-tempered, and much beloved in private life. It is nearly impossible to gather from his biography, whether he had been a dissenting preacher, but as it is certain that he preached before ordination, doubtless he was so. The religion of Tillotson, before the Restoration, was of that species professed by independents who are on good terms with the Socinians. He was chaplain and tutor to the sons of Prideaux, attorney-general of Oliver Cromwell. Tillotson subsequently married Ebina Wilkins, a niece of Oliver Cromwell. When upwards of 2000 conscientious non-conformists forsook their livings, rather than comply with the tenets of the church of England, our church actually gained John Tillotson, who, being possessed of great eloquence, attained rapid preferment, until he is found dean of Canterbury, in 1677. This account is abstracted from Dr. Birch's *Biography of Archbishop Tillotson*.

<sup>3</sup> Rapin's *Hist. of England*, folio, vol. ii. p. 682.

The prince and princess of Orange lingered no less than four days at their inn in Canterbury, cultivating the acquaintance of their new friend, Dr. Tillotson, and receiving the congratulations of the gentry and nobility of Kent, in whose eyes William seemed sedulously to render himself an object of pity and distress, for great quantities of provisions were given by them for his use. He left Canterbury, November the 27th, and went that night with the princess and her train on board the Montague at Margate, commanded by Sir John Holmes, who set sail the next day. The ice prevented the fleet from entering the Maes, but the princess and her spouse, after a quick but stormy passage, were landed at Tethudo, a town on the Holland coast, and went direct to the Houselardyke palace. It was remarked, that the princess of Orange was the only female on board who did not suffer from sea-sickness.<sup>1</sup>

The princess, besides the lady Inchiquin (Mary Villiers), was accompanied by Elizabeth and Anne Villiers; the mother of these sisters, her late governess, expired of the smallpox at St. James's palace, before the prince of Orange had finished his mysterious transactions at Canterbury.<sup>2</sup> The princess had likewise with her, in the capacity of maid of honour, Mary Wroth, or Worth, a relative of the Sidney family. Each of these girls disquieted her married life. Both the unmarried Villiers were older than herself, and she was eclipsed in the eyes of her sullen lord, by their maturer charms. The prince of Orange fell in love with Elizabeth Villiers, and scandal was likewise afloat relative to him and her sister Anne,<sup>3</sup> who subsequently married his favourite, Bentinck. Much wonder is expressed by lady Mary Wortley Montague, and likewise by Swift, who were both her acquaintances, how it was possible for Elizabeth Villiers to rival the princess Mary in the heart of her spouse, for Elizabeth, although a fine woman, had not a handsome face. "I always forget myself and talk of squinting people before her," says Swift, in his journal, "and the good lady squints like a dragon."

As soon as possible after the arrival of the princess of Orange at the Houselardyke palace, the states-general of Holland sent their *hoff-master* Dinter to compliment her and the prince, and to know of them, "when it would be seasonable for them to offer their congratulation in a formal manner?" The prince and princess did not make their public entry into the Hague until December the 14th, so long were the mynheers preparing their formalities, which were perpetrated with extraordinary magnificence. Twelve companies of burghers were in arms, drawn up under their respective ensigns; and the bridge of the Hague was adorned with green garlands, under which was written a Latin inscription, in honour of the illustrious pair, of which the following is our author's English version:

"Hail, sacred worthy, blest in that rich bed!  
At once thy Mary and thy Belgia wed;  
And long, long live thy fair Britannic bride,  
Her Orange and her country's equal pride!"

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Lake's Diary, MS.

<sup>2</sup> Birch's Life of Tillotson. Dr. Lake's MS. Sidney Diary.

<sup>3</sup> Lampoons by Dr. Swift, and Mrs. Manley.

Having passed the bridge, they were met by four-and-twenty virgins, that walked two and two on each side their highnesses' coach, singing and strewing green herbs all the way. When their highnesses came before the town-house, they passed through a triumphal arch, adorned with foliage and *grotesco* work, with the arms of both their highnesses, and over them, two hands, with a Latin motto thus rendered in English :

"What Halcyon airs this royal Hymen sings,  
The Olive branch of peace her dower she brings."

In the Hoogstraet they passed under another triumphal arch, with this inscription :

"To the Batavian court, with Heaven's best smile,  
Approach, fair guest, and bless this happy pile."

In the evening, Mary was welcomed with a grand display of fireworks, in which were represented St. George on horseback, fountains, pyramids, castles, triumphal chariots, Jupiter and Mars descending from the skies, a lion, a duck and a drake (emblematic, we suppose, of ditches and canals), likewise castles, flower-pots, and a variety of other devices, in honour of this suspicious alliance. The next day, the *heer* Van Ghent, and a variety of other *heers*, whose Dutch names would not be of much interest to British readers, complimented their highnesses in the name of the states-general, which compliment was soon after repeated by the states in a body.<sup>1</sup> Though Mary's chief residence and principal court in Holland was at the Hague, yet she had several other palaces, as Loo, Housnardyke, and Dieren.

It deserves notice that king Charles, when he communicated the marriage to the French ambassador, mentions his niece<sup>2</sup> in his official despatch as the *princess* Mary. In earlier times it has been shown that the title of princess was scarcely vouchsafed to the eldest daughter of the reigning sovereign, if she had a brother in existence. Dr. Lake, remarking on the unbounded popularity of this marriage in England, declares "there were no gloomy countenances at court, excepting Barillon, the French ambassador, and Bennet, lord Arlington." Louis XIV. took the marriage heinously ; for many months he would not be reconciled to his cousin-german, the duke of York ; "for," wrote he to that prince, "you have given your daughter to my mortal enemy." This was not the fault of the duke of York ; for lord Dartmouth records an anecdote that the duke of York, on first hearing of this marriage, or perhaps after seeing the tearful agonies of Mary, when she heard her doleful sentence of consignment to her cousin, remonstrated with his brother by a confidential friend, reminding his majesty that he had solemnly promised never to give away Mary, without he, her father, gave his full consent to her marriage. "So I did—it's true, man !" exclaimed Charles, with his characteristic humour ; "but, odd's fish, James *must* consent to this !"

<sup>1</sup> Life of Mary II., 1695.

<sup>2</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix. Barillon's Despatches.

## MARY II.

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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### CHAPTER II.

Convalescence of lady Anne—Her father breaks to her the departure of her sister—Takes possession of her sister's apartments at St. James's—Death of her brother—News of the princess of Orange—Relapses into Sunday card-playing—Princess attends dissenting preachings—First communion of lady Anne—Her strange conduct—Anne's favourite lady, Mrs. Cornwallis, banished—Anne's love for Mrs. Churchill—Princess of Orange, her court at the Hague—Her chapel and Dr. Hooper—Prince of Orange persecutes her religion—Objects to her books—His unfaithfulness to her—Princess takes leave of her husband—Visit of her step-mother (Mary Beatrice, duchess of York) and lady Anne—Illness of the princess—Her father and his consort visit her—Her tender parting with them—Her conjugal troubles—Liberties taken by the princess's maids of honour—Princess and D'Avaux (French ambassador)—Princess causes Kenn to marry Mary Worth to Zulestein—Rage of the prince—Insults Dr. Kenn—Princess entreats him to stay—Seclusion of the princess—Residence of the lady Anne at her uncle's court—Her prospects of the succession—Suitors—Prince George of Hanover (George I.)—His visit to her—His retreat—Mortifying reports—Her anger—Visits her father in Scotland—Her love for lord Mulgrave—Marriage of Anne with prince George of Denmark—Appoints Mrs. Churchill to her household—Excessive love for her—Her letters—Lonely life of the princess of Orange—Palace restraint—Mourning on the anniversary of Charles I.'s death—Insults of her husband on that day—Her grief—Forced to hear sermons from her father's calumniator, Jurieu—Final subjugation—Enlargement from restraint—Attentions to Monmouth—Her gaiety—Affronted by the British envoy (Mr. Chudleigh)—Demands his recall—Skates and dances with Monmouth—News of her uncle's death (Charles II.)—Accession of her father (James II.)—His letters to her and her husband—Dr. Covell's report of the princess's ill-treatment—Deep grief of the princess—Her father's remarks on the feud with Dr. Covell—Departure of the princess's favourite maid, Anne Trelawney—Sympathy of the princess for the suffering French protestants—Conjugal alarms of the princess—Solicits body-guards for the prince—William Penn sent ambassador from her father—Princess's sharp answer to him—Prince of Orange requests a pension for her—James II. refuses.

THE royal yacht that had attended the princess of Orange and her husband to Holland, returned to England, December 1st, bringing the intelligence of their safe landing. Two days afterward, "the lady Anne went forth of her chamber," her servants all rejoicing to see her so perfectly recovered; she directly went to see her step-mother, the duchess of York, who was not recovered from her confinement.<sup>1</sup> The duke of York had daily visited the lady Anne in her sick-room, and every day he sent from thence, in her hearing, a message, as if to the princess of

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<sup>1</sup> Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, Dec. 1st.

Orange, to know how she was, that her sister might suppose she was still in England: the duke being apprehensive lest the loss of the princess might give a fatal turn to the illness of his beloved Anne, he had therefore commanded the departure of the bridal party to be kept a profound secret from her. The day that the news came of the safe arrival of the princess of Orange, the duke of York himself undertook to break to the lady Anne the fact that her sister was actually gone, which he expected to prove heart-rending to her; perhaps he was disappointed in regard to the vivacity of the sisterly affection, for the lady Anne "took the intelligence very patiently."<sup>1</sup> A week afterwards, she removed from her own suite of apartments, and was given possession of those at St. James's, that had belonged to her sister.<sup>2</sup>

The lady Anne had previously requested Dr. Lake to return thanks to God, in her chamber, for her recovery, and at this service had given, as her offering, two guineas for distribution among the poor.<sup>3</sup> This modest gift, as a thank-offering for mercies received, is probably an instance of the very obscure point of the offertory of our church, according to its discipline before the revolution; for the princess had not completed her fourteenth year, and we find, by Dr. Lake's testimony, that she had not yet communicated. The day on which she thus religiously celebrated her recovery was an awful one, for her governess, lady Frances Villiers, expired of the same malady from which she was just convalescent. Dr. Lake makes no mention of the grief of Anne for this loss, but merely observes, that in the early part of December, all the court were gossiping as to who should be the successor of lady Frances Villiers. The king made choice of lady Clarendon. The death of the infant brother, whose birth had so inopportunately interfered with the sweetness of the Orange honeymoon, took place on December 12th. The demise of the young prince rendered the princess Mary again heirless-presumptive to the British throne; the lady Anne appeared at St. James's chapel four days after, perfectly recovered.

The earliest intelligence from Holland of the princess of Orange, gave great pain to her anxious but too timid tutor, Dr. Lake, who thus expresses his concern at her relapse into her former evil habit of Sunday card-playing: "I was very sorry to understand that the princess of Orange, since her being in Holland, did sometimes play at cards upon the Sundays, which would doubtless give offence to that people."<sup>4</sup> He then mentions his efforts to eradicate that bad custom of the princess in England, which he had thought were successful, since she had abstained from the wrong he had pointed out, for two years. How soon the princess of Orange returned to this detestable practice may be judged, since she only left England the 28th of November, and Dr. Lake records her Sunday gambles, January 9th, scarcely six weeks afterwards. He seems astonished that she did not require his services as her chaplain in Holland, or those of Dr. Doughty, who had, with him, been her chaplains and assistant tutors for so many years. The inveteracy of the

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, Dec. 4th.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. Dec. 10th,

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. Nov. 29th

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Lake's Diary, Jan. 9th. This has already been quoted, at the time when the princess was guilty of this sin.



prince of Orange as a gambler,<sup>1</sup> and the passion of his princess for card-playing, combined with the certainty of the remonstrances of the church of England clergymen, might have been the reason. Dr. Cox and Dr. Lloyd were the chaplains who accompanied her to Holland, where, at first, on account of the enmity of the prince to the church of England, no chapel was provided, although an ecclesiastical establishment had been stipulated for the princess. Dr. Lloyd was recalled by the end of January; he had greatly displeased the primate of the church of England, by sanctioning the princess's frequenting a congregation of dissenters at the Hague. It had been more consistent with his clerical character, if he had induced her to suppress her Sunday gambling parties. Dr. Lake was further informed, that the princess had grown fat, but looked very beautiful.<sup>2</sup>

Just before Easter, the young princess Anne was confirmed in royal state, at the chapel of Whitehall, by her preceptor, Compton, bishop of London; her first communion took place on Easter Sunday; her tutor, Dr. Lake, gives the following account of the extraordinary manner in which she conducted herself. "Being Easter-day, for the first time, the lady Anne received the sacrament; the bishop of Exeter preached at St. James's (chapel), and consecrated. Through negligence, her highness was not instructed how much to drink, but drank of it (the cup) thrice, whereat I was much concerned, lest the duke of York, her father, should have notice of it."<sup>3</sup>

The gross negligence of which Dr. Lake complains, must have been the fault of the preceptor of the princess, Compton, bishop of London, whose thoughts were too busy with polemics to attend to the proper instruction of his charge. The unseemly conduct of the princess on this occasion reflects the greatest possible disgrace on the prelate, whose duty it was to have prepared her for the reception of this solemn rite, and on whom a greater degree of responsibility than ordinary devolved, on account of her father's unhappy secession from the communion of the church of England. It is apparent that Compton had not even taken the trouble of reading and explaining to his royal pupil the eleventh chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, verses 21 and 22, or this startling violation of the reverential decorum practised and enjoined by the church of England, could not have occurred.

In the comment made by Dr. Lake on this incident, the timidity of his disposition is at once apparent, and very reprehensible. He is disgusted with the mistake of the young communicant—not because it was wrong, but lest her Roman-catholic father should be informed of it. Likewise the reader may observe he is troubled at the relapse of the princess of Orange into her former sins, of passing the Sabbath at the card table, not because he allowed that it was sin, but lest the Dutch people might be offended at it!! Few persons have any salutary in-

<sup>1</sup> See various passages in Lamberty, who mentions the enormous losses or gains of his prince at the basset-table; but, like most foreigners, without the slightest idea that such conduct was, at the same time, evil in itself, and lamentably pernicious as example to an imitative people like the English.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, Jan. 28.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. March 31st.

fluence over the hearts and characters of their fellow-creatures, whose reprehension of wrong does not spring from loftier motives. Yet he had done his duty more conscientiously than any other person to whom the education of these princesses was committed; he had reproved the bad habits of his pupils sufficiently to give lasting offence to them. Although he lived to see each of them queen-regnant, and head of the church, they left him with as little preferment as he had received from their father and uncle; had he told them the truth with the unshrinking firmness of Kenn or Sancroft, they could but have done the same.<sup>1</sup>

Notwithstanding the error into which the young communicant had fallen,<sup>2</sup> Dr. Lake wrote to the princess of Orange, "to inform her that her sister had received the holy sacrament," as if the lady Anne had conducted herself so as to edify, instead of disgusting every one. Again, he was blameable, since, if he had mentioned the circumstance he disliked to the princess, a sister could have reprehended the unfortunate mistake, with delicacy and affection.

Dr. Hooper was recommended as the princess of Orange's almoner by the archbishop of Canterbury; he was a primitive apostolical man, greatly attached to the church of England, according to its discipline, established at the dissemination of our present translation of Scripture. The two Archbishops, Sancroft, the primate, and Dolben of York, used to call him "father Hooper," on account of his baldness, and told him "to buy him a perriwig," in jest only, for such fashion was considered

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<sup>1</sup>The Diary of Dr. Lake, which has been of such inestimable advantage in showing the early years of the two regnant queens, Mary and Anne, has been preserved in MS. by his descendants. Echard has quoted from it, but has falsely garbled it. The author of this biography, again returns thanks to Mr. Elliot and Mr. Merrivale, for facilitating her access to its contents. According to a note appended to Mr. Elliot's copy, Dr. Edward Lake was born in 1672, and was the son of a clergyman resident at Exeter; he was a scholar at Wadham college, Oxford; afterwards, Antony Wood says, "he migrated to Cambridge, where he took his degree in arts, and received orders." He became chaplain and tutor to the daughters of the duke of York, in 1670. About 1676, he obtained the archdeaconry of Exeter, he was likewise rector of St. Mary Hill, and St. Andrew's, in the city. The great mistake of Dr. Lake's life, was, reporting a false accusation against Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury, which, according to his Diary, January 7, 1678, had been communicated to him, by Dr. Tillotson, who was then dean of Canterbury, and the same person whose attentions to the distressed prince of Orange, at Canterbury, laid the foundation of his advancement to the primacy, after the princess of Orange, as Mary II., had hurled Sancroft from his archiepiscopal throne. Although Dr. Lake seems to have circulated this scandal, he likewise reports many excellent traits of Sancroft. Somehow, he had to bear the whole blame of the wrong.

<sup>2</sup>Dr. Lake must have given personal offence to his pupils, or they would not have neglected him; he was not like Kenn among those who refused to take the oath of allegiance to either of them; his calumny, on archbishop Sancroft, would not have interfered with his preferment, after the deposition of that illustrious man, and the assumption of authority over the English church by Tillotson; yet he died without any preferment, in the reign of Anne, 1704. As he was in possession of his benefices, small as they were, he could not have been a non-juror.

scandalously effeminate by the church of England divines of that elder day.<sup>1</sup>

On his arrival in Holland, he found the princess without any chapel for divine service, and her private apartments were so confined that she had no room that could be converted into one, excepting her dining-room. "Now the prince and the princess of Orange never ate together, for the deputies of the states-general and their Dutch officers often dined with the prince, and they were no fit company for her. Therefore the princess was able to give up her dining-room for the service of the church of England; she did so, and very cheerfully ate her dinner every day in a small and very dark parlour. She ordered Dr. Hooper to fit up the room she had relinquished for her chapel; when it was finished, her highness bade him be sure and be there on a particular afternoon, when the prince intended to come and see what was done. Dr. Hooper was in attendance, and the prince kept his appointment. The first thing noticed by the prince, was that the communion table was raised two steps, and the chair where the princess was to sit, was near it on the same dais. Upon which, the prince bestowing on each a contemptuous kick, asked 'what they were for?' When he was told their use, he answered with an emphatic 'Hum!' When the chapel was fit for service, the prince never came to it but once or twice on Sunday evenings. The princess attended twice a day, being very careful not to make Dr. Hooper wait."

The prince had caused books, inculcating the tenets of the "Dutch dissenters," to be put in the hands of his young princess; those Dr. Hooper withdrew from her, earnestly requesting her to be guided by him in her studies of theological authors. One day the prince entered her apartment, and found before her Eusebius and Dr. Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' which last is allowed to be one of the grandest literary ornaments of our church, while she was deeply engaged in one of Hooker's volumes. The prince, in 'great commotion,' said, angrily, 'What! I suppose it is Dr. Hooper persuades *ye* to read such books?'

The marriage of Sarah Jennings, the favourite playfellow of the lady Anne of York, was declared in the winter of 1677; she had been espoused clandestinely to the handsome colonel Churchill, the favourite gentleman of the duke of York. Sarah was tender in years, but more experienced in world-craft, than many women are of thrice her age; she was, at the period of her marriage, in the service of the young duchess of York—a circumstance which did not prevent constant intercourse with the lady Anne, who lived under the same roof, with her father and step-mother, either at St. James's palace, or Richmond palace. As Sarah seemed labouring under some trouble of mind, the duchess of York drew from her the secret that oppressed her; her royal highness

<sup>1</sup> Hooper MS., copied and preserved by Mrs. A. Prouse, bishop Hooper's daughter; in the possession of Sir John Mordaunt, of Walton, edited by the Hon. A. Trevor; *Life of William III.* vol. ii., p. 465, 466. Those who have seen the portraits of the archbishops at Lambeth, will remember how recent a fashion wigs are in the church of England, the first making its appearance on the head of archbishop Herring, reign of George I.

immediately undertook to reconcile all adverse feelings towards this marriage, among the relatives both of Churchill and Sarah, giving her attendant a handsome donation by way of portion, and causing her to be appointed to a place of trust about her person.<sup>1</sup> When Sarah found herself on firm footing in the household at St. James's, her first manœuvre was, how to get rid of Mrs. Cornwallis,<sup>2</sup> the lady by whom, it may be remembered, she was first introduced as the playfellow of the princess Anne, and who had, hitherto, been infinitely beloved by her royal highness. Unfortunately, in that century, whensoever a deed of treachery was to be performed, the performer could always be held irresponsible, if he or she could raise a cry of religion. Sarah knew, as she waited on the duchess of York, what ladies in the palace attended the private Roman-catholic chapel, permitted at St. James's for the duchess; being aware, by this means, that Mrs. Cornwallis was of that creed, she secretly denounced her as a papist to bishop Compton, the preceptor of the lady Anne of York. He immediately procured an order of council forbidding Mrs. Cornwallis ever to come again into the presence of the young princess. The privy-council only acted prudently in taking this measure—a circumstance which does not modify the utter baseness of the first political exploit recorded of the future duchess, Sarah of Marlborough.

The lady Anne of York was now in possession of her adult establishment, at her apartments in her father's palace; her aunt, lady Clarendon, was her governess. Barbara Villiers, (the third daughter of her late governess) now Mrs. Berkley, was her first lady, and if the beloved Sarah Churchill was not actually in her service, the princess had, at least, the opportunity of seeing her every day, as they lived under the same roof. This affection was not directed by Mrs. Churchill to any wise or good purpose; the lady Anne made no efforts to complete her own neglected education; card-playing, at which she was usually a serious loser, was the whole occupation of this pair of friends; leaving them in pursuit of this worthy object, our narrative returns to the princess of Orange.

At the Hague, the princess found no less than three palaces. The first (called the Hague, in history) was a grand but rather rugged Gothic structure, built by a count of Holland, in 1250, moated round on three sides, and washed in front by the *Vyver* (fish-preserve), a lake-like sheet of water. This palatial castle of the Hague, was the seat of the stadtholdship, and recognised as such by the states-general; here their several assemblies met, and the business of the republic was transacted in its noble Gothic halls. Mary seldom approached the Hague, excepting on state occasions. She lived at the Palace in the Wood, a very beautiful residence, about a mile from the state palace, built as a place of retirement, by the grandmother of William III. A noble mall of

<sup>1</sup> Life of the Duke of Marlborough, by Coxe, vol. i. pp. 20 to 40. It is distinctly stated that this marriage took place when Sarah was only fifteen.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times. He gives no precise date to this incident, excepting that it is among the current of events at the era of the death of archbishop Sheldon, and the marriage of the princess Mary.

oak trees, nearly a mile in length, led to the Palace in the Wood, which was surrounded by oak forest, and by the richest gardens in Europe. The prince of Orange built two wings to the original structure, on the occasion of his marriage with the princess Mary. There was, near the Palace of the Wood, a dower palace, called the Old Court. The three palaces were situated only an hour's walk from "the wild Scheveling coast." Over one of the moated drawbridges of the Gothic palace, is built a gate called the Scheveling gate, which opened on a fine paved avenue bordered with yew trees, carved into pyramids, leading to the sea-village of Scheveling. Every passenger, not a fisherman, paid a small toll to keep up this avenue.<sup>1</sup>

With the exception of the two Villiers (who were soon distinguished by the prince of Orange in preference to his young wife), none of the English train who had accompanied the princess to her new home, were remarkably well satisfied with their destiny. Sir Gabriel Silvius, whose wife was one of them, gave a dismal account of the unhappiness of the English ladies at the Hague. He observed to the resident envoy of Charles II.: "It is a pity the prince of Orange does not use people better; as for lady Betty Selbourne, she complains and wails horribly."<sup>2</sup> If all the attendants of the princess had so comported themselves, her royal highness need not have been envied. As to what the prince of Orange had done to lady Betty, we are in ignorance, and can enlighten our readers no further than the fact of her "horrible wailings." The princess herself was so happy as to have the protection of the presence of lord Clarendon her uncle, (who was ambassador at the Hague, when his niece first arrived there): in his despatches he says, "The princess parted very unexpectedly from her husband on March 1st, 1678. He had been hunting all the morning, and as he came home to her palace at the Hague to dinner, he received letters by the way that occasioned his sudden departure, of which the princess said 'she had not the slightest previous intimation.' It was the investment of Namur by the king of France that caused his departure. The princess accompanied her husband as far as Rotterdam, "where," says her uncle Clarendon, "there was a very tender parting on both sides;" at the same time he observes, "that he never saw the prince in such high spirits or good humour."

The princess of Orange chose to make the tour of her watery dominions by way of the canals in her barge, when she amused herself with needlework—or played at cards with her ladies, as they were tracked along the canals, or sailed over the broads and lakes. Dr. Hooper accompanied her in the barge, and when she worked, she always requested him to read to her and her ladies. One day she wished him to read a French book to her, but he excused himself on account of his defective pronunciation of French. The princess begged him to read on nevertheless, and she would tell him when he was wrong, or at a loss. Hooper says, "that while he was in her household, about a year and a half, he never heard her say or saw her do any one thing that he could have

<sup>1</sup> Tour in Holland early in the last century.

<sup>2</sup> Sidney Diary, edited by J. Blencowe, Esq., vol. i. p. 41.

wished she had not said or done." She was then only between sixteen and seventeen. She did not distinguish any of her ladies by particular favour, and though very young, was a great observer of etiquette, never receiving anything or any message from persons whose office it was not to deliver the same. She had great command over her women, and maintained her authority by her prudence; if there was any conversation she did not approve, they read by her grave look that they had transgressed, and a dead silence ensued.<sup>1</sup>

The princess suffered much from ill-health in Holland, before she was acclimatized to the difference of air. During the same summer, she was in danger of her life from a severe bilious fever; the prince of Orange was then absent from her at the camp. When a favourable crisis took place, sir William Temple travelled to him, and brought the intelligence that the princess was recovering; he likewise gave the prince information that the last instalment of her portion, 20,000*l.*, would be paid to him speedily. The good news, either of his wife, or of her cash, caused the prince to manifest unusual symptoms of animation, "for," observes sir William Temple,<sup>2</sup> "I have seldom seen him appear so bold or so pleasant."

Mary, though ultimately childless, had more than once a prospect of being a mother; her disappointment was announced to her anxious father, who immediately wrote to his nephew, the prince of Orange, to urge her "to be carefuller of herself," and added, "he would write to her for the same purpose; this letter is dated April 19, 1678. Soon after, Mary again had hopes of bringing an heir or heiress to Great Britain and Holland. If lord Dartmouth may be believed, Mary's father had been purposely deceived in both instances, to answer some political scheme of the prince of Orange. Mary was then too young and too fond of her father, to deceive him purposely; her heart indeed was not estranged from him and from her own family for the want of opportunity of affectionate intercourse. After her recovery from typhus or bilious fever, an intermittent hung long upon her, and her father, the duke of York, thought it best to send his wife, Mary Beatrix, with the princess Anne, to see her and to cheer her spirits. The visit of these princesses was thus announced to her husband by her father, who was about to accompany his brother Charles II. to the October Newmarket meeting:—

"JAMES DUKE OF YORK, TO WILLIAM PRINCE OF ORANGE."<sup>3</sup>

"London, Sept. 27, 1678.

"We<sup>4</sup> came hither on Wednesday last, and are preparing to go to Newmarket he beginning of next week, the parliament being prorogued till the 21st of next month. Whilst we shall be out of town, the duchess and my daughter Anne intend to make your wife a visit very incognito, and have yet said nothing of it to any body here, but his majesty, whose leave they asked, and will not mention it till the post be gone. They carry little company with them, and sent this bearer, Robert White, before, to see to get a house for them as near your court as they can; they intend to stay only whilst we shall be at Newmarket.

<sup>1</sup> Hooper MSS. <sup>2</sup> Letter to lord Clarendon from the Hague, by sir W. Temple.

<sup>3</sup> Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 201. Found in king William's box, at Kensington.

<sup>4</sup> Himself and king Charles.

"I was very glad to see, by the last letters, that my daughter continued so well and hope now she will go out her full time. I have written to her to be very careful of herself, and that she would do well not to stand too long, for that is very ill for a young woman in her state.

"The incognito ladies intend to set out from hence, on Tuesday next, if the wind be fair; they have bid me tell you they desire to be very incognito, and they have lord Ossory for their governor (escort). I have not time to say more, but only to assure you, that I shall always be very kind to you."

Endorsed—"For my son, the prince of Orange."

Accordingly, the duchess of York, and the princess Anne, attended by the chivalric Ossory as their escort, set out from Whitehall on October 11, 1678, to visit the princess of Orange at the Hague, where they arrived speedily and safely. The prince received them with the highest marks of distinction, and as for the excessive affection with which Mary met her step-mother and sister, all her contemporary biographers dwell on it as the principal incident of her life in Holland. The caresses she lavished on the lady Anne, amounted to transport, when she first saw her.<sup>1</sup> At that era of unbroken confidence and kindness, Mary and her step-mother were the best of friends; she was given a pet name in her own family, and the duchess addressed her by it; as the prince was "the Orange," Mary in contradistinction was "the Lemon;" and "my dear Lemon" was the term with which most of her step-mother's letters began, until the revolution.<sup>2</sup>

The lady Anne and the duchess stayed but a few days with the princess, as the duke of York announces their safe return, October 18th, in his letter of thanks to "his son the prince of Orange," for his hospitality.<sup>3</sup> The princess of Orange saw much of her father and family in the succeeding year, which was the time of his banishment on account of his religion. When he came to the Hague in March, 1679, he met with a most affectionate welcome from his daughter, and with great hospitality from his nephew, her husband. The princess melted into tears when she saw her father, and was full of the tenderest condolences on the mournful occasion of his visit. She was still suffering from the intermittent fever, which hung on her the whole of that year.

Her father, the duke of York, wrote thus to her uncle, Lawrence Hyde, from the Hague, in the April of the same year; in the midst of his anxiety regarding the proceedings in England, he made the ill-health of his daughter Mary the subject of several letters:—

"My daughter's ague-fit continues still; her eleventh fit is now upon her, but, as the cold fit is not so long as usual, I have hopes it is *a-going* off. I am called away to supper, so that I can say no more but that you shall always find me as much your friend as ever."

In a letter to the prince of Orange, he says,—

"I am exceedingly glad that my daughter has missed her ague; I hope she will have no more now the warm weather has come." In another, he "rejoices that her journey to Dieren has cured her."

<sup>1</sup> Life of Mary II., 1695.

<sup>2</sup> Birch MS., and sir Henry Ellis's Historical Letters, 1st Series, vol. iii.

<sup>3</sup> All other particulars of this visit have been detailed in the preceding volume Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

In June, her father again laments the continuance of her ague. Dieren was a hunting palace belonging to the prince of Orange, where Henry Sidney, soon after, found the princess, the prince, and their court. He was sent envoy from Charles II. to William, "whom," he says, "I found at Dieren, in an ill house, but a fine country. The prince took me up to his bed-chamber, where he asked me questions, and I informed him of everything, much to his satisfaction."<sup>1</sup> The news that gave so much satisfaction, was the agitation in England respecting the popish plot, conducted by Titus Oates. Sidney dined at Dieren with the princess, and found at her table lady Inchiquin, who was first lady of the bed-chamber; she was one of the Villiers sisterhood, under whose noxious influence at her own court the peace of the English princess was withering.

The prince of Orange was one day discussing the popish plot, and observing that Dr. Hooper was by no means of his mind, for that divine did not conceal his contempt for the whole machination, the prince subjoined, "Well, Dr. Hooper, you will never be a bishop!" Every day widened the differences between Dr. Hooper and the prince of Orange, who was ever inimical to the church of England service; and this Dr. Hooper would never compromise by any undue compliance. The prince of Orange, in consequence, was heard to say, "that if ever he had anything to do with England, Dr. Hooper should remain Dr. Hooper still." When Dr. Hooper wished to return to England, to fulfil his marriage-engagement with Mr. Guildford's daughter (a lady of an old cavalier family resident at Lambeth, greatly esteemed by archbishop Sheldon), the princess was alarmed, fearing he would leave her, and never return to Holland. Her royal highness told him, "that he must prevail with his lady to come to Holland." He promised that he would do his best to induce her to come. The princess was obeyed; but she was not able to procure for Mrs. Hooper the most hospitable entertainment in the world. Dr. Hooper had always taken his meals with the ladies of the bed-chamber and the maids of honour of the princess, and his wife was invited by her royal highness to do the same. But well knowing the *great economy* of the prince, and his general dislike to the English, Dr. Hooper never once suffered his wife to eat at his expense, and he himself left off dining at the prince's table, always taking his meals with his wife at their own lodging, which was very near the court. This conduct of Dr. Hooper resulted wholly from his sense of the griping meanness of William. The prince, nevertheless, had been heard to say, "that as he had been told that Mrs. Hooper was a very fine woman, he should like to salute her, and welcome her to Holland." It was a great jest among the women of the princess, to hear the prince often speak of a person in the service of their mistress, and yet months passed away without his speaking to her, or knowing who she was. Dr. Hooper must have been a man of fortune, since he spent upwards of 2000*l.*, when in the service of the princess, in books and linen. The Dutch,

<sup>1</sup>Diary and correspondence of Henry Sidney, edited by R. W. Blencowe. Esq.



who keep their clergy very poor, were amazed, and called him the "rich papa."<sup>1</sup> The other chaplain was a worthy man, but unprovided with independent subsistence in England, and not doubting that he should have a handsome stipend paid him, though the prince mentioned no particulars. He was never paid a farthing; and having run in debt, he died of a broken heart in prison. Dr. Hooper only received a few pounds for nearly two years' attendance — "a specimen of Dutch generosity," observes his relative, "of which more instances will be given." The princess had 4000*l.* per annum for her expenses, a very different revenue from the noble one we shall see allowed to her youngest sister by her uncle and father. Part of this sum was lost to her by the difference of exchange, about 200*l.* per annum.

The lady Anne accompanied her father in his next visit to the Hague. During his exile in Brussels, he had demanded of his brother Charles II., that his children should be sent to him; after some demur, the lady Anne and her half-sister, the little lady Isabella, were permitted to embark on board the Greenwich frigate, in the summer of 1679, when she spent some time with her sister at the Hague. The greatest affection seemed to prevail among the family of the duke of York, when he again visited the princess of Orange, in September, 1679, accompanied by his wife, her mother, the duchess of Modena, and the lady Anne.<sup>2</sup> Colonel and Mrs. Churchill were both in attendance on their exiled master and mistress in the Low Countries; and it must have been on these series of visits, that the princess of Orange<sup>3</sup> and Mrs. Churchill, took their well-known antipathy to each other: for neither the princess nor the lady had had any previous opportunities for hatred, at least, as adults.

When her father and his family departed, the princess of Orange, with her husband, bore them company as far as the Maesland sluice. She parted with her father in an agony of tears, and took tender and oft-repeated farewells of him, his consort, and her sister. Her father she never again beheld. At that period of her life, Mary did not know, and probably would have heard with horror of all the intrigues her husband was concocting with the Sidneys, Sunderlands, Russells, Oates, and Bedloes, for hurling her father from his place in the succession, and convulsing her native country with the agonies of civil war by the means of the profligate Monmouth. Documentary evidence, whatever general history may assert to the contrary, proves that this conduct of her husband was ungrateful; because he had received vital support from his relatives in England at a time when he must have been for ever crushed beneath the united force of the party in Holland adverse to his re-establishment as stadtholder, and the whole might of France. Long

<sup>1</sup> Trevor's Life of William III. Hooper's MS., vol. ii., p. 470. Dr. Hooper's daughter notes that at this time the princess Anne came to the Hague ill of the ague. It was an awkward place to cure an ague; and we think she must mean that the princess of Orange had the ague, which we see by the letters of her father above was actually the case.

<sup>2</sup> Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii., p. 119.

<sup>3</sup> Letter of the princess Anne, in 1687, commencing with her regrets for the bad opinion that her sister had of "lady Churchill."

before the marriage of William of Orange with the heiress of Great Britain, the ambition of his party of Dutchmen had anticipated for him the throne of Charles II. : to this result they considered that a prophecy of Nostradamus tended. In order that the English might consider William in that light, an anonymous letter was sent to sir William Temple at Nimeguen, where he was staying, in 1679, negotiating the peace which was concluded between Holland and France, or rather Spain and France. It would have been difficult for any one but a partisan to discover a prophecy in this quatrain, at least beyond the first line :<sup>1</sup>

Né sous les ombres journée nocturne,  
Sera en gloire et souverain bonné,  
Pera renaissance le sang de l' antique urne,  
Et changera en or le siècle d'airain."

*Born under the shade of a nocturnal day, he will be glorious and supremely good ; in him will be renewed the ancient blood, and he will change an age of brass into one of gold.*

The Dutch partisan who sent this prophecy for the edification of the English ambassador, likewise favoured him with expounding the same. The explanation was, "That the prince of Orange being 'born under the shades of a nocturnal day,' was verified by the time of his birth, a few days after the untimely death of his father; his mother being plunged in the deepest grief of mourning, and the light of a November day excluded from her apartments, which were hung with black, and only illumined by melancholy lamps. 'Renewing the ancient urn of blood' was by the descent of the prince from Charlemagne, through the house of Louvain." The rest of the spell alluded to the personal virtues of the prince of Orange, and the wonderful happiness Great Britain would enjoy in possessing him. The gold and the brass were perhaps verified by his contriving dexterously, by means of the Dutch system of finance, to obtain possession by anticipation of all the gold of succeeding generations to enrich his age of brass.

The princess of Orange seemed much recovered at Dieren. Sidney wrote to her father, that he could scarcely believe she wanted any remedies; nevertheless, it was her intention to visit the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle.<sup>2</sup> A day was appointed for her journey. Her husband placed her under the care of his favourite physician, Dr. Drelinecourt of Leyden, (son to the well-known Calvinist, author on "Death.") This physician travelled with the princess to Aix, and returned with her.<sup>3</sup> He was the Leyden professor of medicine, and at the head of the medical establishment of the court till 1688.

Meantime, the conduct of the princess of Orange's maids of honour at the Hague caused no little surprise, in whatsoever court of Europe their proceedings were reported; they certainly took extraordinary liberties, if the description of their friend, Mr. Sidney, may be trusted. "The princess's maids are a great comfort to me!" wrote Sidney to Hyde, "on Sunday they invited me to dinner. Pray let Mrs. Frazer know that

<sup>1</sup> Sir W. Temple's Works, vol. ii., pp. 472, 473.

<sup>2</sup> Sidney Diary, vol. i., p. 45.

<sup>3</sup> Biographia Britannica

the maids of the princess of Orange entertain foreign ministers, which is more, I think, than any of the queen's do."<sup>1</sup> It was to the conduct of these very hospitable damsels that the fluctuating health and early troubles of the princess of Orange may be attributed. The preference which the prince of Orange manifested for Elizabeth Villiers was the canker of the princess's peace, from her marriage to the grave. This connexion, however scandalous it may be, is not matter of slander, but of documentary history.<sup>2</sup> Scandal likewise involved his name very shamefully with that of her sister, Anne Villiers, after she was madame Bentinck. Altogether, it may be judged how strong were the meshes woven round the poor princess by this family clique. These companions of the princess's youth naturally possessed in themselves the species of authoritative influence over her mind, which they derived from being the daughters of her governess, all somewhat older than herself. When it is remembered that the head of the clique was the mistress of her husband, and that the next in age and influence became the wife of his favourite minister of state, the case of Mary of England seems sufficiently pitiable; when she married William of Orange, her age was not sixteen years; he was twenty-seven, and her bold rival was nineteen or twenty, or perhaps older. A dread of insult soon produced in the mind of the princess that close reserve and retreat within herself, which, even after her spirit was utterly broken, often perplexed her astute husband, at a time when their views and feelings regarding the deposition of her father were unanimous.

A diplomatist became resident at the Hague after the peace with France of 1678, whose despatches to his own court contain some intelligence concerning the domestic life led by the princess of Orange and her husband. This person was the marquis d'Avaux, ambassador from Louis XIV.—not exactly to the prince of Orange, but to the states of Holland. The oddest stories are afloat relative to this official and the princess of Orange. One written by Sidney to sir Leoline Jenkins is as follows: "All the discourse we have here, December 3d, 1680, is of what happened *a-Wednesday* night at court. The French ambassador had, in the morning, sent word to monsieur Odyke (one of the officials in the household of the princess) that he intended waiting on the princess that evening. He (Odyke) forgot to give notice of it; so that the princess sat down, as she uses to do, about eight o'clock, to play at *la basset*."

This was a game at cards, played with a bank, in vogue through all the courts of Europe. Vast sums were lost and won at basset; and royal personages sat down to play at it with as rigorous forms of etiquette as if it had been a solemn duty.<sup>3</sup> "A quarter of an hour after the princess had commenced her game, the French ambassador came in. She rose, and asked him if he would play. He made no answer, and she sat

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Diary, vol. i., pp. 55-62. The queen is Catherine of Braganza.

<sup>2</sup> Shrewsbury Correspondence, edited by archdeacon Coxe.

<sup>3</sup> Basset succeeded primero, the game of queen Elizabeth, and prevailed through the reign of queen Anne, though somewhat rivalled by ombre and quadrille.

down again; when the ambassador, looking about, saw a chair with arms in the corner, which he drew for himself and sat down. After he had sat a little while, he rose and went to the table to play. The prince of Orange came in, and did also seat him to play."

Rational people will suppose, so far, that there was no great harm done on either side. According to strict etiquette, as the announcement had been sent of the visit of the ambassador, d'Avaux, the basset tables should not have been set till his arrival; and it would be supposed that a five minutes' lounge in an arm-chair, opportunely discovered in a corner, was no very outrageous atonement for the neglected dignity of the representative of Louis XIV.; but, alas, arm-chairs in those days were moveables of consequence, portentous of war or peace. "Next day," Sidney added, "the French ambassador told his friends confidentially that his behaviour was not to be wondered at, for he had positive orders from his master, Louis XIV., that whensoever the princess sat in a great arm-chair, he should do so too; and that if there was but one in the room, *he should endeavour to take it from the princess, and sit in it himself*!"<sup>1</sup>

This climax of the letter is, we verily believe, a romaunt of Henry Sidney's own compounding, for the purpose of mystifying the credulity of that most harmless man, sir Leoline Jenkins, hoping that he would go gossiping with this important nothing to the duke of York, who would forthwith vindicate his daughter, by resenting an offence never dreamed of by that politest of mortals, Louis XIV. Thus a small matter of mischief might be fomented between the courts of England and France, for the benefit of that of Orange. Louis XIV., it is well known, considered that homage was due to the fair sex, even in the lowest degree; for if he met his own housemaids in his palace, he never passed them without touching his hat. Was it credible that he could direct his ambassador, the representative of his own polite person, to take away an arm-chair, by fraud or force, from a princess, and sit in it himself in her presence? And Mary was not only a princess, but a young and pretty woman, and cousin, withal, (but one degree removed,) to his own sacred self! Sir Leoline Jenkins might believe the report, but probability rejects it.

If sir Leoline Jenkins had been ambassador to the court of Holland in an age less diabolical, his veneration and honest loyalty would not have impaired his character for sagacity. He had risen from the lowly estate of a charity boy, by his learning and integrity, to a high situation in the ecclesiastical courts; he belonged to the reformed catholic church of England, and had old-fashioned ideas of devoting to the poor proportionate sums in good works, according to his prosperity. Moreover, he kept himself from presumptuous sins, by hanging on high in his stately mansion, in daily sight of himself and his guests, the veritable leathern garments in which he had trudged from Wales to London, a poor, way-faring orphan, with two groats in his pockets.<sup>2</sup> On the warm affections of a person so primitive, the prince of Orange and his tool, Sidney,

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. ii. p. 141-142.

<sup>2</sup> Aubrey

played most shamefully in their letters. The phlegmatic prince grew warm and enthusiastic in his filial expressions towards the duke of York, when writing to the old man. "I am obliged to you," wrote William<sup>1</sup> to sir Leoline, "for continuing to inform me of what passes in England; but I am grieved to learn with what animosity they proceed against the duke of York. God bless him, and grant that the king and his parliament may agree!" How could the old servant of the English royal family believe that the dissensions in England, and the animosity so tenderly lamented, were at the same time fostered by the writer of this filial effusion, which looks especially ugly and deceitful, surrounded as it is by documents proving that the prince of Orange should either have left off his intrigues against his uncle and father-in-law, or have been less fervent in his benedictions. But these benedictions were to deceive the old loyalist into believing that, when he wrote intelligence to the prince, he was writing to his master's friend and affectionate son.

The extraordinary conduct of the maids of honour of the princess of Orange has been previously shown; they gave parties of pleasure to the ministers of sovereigns resident at the Hague, at which the political intriguante, Elizabeth Villiers, reaped harvests of intelligence for the use of her employer, the prince of Orange, to whom these ambassadors were *not* sent, but to the States of Holland; these damsels, therefore, were spies, who reported to the prince what the ambassadors meant to transact with the States, and these services were considered valuable by a crooked politician. Anne Villiers' affairs prospered at these orgies, for she obtained the hand of the favourite minister of the prince of Orange, at some period between 1679 and 1685; but Mary Worth, the colleague of this sisterhood, was involved in grievous disgrace, which occasioned serious trouble to the princess. The reputation of this girl had been compromised by the attentions of count Zulestein, a near relative (by illegitimate descent) of the prince of Orange, and one of his favourites. Although Zulestein had given Mary Worth a solemn promise of marriage, he perfidiously refused to fulfil it, and was encouraged in his cruelty by the prince, his master. The princess was grieved for the sufferings of her wretched attendant, but she dared not interfere farther than consulting her almoner, Dr. Kenn, on this exigence. And here it is necessary to interpolate, that a third change had taken place in the head of the church of England chapel at the Hague; the prince of Orange being exceedingly inimical to Dr. Hooper, he had resigned, and Dr. Kenn, in 1679, accepted this uneasy preferment out of early affection and personal regard for the princess, and in hopes of inducing her to adhere to the principles of the church of England,<sup>2</sup> without swerving to the practice of the Dutch dissenters, who exaggerated the fatalism of their founder, and repudiated all rites with rigour. The only creed to which the prince of Orange vouchsafed the least attention, was that of the Brownists, who united with their fatalist doctrines a certain degree of Socinianism. The princess of Orange, it has been shown, before the

<sup>1</sup> Letter of the prince of Orange to Sir Leoline Jenkins. Sidney Diary, vol. ii. p. 126; likewise Dalrymple's Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> Rio. Brit., and Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, previously quoted in January, 1678.

arrival of Dr. Hooper, had been induced to attend the worship of this sect,<sup>1</sup> to the great grief of the divines of the church of England. Dr. Kenn prevailed on the princess to remain steady to the faith in which she had been baptized; he was, in consequence, detested by the prince of Orange still more than his predecessor. The prince saw, withal, that he was the last person to gloss over his ill-treatment of his wife.

When the princess consulted Dr. Kenn, regarding the calamitous case of the frail Mary Worth, he immediately, without caring for the anticipated wrath of the prince of Orange, sought an interview with count Zulestein, and represented to him the turpitude and cruelty of his conduct to the unfortunate girl, in such moving terms, that Zulestein, who, though prodigate, was not altogether reprobate, at the end of the exhortation, became penitent, and requested the apostolic man to marry him to Mary as soon as he pleased. A few days afterwards, the prince of Orange went on business to Amsterdam; the princess then called all the parties concerned about her, and Kenn married the lovers, Zulestein and Mary Worth, in her chapel. The rage of the prince, on his return, when he found his favourite kinsman fast bound in marriage, without possibility of retracting, was excessive; he scolded and stormed at the princess, and railed violently at Dr. Kenn, who told him he was desirous of leaving his court and returning to England. The tears and entreaties of the princess, who begged Dr. Kenn not to desert her, gave a more serious turn to the affair than the prince liked, who, at last, alarmed at the effect the quarrel might have in England, joined with her in entreating Kenn to stay with her another year. Dr. Kenn reluctantly complied; he was thoroughly impatient of witnessing the ill-treatment he saw the princess suffer,<sup>2</sup> nor could he withhold remonstrance.

"Dr. Kenn was with me," wrote Sidney in his journal of March the 21st, 1680; "he is horribly unsatisfied with the prince of Orange; he thinks he is not kind to his wife, and he is determined to speak to him about it, even if he kicks him out of doors."<sup>3</sup> Again, about a month afterwards, the journal notes, "Sir Gabriel Sylvius and Dr. Kenn were both here, and both complain of the prince, especially of his usage of his wife; they think she is sensible of it, and that it doth greatly contribute to her illness; they are mightily for her going to England, but they think he will never consent."<sup>4</sup> Sidney being an agent and favourite of the prince of Orange, it is not probable that he exaggerated his

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, and Biography of Dr. Kenn. Bio. Brit. Dr. Kenn was the bosom friend of Hooper; by descent, Kenn was a gentleman of ancient Saxon lineage, born at Kenn-place, Somersetshire. He devoted himself with love to our reformed church. His sister married the illustrious haberdasher Isaac Walton, who alludes to her in his beautiful lines on Spring:—

"There see a blackbird tend its young,  
There hear my Kennas sing a song."

<sup>2</sup> Sidney Papers and Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. II. pp. 19—26, and Memoir of Dr. Kenn, in Biographia Britannica.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

ill-conduct. And as for sir Gabriel Sylvius, he was one of his own Dutchmen, who had married a young lady of the Howard family—a ward of Evelyn, at the time of the wedlock of the prince and princess of Orange.<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne Sylvius soon after followed the princess, to Holland, and became one of her principal ladies. King Charles II. gave lady Anne Sylvius the privilege and rank of an earl's daughter, as she was grand-daughter to the earl of Berkshire. She was extremely attached to the royal family of Great Britain, in which the good Dutchman, her elderly, but most loving spouse, participated; he seems to have been a primitive character of the class of sir Leoline Jenkins, his contemporary.<sup>2</sup>

In the paucity of events to vary the stagnation of existence, in which the young beautiful Mary of England was doomed to mope away the flower of her days in Holland, the circumstance of her laying the first stone of William's new brick palace at Loo afforded her some little opportunity of enacting her part in the drama of royalty, that part which nature had so eminently fitted her to perform with grace and majesty. The erection of this palace, the decorations, together with the laying out the extensive gardens and pleasure-grounds, afforded Mary some amusement and occupation; and memories of her were long recalled by the names of things pertaining to her in this her husband's favourite abode. On the east side, were the apartments devoted to her use, since called "the queen's suite," although she never went to Holland after her accession to the British crowns. Under the windows of these was her garden, with a noble fountain in the centre, called "the queen's garden." This garden led into another, with a labyrinth, adorned with many statues. Behind the palace, she had her *voliere*, or poultry garden, from which it appears that she beguiled her dullness in Holland, by rearing various kinds of fowls, especially those of the aquatic species, for which the canals and tanks of Loo were so well fitted.

Beyond the park was the *viver*, a large quadrangular pond, which supplied all the fountains, jets, and cascades, that adorned the gardens. Near this was the garden of Fauns, with divers pleasant long green walks; and west of the *viver* was situated a fine grove for solitude, where Mary occasionally walked, since called in memory of her, "the queen's grove." William had also his wing of the palace opening into his private pleasure and his *voliere*; it was to render it more like this Dutch palace, that Hampton court, the royal abode of the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns, was disfigured and pulled to pieces to decorate Loo. William is accused of plundering Windsor of some of the pictures with which the fine taste and munificence of his predecessors had adorned them, with the expectation that they would be regarded as heir-looms

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn's Diary.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Gabriel Sylvius had not the honour of participation in the bosom secrets of the prince of Orange, although ambassador to England. Sir William Temple quoted, one day, an opinion of sir Gabriel Sylvius. "God!" exclaimed the prince of Orange, "do you think I would let Sylvius know more of my mind than I could tell my coachman?"

to the nation in perpetuity, records, that men of princely feeling had reigned over a civilized people.<sup>1</sup>

Mary's palace-seclusion at this period of her life, must have been matter of notoriety, since one of her contemporary biographers, whose labours (and very laborious they must have been) consist of mere panegyric without incident, thinks fit, thus cautiously, to apologize for it:—"Though the princess of Orange behaved with all possible condescension to the wives of the burgomasters, and the other ladies, yet she never forgot her own high birth, so far as to enter into familiarity with them, it being regarded by her as an inviolable point of etiquette, neither to make visits nor contract intimacies with any of them. The narrowness of the circle to which she was thus confined, rendered her recluse and solitary in her own court, and took from her a great part of the grandeur, state, and homage, to which she had been accustomed in her uncle's court."<sup>2</sup> How weary such a life must have been to a girl in her teens, accustomed to all the gaieties of the most fascinating court in Europe, and all the endearments of domestic ties, we may suppose, disappointed, as she was, in all her hopes of maternity, and neglected in her first bloom of beauty for one of her attendants, by her taciturn and unfaithful husband. No wonder that Mary's health gave way, and the journals, written by English residents at the Hague, prognosticated an early death for the royal flower, who had been reluctantly torn from the happy home of her youth, to be transplanted to an ungenial climate.

Years, in fact, elapsed before Mary of England's home affections and filial duties were sufficiently effaced to allow her to become an accomplice in the utter ruin of the father who tenderly loved her. From the year 1680 to 1684, the events of her life in Holland, together with life itself, stagnated as dimly as the contents of the canals around her; all the evidence concerning her goes to prove that her seclusion was little better than the palace restraint which was called captivity in the days of her ancestresses, Eleanora of Aquitaine, and Isabella of Angoulême. While this mysterious retirement was endured by her in Holland, life was opening to her young sister Anne, and many important events had befallen her.

The lady Anne did not accompany her father the duke of York, and her stepmother Mary Beatrice in their first journey to Scotland; her establishment continued at St. James's or Richmond; she bore the duchess of York company on her land journey to the north as far as Hatfield, and then returned to her uncle's court.<sup>3</sup>

Whilst the bill for excluding her father from the succession was agitating the country and parliament, perhaps the first seeds of ambition were sown in the bosom of Anne, for she was generally spoken of and

<sup>1</sup> A description of William's palace, at Loo, was written, at Mary's desire, by his majesty's physician, Walter Harris, but it was not finished till after her death, when it was published in pamphlet form, decorated with a view of this heavy and expensive building, and its formal gardens.

<sup>2</sup> *The Life of our Late Gracious Queen Mary*, published 1695.

<sup>3</sup> R. Coke: For particulars of her abode in Scotland, see the previous volume *Life of Mary Beatrice*.



regarded as the ultimate heiress to the throne. Many intrigues regarding her marriage<sup>1</sup> occupied the plotting brain of her childless brother-in-law, William of Orange. The hereditary prince of Hanover, afterwards George I., paid first a long visit at the Hague at the close of the year 1680, and then appeared at the court of Charles II. as a suitor for the hand of the lady Anne of York. Although William affected the most confidential affection for this young prince, his very soul was racked with jealousy, lest he should prosper in his wooing; not jealousy of his sister-in-law, whom he abhorred, but he feared that the ambition of the hereditary prince of Hanover should be awakened by his proximity to the British throne, if he were brought still nearer, by wedlock, with the lady Anne. The case would then stand thus:—if George of Hanover married Anne, and the princess of Orange died first, without offspring (as she actually did), William of Orange would have had to give way before their prior claims on the succession, to prevent which he set at work a three-fold series of intrigues, in the household of his sister-in-law, at the court of Hanover, and at that of Zell.

The prince of Hanover arrived opposite to Greenwich palace Dec. 6, 1680, and sent his chamberlain, M. Beck, on shore to find his uncle, prince Rupert,<sup>2</sup> and to hire a house. Prince Rupert immediately informed Charles II. of the arrival of the prince of Hanover, and the king forbade the hiring of any house, but instantly appointed apartments at Whitehall for his German kinsman, and all his suite, sending off the master of the ceremonies, sir Charles Cottrel, with a royal barge, to bring his guest up the Thames to Whitehall. The duke of Hamilton came to call on the Hanoverian prince, when he had rested at Whitehall about two hours, and informed him that his uncle, prince Rupert, had already preceded him to the levée of king Charles, and was ready to meet him there. George of Hanover quickly made his appearance at the royal levée, and, when presented to the British monarch, he delivered a letter that his mother, the electress Sophia, had sent by him to her royal cousin-german. Charles II. received both the letter and his young kinsman with his usual frankness, spoke of his cousin Sophia, and said he well remembered her. When the king had chatted some time with his relative, he proposed to present him to the queen (Catharine of Braganza). Prince George followed Charles II. to the queen's side, or privy lodgings, at Whitehall, where his presentation to her majesty took place, with the same ceremonial as was used at the court of France before the revolution of 1790. The gentleman presented knelt, and, taking the robe of the queen, endeavoured to kiss the hem; the more courteous etiquette was, for a little graceful struggle to take place, when the queen took her robe from the person presented, who, while she did so, kissed her hand.

It was not until the next day that prince George saw the princess on

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<sup>1</sup> Sidney Diary, vol. ii.

<sup>2</sup> Prince Rupert, then living at the British court, it will be remembered, was brother to Sophia, mother to George I., and youngest daughter to the queen of Bohemia.

whose account he had undertaken this journey; Charles II. presented him to his niece Anne, "the princess of York," as prince George himself terms her. At his introduction, the king gave him leave to kiss her. It was, indeed, the privilege of the prince's near relationship, that he should salute her on the lips. Yet, the fact that George I. and Anne so greeted, seems inconsistent with the coldness and distance of their historical characters. All this intelligence was conveyed to the electress Sophia, in a letter written to her, on occasion of these introductions, by her son. It is as follows, from the original French, in which it is indited with as much sprightliness as if it had emanated from the literary court of Louis XIV. :—

"THE HEREDITARY PRINCE GEORGE OF HANOVER,<sup>1</sup> TO HIS MOTHER, THE ELECTRESS SOPHIA.<sup>2</sup>

"London, Dec. 30, O. S., Jan. 10, N. S., 1680-1.

"After wishing your serene highness a very happy new year, I will not delay letting you know that I arrived here on the 6th of Dec., having remained one day at anchor at *Grunnervitch* (Greenwich), till M. Beck went on shore to take a house for me. He did not fail to find out prince Robert (Rupert), to let him know of my arrival at *Grunnevetsch*, who did not delay telling king Charles II.: his majesty immediately appointed me apartments at *Weithal* (Whitehall). M. Beck requested prince Robert<sup>3</sup> to excuse me; but king Charles, when he spoke thus, insisted that it should absolutely be so, for he would treat me '*en cousin*,' and after that no more could be said. Therefore, M. Cottarel came on the morrow, to find me out (in the ship at Greenwich) with a *barque* of the king, and brought me therein to *Weithal* (Whitehall). I had not been there more than two hours, when *milor* Hamilton came to take me to the king, who received me most obligingly. Prince Robert (Rupert) had preceded me, and was at court when I saluted king Charles. In making my obeisance to the king, I did not omit to give him the letter of your serene highness, after which, he spoke of your highness, and said 'that he remembered you very well.' When he had talked with me some time, he went to the queen (Catherine of Braganza), and as soon as I arrived he made me kiss the hem of her majesty's petticoat (*qui l'on me fit baiser la jupe à la reine*).

"The next day, I saw the princess of York (the lady Anne), and I saluted her, by kissing her, with the consent of the king. The day after, I went to visit prince Robert (Rupert), who received me in bed; for he has a malady in his leg, which makes him very often keep his bed: it appears that it is so without any pretext, and that he has to take care of himself. He had not failed of coming to see me one day.

"All the milords came to see me *sans pretendre la main chez moi*:<sup>4</sup> milord Greue (perhaps Grey) is one that came to me very often indeed.

"They cut off the head of lord Stafford yesterday, and made no more ado about it, than if they had chopped off the head of a pallet.

"I have no more to tell your serene highness, wherefore I conclude, and remain your very humble son and servant,  
GEORGE LOUIS."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> George I., King of Great Britain.

<sup>2</sup> It is a little doubtful whether the husband of this princess was at that time elector, but so his consort is entitled by the transcriber.

<sup>3</sup> The name of prince Rupert, though always Germanized to the English reader, is, in this letter by his German nephew, mentioned as Robert.

<sup>4</sup> This sentence is incomplete and broken in sense; perhaps the original was damaged. Does it mean that they came without venturing to shake hands with him?

<sup>5</sup> Endorsed—"Copied by George Augustus Gargan, librarian of the Archives;

There is reason to believe that the "milor Greue," who was assiduous in his attendance on the prince of Hanover, was lord Grey of Ford, one of the most violent agitators for the legal murder of the unoffending lord Stafford, whose death is mentioned with such *naïve* astonishment by the prince of Hanover. Various reasons are given for the failure of the marriage treaty between George I. and queen Anne. It is asserted, in every history, that William of Orange caused it to be whispered to the lady Anne that it was owing to the irrepressible disgust that the prince George felt at the sight of her; an obliging piece of information, which could easily be conveyed by the agency of the Villiers sisters, in his wife's establishment in Holland, communicating the same to the other division of the sisterhood, who were domesticated in the palace of St. James. The mischief took effect, for Anne felt lifelong resentment for this supposed affront. Yet there is no expression of the kind in the letter quoted above, though written in a highly confidential strain to a mother; instead of which, he dwells with satisfaction on the permission given him to salute the young princess.

It is more likely that prince George of Hanover took the disgust at the proceedings of the leaders of the English public at that time, and was loth to involve himself with their infamous intrigues. For it is to the great honour of the princes of the house of Hanover, that their names are unsullied by any such evil deeds as those that disgrace William of Orange. It will be found, subsequently, that the mother of this prince testified sincere reluctance to accept a succession forced on her, and unsought by her or hers; and that her son never visited Great Britain again until he was sent for as king; in short, the conduct of the electress Sophia and of her descendants presents the most honourable contrast to the proceedings of William, Mary, and Anne. During prince George of Hanover's visit in England, the prince of Orange had kindly bestirred himself to fix a matrimonial engagement for him in Germany. When the prince had remained a few weeks at the court of his kinsman, Charles II., he was summoned home by his father, Ernest Augustus, to receive the hand of his first-cousin, Sophia Dorothea, heiress of the duchy of Zell. This marriage, contracted against the wishes of both prince George and Sophia Dorothea, proved most miserable to both.

The duke of York was absent from England, keeping court at Holyrood, at the time of the visit of prince George of Hanover; he had no voice in the matter, either of acceptance or rejection. Although the affections of the lady Anne could not have been given to prince George, for his person was diminutive, and his manners without attraction, yet she felt the unaccountable retreat of her first wooer as a great mortification.

The little princess Isabella died the same spring, a child from whom her sister, the lady Anne, had never been separated; possibly she was afflicted at her loss. In the following summer, Charles II. permitted the lady Anne to visit her father in Scotland. She embarked on board one

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at Hanover, into a collection of MSS. in the King's Library, Brit. Museum, presented by George IV., called *Recueil des Pièces*, p. 220."

of the royal yachts, at Whitehall, July 13, and, after a prosperous voyage, landed at Leith, July 17, 1681. Her visit to Scotland has been mentioned in the preceding volume.<sup>1</sup> Here she met her favourite companion, Mrs. Churchill, who was then in Scotland, in attendance on the duchess of York.

When the revolutions of faction gave a temporary prosperity to her father, the lady Anne returned with him to St. James's palace, and again settled there, in the summer of 1682. In that year, or the succeeding one, she bestowed her first affections upon an accomplished nobleman of her uncle's court. There is little doubt but that her confidante, Sarah Churchill, was the depository of all her hopes and fears relative to her passion for the elegant and handsome Sheffield, lord Mulgrave, which Sarah, according to her nature, took the first opportunity to circumvent and betray.

Few of those to whom the rotund form and high-coloured complexion of queen Anne are familiar, can imagine her as a poet's love, and a poet, withal, so fastidious as the accomplished Sheffield. But the lady Anne of York, redolent with the Hebe bloom and smiles of seventeen, was different from the royal matron, who adorns so many corporation halls in provincial towns, and, it is possible, might be sincerely loved by the young, chivalric earl of Mulgrave, who wrote poems to her praise, which were admired by the court. Poetry is an allowable incense; but, after gaining the attention of the lady Anne in verse, the noble poet, Sheffield, proceeded to write *bona fide* love-letters to her, in good, earnest prose, the object of which was marriage. Charles II. and the favoured confidante of the princess, Sarah Churchill, alone knew whether the lady Anne answered these epistles. Some say that Sarah stole a very tender billet, in the lady Anne's writing, addressed to Sheffield, earl of Mulgrave, and placed it in the hands of her royal uncle, Charles II.; others declare that the unlucky missive was a flaming love-letter of the earl to the lady Anne. But whichever it were, the result was, that a husband was instantly sought for the enamoured princess, and her lover was forthwith banished from the English court.<sup>2</sup>

Charles II. rests under the imputation of sending the earl of Mulgrave on a command to Tangier in a leaky vessel, meaning to dispose of him and of his ambitious designs out of the way at the bottom of the ocean; but, to say nothing of the oriental obedience of the crew of the vessel, it may be noted, that Charles could have found a less costly way of assassinating, if so inclined, than the loss of a ship, however leaky, with all her appointments of rigging, provisions, ammunition, and five hundred men, withal, one of whom was his own child—for the earl of Plymouth was a favourite son of his—who sailed in the same ship with Mulgrave. The want of sea-worthiness of the ship was discovered on the voyage, and whenever the health of king Charles was proposed, lord Mulgrave used to say, "Let us wait till we get safe out of his rotten snip."<sup>3</sup> From

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ix. Life of Mary Beatrice.

<sup>2</sup> Biographia Britannica. Scott's Life of Dryden, Horace Walpole, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Memoir of Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, prefixed to his works, vol. i.

this speech, and from the previous courtship of the princess Anne, all the rest has been astutely invented.

The consequence of the courtship between the lady Anne and lord Mulgrave was, that her uncle, king Charles, and his council, lost no time in finding her a suitable helpmate. The handsome king of Sweden, Charles XI., had proposed for the lady Anne some time after prince George of Hanover had withdrawn his pretensions. The beautiful and spirited equestrian portrait of the king of Sweden was sent to England, to find favour in the eyes of the lady Anne; this portrait, drawn by no vulgar pencil, is at Hampton Court. At least, it was there four years since, shut up in the long room leading to the chapel; it deserves to be seen, for it presents the *beau ideal* of a martial monarch. Anne was not destined to be the mother of Charles XII.; her unloving brother-in-law, William, opposed this union with all his power of intrigue; the only suitor on whom he was willing to bestow his fraternal benediction, was the elector-palatine, a mature widower, a mutual cousin of Anne and himself, being a descendant of the queen of Bohemia. The choice of Charles II., for his niece, fell on neither of these wooers, but on prince George, brother of Christiern V., king of Denmark.

The royal family of Denmark were nearly related to that of Great Britain; the grandmother of Charles II., Anne of Denmark, being aunt to the father of prince George (Frederic III.); and a friendly intercourse had always been kept up, since her marriage with James I., between the royal families of Denmark and Great Britain. Christiern V., when crown prince, had visited England, at the restoration; this prince had taken away with him, as his page, George Churchill,<sup>1</sup> who was at that time but thirteen; it is possible that this trifling circumstance actually led to the marriage of prince George with the lady Anne of York. George of Denmark had visited England in 1670,<sup>2</sup> when the lady Anne was only five or six years old; for there was a difference of fourteen or fifteen years in their ages. At this visit, prince George had brought George Churchill with him to Whitehall, for prince Christiern had transferred him to his brother's service, as his guide and interpreter in England; from that time, George Churchill became as influential in the household of the second prince of Denmark as his brother, John Churchill (afterwards duke of Marlborough), was in that of the duke of York. The prince of Orange was staying at the court of his uncles, at Whitehall, when George of Denmark was on his visit in England; what harm the Danish prince had ever done to his peevish little kinsman, was never ascertained; but, from that period, William cultivated a hatred against him, lasting as it was bitter.

It is possible that, when Sarah Churchill traversed the love between the lady Anne and the earl of Mulgrave, she recommended George of Denmark to the attention of Charles II., for the husband of the princess: as the brother of Mrs. Churchill's husband was already the favourite of the Danish prince, the long-sighted intrigante might deem that such alliance would strengthen the puissance of her own family at court. Be

<sup>1</sup> Coxe's Life of Marlborough.

<sup>2</sup> Evelyn's Diary.

this as it may, the marriage between the lady Anne and prince George of Denmark was formally proposed, on the part of the king of Denmark, in May, 1683. King Charles approved of it, but would not answer finally, until he had spoken to his brother, the duke of York, who, according to public report, replied, “that he thought it very convenient and suitable;” and gave leave by M. Lente, the Danish envoy, that the prince George should make application to his daughter, the lady Anne.”<sup>1</sup> In his journal, the duke of York regrets the match; observing, “that he had little encouragement, in the conduct of the prince of Orange, to marry another daughter in the same interest.” William of Orange, however, did not identify his own interest with that of the Danish prince; for, directly he heard that he was likely to become his brother-in-law, he sent Bentinck to England, to break the marriage, if possible. The Orange machinations proved useless, excepting that the marriage was rendered somewhat unpopular, by a report being raised that prince George of Denmark was a suitor recommended by Louis XIV. Nevertheless, the protestantism of the Danish prince was free from reproach, and, therefore, there was no reason why he should find favour in the eyes of Louis.

The prince of Denmark had been distinguished by an act of generous valour, before he came to England; he was engaged in one of the tremendous battles between Sweden and Denmark, where his brother, king Christiern, commanded in person. The king, venturing too rashly, was taken prisoner by the Swedes, when prince George, rallying some cavalry, cut his way through a squadron of the Swedes, and rescued his royal brother.<sup>2</sup> The prince had no great appanage, only about five thousand crowns, from some barren islands; but it was considered desirable that he should remain at the court of England, without taking his wife to Denmark.

Prince George arrived in London, on the 18th of July, 1683; that day, he dined publicly at Whitehall, with the royal family, and was seen by a great crowd of people—among others, by Evelyn, who has left the following description of him:—“I again saw the prince George, on the 25th of July; he has the Danish countenance, blonde—of few words, spake French but ill, seemed somewhat heavy, but is reported to be valiant.”

“I am told from Whitehall,” says another contemporary, “that prince George of Denmark is a person of a very good mien, and had dined with the king, queen, and duke of York, who gave the prince the upper hand.”<sup>3</sup> This was in public, in the same manner as the court of France dined at Versailles and the Tuilleries, where the people were admitted to see the royal family. “The court will soon return to Windsor, where the marriage between the prince and lady Anne will be

<sup>1</sup> Letters of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, p. 244.

<sup>2</sup> Atlas Geographicus.

<sup>3</sup> Memoirs by Sir Richard Bulstrode, envoy at the courts of Brussels and Spain, p. 349.

arranged and completed.<sup>1</sup> His presents, which are very noble, are presented to her, and their households will be settled after the manner of those of the duke of York and the duchess, but not so numerous. A chapter will be held at Windsor, for choosing prince George into the most noble order of the Garter; but the prince hath desired it may be deferred till he hath written to the king of Denmark, for his leave to forbear wearing the order of the elephant, for it would not be seemly to wear that and the order of the garter at the same time." It is scarcely needful to observe, that the "leave" was granted by the king of Denmark, who considered the request only reasonable.

The marriage of the princess Anne took place at St. James's chapel, on St. Anne's day, July 28th, O.S., 1683, at 10 o'clock at night. Her uncle, Charles II., gave her away; queen Catherine, the duchess of York, and the duke of York, were present.<sup>2</sup> Unlike the private marriage of the weeping princess Mary, which took place in her own bed-chamber, the bridal of Anne of York and George of Denmark was a bright nocturnal festivity, brilliant with light and joyous company. Most of the nobility, then in London, were present. The people took their part in the fête; they kindled their bonfires at every door; and, in return, wine-conduits, shows, and diversions were provided for them, and the bells of each church in London rang all night.

The marriage was commemorated by a courtly pretender to literature, Charles Montague, subsequently earl of Halifax, who perpetrated an ode in the truest style of fustian, from which the only passages that bear any personal reference to the bride and bridegroom are here presented to the reader:—

"What means this royal beauteous pair,  
This troop of youths and virgins heavenly fair?  
That does at once astonish and delight,  
Great Charles and his illustrious brother here.  
No bold assassinate need fear;  
Here is no harmful weapon found,  
Nothing but Cupid's darts, and beauty here can wound.

"See, see! how decently the bashful bride  
Does bear her conquests, with how little pride  
She views that prince, the captive of her charms,  
Who made the North with fear to quake,  
And did that powerful empire shake;  
Before whose arms, when great Gustavus led,  
The frightened Roman eagles fled."

The succeeding morning of the nuptials, the princess sat in state with her bridegroom, to receive the congratulations of the courts of foreign ambassadors, the lord mayor and aldermen, and various public companies.

Many politicians of the day rejoiced much that the princess Anne

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<sup>1</sup> This was a mistake, the marriage was celebrated in the palace of the duke of York, at St. James's.

<sup>2</sup> Echard, vol. iii. p. 696.

was safely married to prince George, because the death of Marie-Therese, the queen of France, left Louis XIV. a widower only two days after these nuptials, and it was supposed that the duke of York would have made great efforts to marry his daughter to that sovereign.<sup>1</sup>

King Charles settled on his niece, by act of parliament, £20,000 per annum, and from his own purse purchased and presented to her for a residence, that adjunct to the palace of Whitehall, which was called the Cockpit,<sup>2</sup> (formerly its theatre.) This place was built by Henry VIII., for the savage sport which its name denotes. It had long been disused for that purpose, but had been adapted as a place of dramatic representation until the rebellion. It had been granted by royal favour, on lease, to lord Danby, of whom it was now purchased. The Cockpit appears to have been situated between the present Horse-Guards and Downing-street, and it certainly escaped the great fire which destroyed the palace of Whitehall, being on the other side of the way. The entry was from St. James's park, which divided it from St. James's palace; and as that was the town residence of the duke of York, the vicinity to the dwelling of his beloved child was very convenient.

When the establishment of the princess Anne of Denmark was appointed by her royal uncle, Sarah Churchill, secretly mistrusting the durability of the fortunes of her early benefactress, the duchess of York, expressed an ardent wish to become one of the ladies of the princess Anne, who requested her father's permission to that effect. The duke of York immediately consented, and the circumstance was announced by the princess in the following billet:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK TO MRS. CHURCHILL.<sup>3</sup>

"The duke of York came in just as you were gone, and made no difficulties, but has promised me that I shall have you, which I assure you is a great joy to me. I should say a great deal for your kindness in offering it, but I am not good at compliments. I will only say, that I do take it *extreme* kindly, and shall be ready at any time to do you all the service that is in my power."

Long years afterwards, Anne's favourite asserted, that she only accepted this situation in compliance with the solicitations of her royal mistress. With what degree of truth, the above letter shows. In the same account of "her conduct," Mrs. Churchill (then, the mighty duchess of Marlborough) describes the qualities she possessed, which induced the violent affection long testified for her by the princess. The first was the great charm of her frankness, which disdained all flattery; next was the extreme hatred and horror that both she and the princess felt for lady Clarendon, because that lady "looked like a mad woman,

<sup>1</sup> MS. of Anstis, Garter king-at-arms.

<sup>2</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 32. Malone has, with antiquarian care, traced the transitions of the Cockpit; there was likewise, according to his text, a theatre so called in Drury-lane.

<sup>3</sup> Coxe's Marlborough, vol. i., p. 21. The editor of the Clarendon Letters observes, on the abuse of lady Clarendon, that it was impossible for the favourite of Anne to have comprehended the virtues of a mind like lady Clarendon's.



and talked like a scholar.”<sup>1</sup> This object of their mutual dislike was wife to the uncle of the princess, Henry earl of Clarendon; she had been governess to the princess before her marriage with prince George of Denmark, and was at present her first lady. The style in which Flora lady Clarendon wrote was, as may be seen in the Clarendon Letters, superior to that of any man of her day. Her letters are specimens of elegant simplicity; therefore, the charge of scholarship was probably true. As to Mrs. Churchill’s influence over the princess, she evidently pursued a system, which may be often seen practised in the world by dependants and inferiors. She was excessively blunt and bold to every one but the princess, who, of course, felt that deference from a person rude and violent to every other human creature, is a double-distilled compliment. This complaisance of the favourite only lasted while the lady Anne was under the protection of her uncle and father: we shall see it degenerate by degrees into insulting tyranny.

In the romance of her friendship, the princess Anne renounced her high rank in her epistolary correspondence with her friend. “One day she proposed to me,” says Sarah Churchill, “that whenever I should be absent from her, we might, in our letters, write ourselves by feigned names, such as would import nothing of distinction of rank between us. Morley and Freeman were the names she hit on, and she left me to choose by which of them I would be called. My frank, open temper<sup>2</sup> naturally led me to pitch upon Freeman, and so the princess took the other.” These names were extended to the spouses of the ladies, and Mr. Morley and Mr. Freeman were adopted by prince George of Denmark and colonel Churchill. Other nick-names were given to the father and family of the princess; and this plan was not only used for the convenience of the note-correspondence, which perpetually passed between the friends, but it subsequently masked the series of dark political intrigues, guided by Sarah Churchill, in the revolution. The following note was written a little before this system of equality was adopted, while it was yet in cogitation in the mind of Anne, who was then absent from her favourite at the palace of Winchester, where she was resting after she had accompanied her father, the duke of York, in his yacht, to review the fleet at Portsmouth:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY CHURCHILL.<sup>3</sup>

“Winchester, Sept. 20, 1684

“I writ to you last Wednesday from on board the yacht, and left my letter on Thursday morning at Portsmouth, to go by the post, to be as good as my word in writing to my dear lady Churchill by the first opportunity. I was in so great haste when I writ, that I fear what I said was nonsense, but I hope you will have so much kindness for me as to forgive it.

“If you will not let me have the satisfaction of hearing from you again before

<sup>1</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 10.

<sup>2</sup> However virtuously the duchess of Marlborough abstained from praising others, no one can deny that her praises of herself are fluent and cordial in the extreme.

<sup>3</sup> Coxe’s Marlborough, vol. i., p. 21. Charles II. had, by the request of his brother, created Churchill, lord Churchill, of Aymouth, in Scotland, Nov. 19, 1683

I see you, let me beg of you not to call me your highness at every word, but to be as free with me as one friend ought to be with another. And you can never give me any greater proof of your friendship, than in telling me your mind freely in all things, which I do beg you to do; and if ever it were in my power to serve you, nobody would be more ready than myself.

“I am all impatience for Wednesday, till when, farewell.”

While the princess of Denmark was enjoying every distinction and luxury in England, her sister Mary led no such pleasant life at the Hague, where she either was condemned to utter solitude, or passed her time surrounded by invidious spies and insolent rivals. After the death of the noble Ossory, and the departure of her early friend, Dr. Kenn, she had no one near her who dared protect her. Some resistance she must have made to the utter subserviency into which she subsequently fell, or there would have been no need of the personal restraint imposed on her from the years 1682 and 1684, when her mode of life was described in the despatches of the French ambassador, d’Avaux, to his own court:—“Until now, the existence of the princess of Orange has been regulated thus: From the time she rose in the morning, till eight in the evening, she never left her chamber, except in summer, when she was permitted to walk about once in seven or eight days. No one had liberty to enter her room, not even her lady of honour, nor her maids of honour, of which she has but four; but she has a troop of Dutch *filles de chambre*, of whom a detachment every day mount guard on her, and have orders never to leave her.”<sup>1</sup>

In this irksome restraint, which, after allowing the utmost for the exaggeration of the inimical French ambassador, it is impossible to refrain from calling imprisonment, the unfortunate princess of Orange had time sufficient to finish her education. She passed her time in reading or embroidering, and was even occupied with the pencil, for it is certain she continued to take lessons of her dwarf drawing-master, Gibson, who had followed her to Holland for that purpose. He probably held a situation in her household, as the tiny manikin was used to court-service, having been page of the backstairs to her grandfather, Charles I.<sup>2</sup> It may be thought that a princess who was a practical adept with the pencil, would have proved, subsequently, a great patron of pictorial art, as queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Such hopes were not fulfilled.

The persons in whose society Mary of England chiefly delighted, were, her best-beloved friend and early playfellow, Miss, or (according to the phraseology of that day) mistress Anne Trelawney, then her favourite maid of honour, and her good nurse, Mrs. Langford, whose husband, a clergyman of the church of England, was devotedly attached to her, being one of her chaplains. All were detested by the prince of Orange, but no brutal affronts, no savage rudeness, could make these friends of infancy offer to retire from the service of his princess, when Dr. Kenn did, who, at last, finding he could do no good at the court of the Hague, retired to England, where he was raised to the important see

<sup>1</sup> Ambassades d’Avaux, vol. iv., p. 217. Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris

<sup>2</sup> Granger’s Biography, vol. iv., p. 119.

of Bath and Wells. Dr. Kenn was succeeded, as almoner to the princess of Orange, by a very quaint and queer clergyman of the old world cavalier fashion, called Dr. Covell.

It was not very probable that the restless ambition of the prince of Orange would permit his wedded partner to remain at the Palace of the Wood, or at Dieren, surrounded by her loyalist chaplains, nurses, and dwarf-pages, of the court of Charles I., cherishing in her mind thoughts of the lofty and ideal past, of the poets, cavaliers, and artists, of the old magnificent court of Whitehall. No; Mary's claims were too near the throne of Great Britain to permit him thus to spare her as an auxiliary. After he had grieved her by neglect, humbled her by the preference he showed for her women, and condemned her to solitude, for which she had little preference, his next step was to persecute her for all her family attachments, and insult her for her filial tenderness to her father. He assailed her affection for him by inducing her to believe him guilty of crimes which only the most daring political slanderers laid to his charge. Above all, William made a crime of the reverence his princess bore to her grandfather, Charles I., for whom he seems to have cultivated an implacable hatred, although in the same degree of relationship to himself as to Mary. The proceedings of the prince of Orange, in breaking down his wife's spirit, according to the above system, were thus minutely detailed to her kinsman, Louis XIV., by his ambassador to the states, d'Avaux:—

"They have printed an insolent book against the duke of York in Holland, whom they accuse of cutting the throat of the earl of Essex. The English envoy, Chudleigh, remonstrated, but it had no other effect than exciting Jurieu to present this book, publicly, to the prince of Orange, as his own work; but the worst of all was, that after this outrage on her father, the princess of Orange was forced, by her husband, to go to hear Jurieu preach a political sermon. Chudleigh, the English envoy, remonstrated so earnestly on the calumnies of Jurieu, and the conduct of the prince, that he was no longer invited to the Hague. A few days afterwards, the princess was sitting in her solitary chamber, on the anniversary of the death of her grandfather, Charles I. She had assumed a habit of deep mourning, and meant to devote the whole of the day to fasting and prayer, as was her family custom when domesticated with her father and mother. Her meals were always lonely, and on this anniversary she supposed that she might fast without interruption. The prince of Orange came unexpectedly into her apartment, and looking at her mourning habit, scornfully bade her, in an imperious tone, 'Go and change it for the gayest dress she had!' The princess was obliged to obey. He then told her, he meant she should dine in public." Now, it is not very easy to make a woman dine when she resolves to fast. "The princess," pursues d'Avaux, "saw all the dishes of a state dinner successively presented to her, but dismissed them, one after the other, and ate nothing. In the evening, the prince of Orange commanded her to accompany him to the comedy, where he had not been for several months, and which he had ordered on purpose; at this

new outrage to her feelings, the princess burst into tears, and in vain entreated him to spare her, and excuse her compliance."<sup>1</sup>

This was the final struggle; from the 30th of January, 1684-5, there is no instance to be found of Mary's repugnance to any outrage effected by her husband against her family. The change, for some mysterious reason, was occasioned by the domestication of her cousin Monmouth at her court. The contest of parties in England had ended in the restoration of her father, the duke of York, to his natural place in the succession, and Monmouth took his turn of banishment in Holland and Brussels. It was part of the policy of the prince of Orange, to receive this rival aspirant for the crown of Great Britain, with extraordinary affection, insomuch that he permitted the princess the most unheard of indulgences to welcome him. "The prince of Orange," says d'Avaux, "was heretofore the most jealous of men; scarcely would he permit the princess to speak to a man or even to a woman; now he presses the duke of Monmouth to come after dinner to her apartments to teach her country-dances. Likewise, the prince of Orange charged her by the complaisance she owed to him to accompany the duke of Monmouth in skating parties, this great frost. A woman in common life would make herself a ridiculous sight if she did as the princess of Orange does, who is learning to glide on the ice with her petticoats trussed up to her knees, skates buckled on her shoes, and sliding absurdly enough first on one foot and then on the other."<sup>2</sup>

The duchess of Orleans scruples not to accuse Mary of coquetry with the duke of Monmouth; the strange scenes described by d'Avaux, were doubtless the foundation of her opinion; but what is still stranger, the literary duchess considers that Mary gave some reason for scandal with d'Avaux himself. William discovered, it seems, that an interview had taken place between his princess and this ambassador, at the home of one of her Dutch maids of honour, mademoiselle Trudaine; this lady was instantly driven from her service by the prince, with the utmost disgrace. William's jealousy was probably a political one, and he dreaded lest some communication prejudicial to his views might take place between Mary and her father, through the medium of the French ambassador. D'Avaux himself does not mention the interview in his letters, nor show any symptom of vanity regarding the princess; neither does he mention the redoubtable adventure of the arm-chair, before detailed.

The resentment of the envoy, Chudleigh, was not to be kept within bounds at the proceedings relative to Monmouth, and above all, at the public patronage offered by the prince of Orange, both to the libeller Jurieu, and to his libel on the father of the princess; and when he found that the princess went constantly to hear the *sermons* of this calumniator of her parent, the English envoy remonstrated with warmth sufficient for the prince of Orange to insist on his recal, in which request he obliged his princess to join. The motive, however, that the prince and princess gave for this requisition was not the real one, but a slight affront on

<sup>1</sup> D'Avaux, vol. iv. p. 262. Bibliothèque du Roi.

<sup>2</sup> D'Avaux, vol. iv. pp. 240, 241.

their dignity, such as hereditary sovereigns have often borne without even a frown.

It was the carnival ; the snow at the Hague was hard and deep ; all the Dutch world were sleighing in fanciful sledges, and masked in various characters. Among others, the princess of Orange being lately taken into the favour of her lord and master, he drove her on the snow in a sleigh ; both were masked. The Orange sleigh met that of the envoy Chudleigh, who refused to break the road, and the princely sledge had to give way before the equipage of the proud Englishman.<sup>1</sup> The prince and princess both wrote complaints of Chudleigh's disrespect, and petitioned that he might be recalled. Chudleigh wrote likewise, giving his own version of the real cause of the offence, and of the inimical proceedings of the Dutch court against all who were devoted to the British sovereign. As for his alleged crime, he made very light of it, saying, "that as the prince and princess were masked, which implied a wish to appear unknown, the ill-breeding and impertinence would have been in any way to have testified acquaintance with them ; that, in fact, he knew them not, and that he was on the proper side of the road ; if the circumstance had happened to his own right royal master and mistress, he should have done the same, but they knew too well the customs of their rank to have taken offence ; as for real, he joined in the request, for he could not stay at the Hague to see and hear what he saw and heard daily." The result was, that Chudleigh returned to England, and Bevil Skelton was sent as envoy ; unfortunately, he gave still less satisfaction to the Orange party.

"The prince of Orange," says d'Avaux, "knew not how to caress Monmouth sufficiently—balls and parties were incessantly given for him. Four or five days since, he went alone with the princess of Orange on the ice in a traineau, to a house of the prince, three leagues from the Hague ; they dined there, and it was the duke of Monmouth that led out the princess. He dined at table with the princess, who, before, always ate by herself. It was remarked, that the princess, who never was accustomed to walk on foot in public places, was now for ever promenading in the mall, leaning on the arm of Monmouth ; and that the prince, formerly the most jealous person in existence, suffered this gallantry, which all the world noticed, between the duke and his wife.<sup>2</sup> The gaiety at the court of the Hague," he continues, "is universal. William himself set all the world dancing at the balls he gave, and encouraged his guests and his wife by dancing himself. He likewise obliged the princess to receive, at her court, and to countenance the duke of Monmouth's mistress, or secondary wife, lady Harriet Wentworth." The ill-treated heiress of Buccleuch, Monmouth's duchess, and the mother of his children, was alone in England ; she had been the most particular friend and companion of the princess of Orange, who ought, therefore, to have resented, rather than encouraged, any introduction to her injurious supplanter.

<sup>1</sup> D'Avaux's *Ambassades*. Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris ; likewise Dartmouth's notes to Burnet.

<sup>2</sup> D'Avaux's *Ambassades*, vol. iv. p. 217.

The duke of York wrote, with unwonted sternness, to his daughter, remonstrating against these proceedings; she shed tears on her father's letter; but she answered, "that the prince was her master, and would be obeyed." Eye-witnesses did not deem that the conduct of the princess was induced by mere obedience. She was either partial to Monmouth,—as her friend and correspondent, the German duchess of Orleans implies,—or she rushed into pleasure with the hilarity of a caged bird into the open air. If her seclusion had been as severe as the French ambassador declared it was, she was glad of liberty and exercise, on any terms. At the conclusion of one of his letters of remonstrance, her father bade her warn her husband, "that if the king and himself were removed by death from their path, the duke of Monmouth, whatsoever the prince might think of his friendship, would give them a struggle, before they could possess the throne of Great Britain."<sup>1</sup>

A dim light is thrown on the correspondence between James II. and his daughter, by garbled extracts made by Dr. Birch, a chaplain of the princess Anne. Some motive fettered his transcribing pen, since letters, apparently of the strongest personal interest, furnish him but with a few words,—those, for instance, in January the 27th, 1685,—a few days before the duke of York ascended the throne, when he wrote to remonstrate with her on her extraordinary conduct with Monmouth. Dr. Birch's brief quotation from this paternal reproof, is, that her father "supposes she was kept in awe"—that from Mary's answer, "denies being kept in awe—her condition *much happier* than he believed."<sup>2</sup>

All the noisy gaieties and rejoicings at the Orange court were hushed and dispelled as if by the sweep of an enchanter's wand, on the noon of February 10 (O.S.), 1685, when the tidings arrived of the death of Charles II., and the peaceable accession of the princess's father, to the throne of Great Britain, as James II. D'Avaux thus describes the change effected by the announcement of the news at the palace of the Hague:<sup>3</sup> "Letters from England, of the 6th of February, O.S., arrived here at seven this morning; they communicated the sorrowful tidings of the death of the king of England, Charles II. The prince of Orange did not go into the chamber of his wife, where she was holding a court of reception for the ladies of the Hague; he sent a message, requesting her to come down and hear the news. The duke of Monmouth came likewise, to listen to these despatches. It is said, that Mary manifested deep affliction at the death of her uncle. Monmouth retired to his own lodging, and came to the prince at ten in the evening. They were shut up together till midnight sounded. Then Monmouth, the same night, left the Hague secretly; and so well was his departure hid, that it was supposed at noon, the next day, that he was in bed. The prince of Orange gave him money for his journey."<sup>4</sup>

To his daughter, James II. announced his prosperous accession with the utmost warmth of paternal tenderness—to the prince of Orange,

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, and Macpherson's History of Great Britain.

<sup>2</sup> Additional MS., 4163, vol. i. Birch Papers, British Museum.

<sup>3</sup> D'Avaux: Ambassades, vol. iv., pp. 217 to 266.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid. D'Avaux dates Feb. 20, but he has used the new style

with remarkable dryness and brevity.<sup>1</sup> The prince, who had never supposed that his father-in-law would ascend the British throne, after the strong attempts to exclude him, on account of his religion, found himself, if regarded as his enemy, in an alarming predicament. His first manoeuvre, in consequence, was to take out of his wife's hand the paternal letter, sent to her by her father, and read it aloud to the assembled states of Holland, as if it had been written to himself.<sup>2</sup> To James II. he wrote very humbly, declaring, "that Monmouth only came as a suppliant, was shown a little common hospitality, and had been sent away." A glow of fervent enthusiasm, and a prostration of devotion now marked his letters to James II. In one of his epistles, William says: "Nothing can happen which will make me change the fixed attachment I have for your interests; I should be the most unhappy man in the world if you were not persuaded of it, and should not have the goodness to continue me a little in your good graces, since I shall be, to the last breath of my life, yours, with zeal and fidelity."<sup>3</sup>

The usually affectionate correspondence between James II. and his daughter Mary, had now become interspersed with their differences of opinion on religion. The partialities of each were in direct opposition to the other; his for the church of Rome; she frequented the worship of the Dutch dissenters. Neither had much regard for the true resting-place between the two—the reformed church of England, as established at the period of the present translation of the Scriptures.

According to Dr. Birch's meagre extracts, king James wrote to his daughter Mary, from Windsor, August 22d, to express

"His surprise to find her so ill-informed of the bishop of London's behaviour, both to the late king, and to him, both as duke and king, as to write (to him) in his favour; that the bishop deserved no favour from him, and was far from having the *true* church of England principles."

In the answer of Mary, dated the 26th of August, she "vindicated her former preceptor as a good and loyal man."<sup>4</sup>

An error, fatal to himself, was committed by James II., in complying with the request that his daughter was induced to join in, by allowing Henry Sidney to return to the Hague as the commander of the English forces, which were lent to the prince of Orange as a support equally against the ambition of France, and the party in Holland adverse to the stadtholdership. For every officer who did not become a partisan of the views of the prince of Orange on the throne of Great Britain, was an object of persecution, and was very glad to obtain his own dismissal and return to England. Thus all who remained were the pledged agents of William's ambition.

Since the departure of Dr. Kenn, it was noticed that Mary had attended more than ever the preachings of the French and Dutch dissent; Monmouth had accompanied her, who had, in his latter years, manifested great partiality to the fatalist sects. The rash invasion of Eng-

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, where the letter is quoted.

<sup>2</sup> Macpherson.

<sup>3</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, French letter.

<sup>4</sup> Additional MSS., 4163, vol. i., British Museum.

land by Monmouth, his nominal assumption of the royal dignity, and his execution, were events which followed each other with startling celerity. It is evident from his own memoirs, that James II. regretted being forced to put Monmouth to death. Those who have read the proclamation, in which Monmouth calls his uncle "the murderer and poisoner of Charles II.," will see that in publishing so unfounded a calumny, he had rendered any pardon from James II. a self-accusation. Whether the mind of Mary had been warped against her father by the party exiles who swarmed in Holland, or whether her motives were the more degrading ones attributed to her by her relative and correspondent, Elizabeth Charlotte<sup>1</sup> (the second wife of Philippe, duke of Orleans), can scarcely be surmised; but reasoning from facts and results, it is evident that she never forgave her father the death of Monmouth.

Since the departure of Dr. Kenn, it was impossible for the father of the princess to send any loyal person in any official capacity who could be endured at her court. Skelton, the new envoy, was liked still less than Chudleigh. A complete antipathy had subsisted between Dr. Kenn and William of Orange, but the dignity of character pertaining to the disinterested churchman, had awed the prince from the practices to which he had recourse, in order to discover what Kenn's successor, Dr. Covell, thought of the married felicity of the princess, and of the conduct of the persons composing the court at the Hague. Truly in this proceeding, the hero of Nassau verified the proverb, that eaves-droppers hear no good of themselves, and assuredly the peepers into private letters, deserve not more self-gratification than the listeners at key-holes.

The princess was at Dieren surrounded by the inimical circle of the Villiers, to whose aid a fourth, their sister Catharine, had lately arrived from England, and had married the marquis de Puissars, a French nobleman, at the court of Orange. It was an allusion to the infamous Elizabeth Villiers, which exasperated the Dutch phlegm of William of Orange into the imprudence of acknowledging the ungentlemanlike ways by which he obtained possession of the quaint document written by his wife's almoner, Dr. Covell. The prince had, by some indirect means, learned that the correspondence between Covell and Skelton, the envoy, passed through the hands of d'Alonne, the secretary to the princess. After obtaining and copying Dr. Covell's letter, he sent it to Lawrence Hyde, the uncle of the princess of Orange, accompanied by the following letter in French, of which the following is a translation :<sup>2</sup>

"I had for some time suspected," says the prince of Orange,<sup>3</sup> "that Dr. Covell was not a faithful servant to the princess. The last time I was at the Hague, a letter *fell* into my hands, which he had written to Skelton, the ambassador. I opened it, and at my return to Dieren, *where the doctor was with the princess*, I took the doctor's cipher and deciphered it, as you will see by the copy annexed—the original, which I have, written and signed with his own hand, he acknowledged when I showed it to him. You will, no doubt, be surprised that a man of his profession could be so great a knave."

<sup>1</sup> Memoirs of the duchess of Orleans.

<sup>2</sup> Clarendon Correspondence, vol. i., p. 166.

*Ibid.*



The surprise is, however, greater, to find that a prince who bore character for heroism and even for magnanimity, should first purloin a private letter, break the seal to espy the contents, then *take* the doctor's cipher—but how, unless his highness had picked the doctor's desk, his highness does not explain;—and then continue his practices till he had laboured out a fair copy of the letter, which, to complete his absurdity, he sent to the very parties that the old doctor especially wished should know how he treated his wife. There is no doubt but that James II. and Clarendon were not a little diverted, at the fact, that the prince of Orange had spent his time in making out a letter as complimentary to himself and court, as the following :

“DR. COVELL TO M. SKELTON, THE AMBASSADOR.

“Dieren, October  $\frac{5}{12}$ , 1685.

“Your honour may be astonished at the news, but it is too true, that the princess's heart is like to break, and yet, she, every day, with mistress Jesson and madame Zulestein (Mary Worth), counterfeits the greatest joy, and looks upon us as dogged as may be.

“We dare no more speak to her. The prince hath infallibly made her his absolute slave, and there is an end of it. I wish to God I could see the king give you some good thing for your life, I would have it out of the power of any revocation, for I assure you, I fear the prince will for ever rule the roast. As for Mr. Chudleigh,<sup>1</sup> if his business be not done beyond the power of the prince before the king (James II.) die, he will be in an ill taking. But I wonder what makes the prince so cold to you? None but infamous people must expect any tolerable usage here.

“I beseech God preserve the king (James II.) many and many years. I do not wonder much at the new marchioness's (Catharine Villiers) behaviour, it is so like the breed. We shall see fine doings if we once come to town. What would you say, if the princess should take her into the chapel, or, in time, into the bedchamber? I cannot fancy the sisters (Villiers) will long agree. You guess right about Mr. d'Allonne, for he is secretary in *that* as well as other private affairs.

“I fear I shall not get loose to meet you at Utrecht, it will not be a month before we meet at the Hague. I never so heartily longed to come to the Hague. God send us a happy meeting!

“The princess is just now junketing with madame Bentinck, (Anne Villiers,) and Mrs. Jesson in madame Zulestein's chamber. Believe me, worthy sir, ever with all sincere devotion to be,

“Your honour's, &c.

“Let me know how you were received at the *Hoff* (Court).”

This letter strongly corroborates the intelligence regarding the princess, transmitted by the French ambassador, d'Avaux, for the information of his court; and is, moreover, corroborated itself by the previous remonstrances of Dr. Kenn on the ill-treatment of Mary. Nor, when the strong family connexions are considered of the intriguante, Elizabeth Villiers,—represented by old Dr. Covell, as surrounding the princess at all times, equally in her court, and the privacy of her chamber,—will his picture of the slavery to which she was reduced be deemed exaggerated. With Dr. Covell, a general clearance of all persons, supposed to be attached to the royal family in England, took place—they were all

<sup>1</sup> The former envoy, displaced by the complaint of the princess

thrust out of the household of the princess. Bentinck, whose wife is mentioned in Dr. Covell's letter, wrote an epistle to Sidney,<sup>1</sup> saying:—

"You will be surprised to find the changes at our court; for her royal highness, madame the princess, on seeing the letter which the prince *had got by chance*, dismissed Dr. Covell without any further chastisement, because of his profession; and as it was suspected that Mrs. Langford, and Miss Trelawney, had been leagued with him, her royal highness, madame the princess, has sent them off this morning. The second chaplain, Langford, is also in this intrigue. I do not complain of the malice these people have shown in my case," continued Bentinck, "seeing that they have thus betrayed their master and mistress. I beg, that if you hear any one speak of the sort of history they have charitably made at our expense, you will send us word; for they have reported as if *we* (Bentinck and his wife) had failed of respect to her royal highness, madame the princess, at our arrival at Hounslerrydyke, and I should wish to 'know what is said.'"

If Bentinck and his master could have obtained Barillon's despatches by some such "accident" as gave them possession of Dr. Covell's letter, they would have found that king James remarked, reasonably enough, on the incident. He said, "that if the prince of Orange really behaved like a true friend to him, and a good husband to his daughter, it was strange that he should be so enraged at her earliest friends and oldest servants writing news, by the British resident, of her health and the manner of passing her time." The king alluded to the fact, "that Mrs. Langford was the nurse of his daughter Mary, whose husband, Mr. Langford, was one of her chaplains; Miss Trelawney, one of her ladies, had been a play-fellow, whom the princess Mary loved better than any one in the world." The princess suffered agonies,<sup>2</sup> when the prince of Orange, suspecting that Miss Trelawney was among the disapprovers of his conduct, forced her to return to England at this juncture."<sup>3</sup>

The prince of Orange informed Lawrence Hyde, the uncle of the princess, that he left the punishment of Dr. Covell to his bishop; but he demanded of king James the dismissal of the envoy Skelton, for having the queer letter already quoted, written to him by the said Dr. Covell, which, in fact, Skelton had never received. Hyde drily replied, by the order of the king, "that frequent changes were great impediments to business, and reminded him that the other envoy, Chudleigh, had been dismissed for a private misunderstanding." Skelton remained vainly writing to his royal master, calling his attention to the intrigues by which his son-in-law was working his deposition,<sup>4</sup> receiving but little belief from James II., who either would not, or could not, suspect the faith of a son and daughter, when both of them were writing to

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. ii., pp. 254, 255, where may be seen the original French letter.

<sup>2</sup> This curious and obscure passage in Mary's early married life has been collated and collected from the despatches and diaries of her friends, relatives, foes and servants—namely, from those written by her uncle Lawrence, her husband, the prince of Orange, her father, and old friends, as well as by the French ambassadors, D'Avaux and Barillon; and there is no doubt that there is much more to be found in private letters and journals, as yet unknown to biographers.

<sup>3</sup> Barillon, Oct., 1685.

<sup>4</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, and Macpherson's History, and Stuart Papers, vol. i., p. 286.

him letters, apparently, of an affectionate and confidential kind, every post day.<sup>1</sup>

The princess of Orange greatly exasperated the French ambassador, by the sympathy she manifested for his protestant countrymen. He wrote to his court, Jan. 3, 1686—"Only two days ago, she told a story of a fire having been lighted under two young protestant girls in France, who were thus made to suffer dreadful torments."<sup>2</sup> The ambassador complained to the prince of Orange, and requested him to restrain the princess from talking thus; but the prince coldly observed, "that he could not." Holland and England were then full of the refugees who had fled from the detestable persecutions in France. In this instance, James II. and his daughter acted in unison, for he gave them refuge in England, and relieved them with money and other necessities; it is said, that he sent word to remonstrate with Louis XIV. on his cruelty.<sup>3</sup>

It was in the spring of 1686, that the princess of Orange, by a manifestation of her conjugal fears, obtained from the States-general the appointment of body guards, to attend on her husband; to this event is annexed the following curious tale of a plot against the life or freedom of Mary's consort; the intention was to seize the prince of Orange, when taking the air on the *dunes* of Scheveling, to hurry him on board of a brig, and place him in the power of Louis XIV. As the persons who affected to save the prince from this trap, Dr. Burnet, and the informer, one Mr. W. Facio, or Tacio, fell out with each other, and gave different versions of the tale, perhaps the plot itself was a mere scheme for obtaining a place in the good graces of the prince and princess of Orange. The person who gave the intelligence concerning it, has at the same time drawn a description of the principal abode of Mary, and, in some degree, of her habits of life at this time. "Scheveling is a sea village, about two or three miles from the palace of the Hague, whither all people, from the rank of the prince and princess, to the lowest boor and boorine, take the air, in fine weather, on summer evenings. A stately long avenue leads to the *dunes* from the back of the Hague palace-gardens, planted on each side with many rows of tall trees." The dunes, (just like those of Yarmouth,)<sup>4</sup> are interspersed with portions of beautiful turf of the *arenaria* or sea-beach grass, the rest is a desert of deep, loose sand, where the roots of this grass do not bind it; consequently, a heavy carriage with horses always would have great difficulty in traversing the road, which was very troublesome towards the north *dunes*.

"The prince of Orange," wrote the informer of the plot, "would

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix: see a great number from the prince of Orange and from the king.

<sup>2</sup> Ambassades d'Avaux, vol. v., p. 219.

<sup>3</sup> There is direct evidence of this part: see Toone's Chronology, Macpherson, and a letter of Henry, lord Clarendon. Barillon, however, in one of his letters to Louis XIV., asserts that James expressed to him the direct contrary. Facts are, however, to be preferred to words, even if the words were reported with truth.

<sup>4</sup> In Yarmouth these sea-side plains are called *danes* or *deans*, but both words mean the same as *dunes*.

often go with a chariot, drawn by six horses, in the cool of a summer's evening, to take the air for two hours along the sea-shore, with only one person in the carriage with him; and, in order to avoid all troublesome salutation, he went northward a great way beyond where the other carriages did walk, none of which dared follow him, so that he was almost out of sight." An agent of the king of France went to lie in wait, with two boats, on the Scheveling beach, each manned with armed desperadoes; and when the Dutch prince's carriage was slowly ploughing its way among the sandy dunes, the men were to march to surround the prince, who, being thus enclosed between the two gangs, was to be taken, rowed off to a brig of war under Dutch colours, and carried to France. This notable scheme was attributed to a count Feril or Fenil, an Italian officer in a French regiment, who had been banished from France for killing his enemy in a duel; this man told his scheme to N. Facio or Tacio, then a youth, the son of the man with whom he lodged at Duyviliers, and this youth told Dr. Burnet of the scheme in travelling from Geneva. By a providential concatenation of small accidents, Dr. Burnet had met the confidant of the conspirators of "the plot;" and with this witness of its reality, he travelled to Holland. Thus, on Burnet's first arrival at the Hague, he had this plot to communicate, for which purpose he demanded a private audience of the princess, to whom he at length declared the conspiracy. The princess, immediately, in great alarm, desired that it should be communicated to Fagel the pensionary, and the states-general; and on that account, by her earnest solicitation, a body guard was appointed for the prince of Orange, which he ever after retained, like any other sovereign-prince.

It seems very strange in this story, that the conspiring count should have trusted his intentions, several months before this scheme was ready, to this young man, who happened to be travelling from Geneva, where he happened to encounter Burnet, who happened to be travelling to Holland, and in due time communicated the alarming tale to the princess, whose conjugal care occasioned the first appointment of her husband's body guards—a step greatly adverse to the terms on which he held his stadtholdership, and savouring strongly of royal power and dignity. The author of the story, M. Facio, in his memorial, published for the purpose of exposing some falsehoods of his quondam ally, complains much of the ingratitude, both of William and Burnet. What became of the count, on whom the scheme of concocting the plan was laid, is not mentioned.

James II. sent his friend, William Penn, the illustrious philanthropist, to his daughter and her husband, in January, 1686, to convince them, by his eloquence, of the propriety of abolishing all laws tending to persecution. A Dutch functionary of the name of Dyckvelt was long associated with the benevolent quaker in this negotiation; "Penn," says d'Avaux, "wrote with his own hand a long letter," averring, "that many of the bishops had agreed that these penal laws were cruel and bad, and ought to be annulled." On which the prince declared, "he would lose

all the revenues and reversion of the kingdom of Great Britain, to which his wife was heiress, before one should be abolished." "The princess," adds d'Avaux, "echoed his words, but much more at length, and with such sharpness, that the marquis d'Albeville, (who was d'Avaux's informant, and was present, was much astonished at her tone and manner." Among other expressions, she said, "that if ever she was queen of England, she should do more for the Protestants than even queen Elizabeth."<sup>1</sup> When Mary perceived the impression she had made on d'Albeville by her answer to Penn, she modified her manner in discussing with him the differences between her father's views and her own, adding in a more moderate, and, at the same time, more dignified tone, "I speak to you, sir, with less reserve, and with more liberty than to the king, my father, by reason of the respectful deference which I am obliged to entertain for him and his sentiments."<sup>2</sup>

William Penn, on this mission, incurred the enmity of the princess of Orange, which endured through her life. The practical wisdom and justice which he had shown, as the founder of a prosperous colony, under the patronage of James, when duke of York, ought to have made the heiress of the British empire consider herself under inestimable obligations to the illustrious man of peace. The prince of Orange was less violent than his wife in the matter, and astutely endeavoured to bargain with Penn, as the price of his consent, "that James should allow his daughter a handsome pension of 48,000*l.* per annum, as heiress of the British throne." James II. was rich, and free from debt, either public or private; but he demurred on this proposition, saying "he must first ascertain clearly, that this large income, if he sent it out of the country, would not be used against himself."

It has been shown, that Dr. Burnet's first introduction to the princess was on account of a plot he had discovered against the liberty of the prince of Orange. He became, from that time, extremely intimate at the court of Orange—an intimacy that excited the displeasure of James II. The extracts are meagre from the king's letter to his daughter. They are as follows:—In a letter dated from Whitehall, November 23, 1686, he spoke of Burnet "as a man not to be trusted, and an ill man."<sup>3</sup> Dec. 7, he complained of Burnet "as a dangerous man, though he would seem to be an angel of light." King James added this description, allowing his enemy the following qualities:—"That Burnet was an ingenious man"—meaning in the parlance of that century, a man of genius; "of a pleasant conversation, and the best flatterer he ever knew." The princess replied to her father from the Hague, December 10, in a letter full of Burnet's praises.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Ambassades of D'Avaux*: Bibliothèque Royale, Paris, vol. v., p. 67.

<sup>2</sup> Mazuré's deciphering of d'Albeville's despatches to James II. Additional MS., British Museum, 4163, folio 1.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

## MARY II.

### QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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#### CHAPTER III.

Princess Anne greatly indulged by her father—Death of her daughter—Present at her father's coronation (James II.)—Prayers for her in the coronation service, and in the liturgy—His queen comes to her box—Anne goes with the queen to opening of parliament—Birth of Anne's second daughter, Mary—Anne's state at chapel-royal—Her letter to the bishop of Ely—Her revenue and married life—Character of her husband—Her third daughter born (Sophia)—Illness of her husband—Death of both their children—Excessive grief of the princess—Condolence of the princess of Orange—Pecuniary embarrassments of princess Anne—Interview with her father—Conduct of her ladies—Her aunt leaves her household—Lady Churchill her first lady—Letters pass between the princess of Orange and English ladies—Letter of the princess of Orange to lady Russell—Letters of James II. to the princess—Her letter to archbishop Sancroft—Her father informs her of his queen's situation—Their controversial letters, &c.—Letters from princess Anne to her sister, the princess of Orange—From the princess of Orange to lady Churchill—Birth of the prince of Wales (called the pretender)—Anne's absence at Bath—Her insinuations against the child and his mother—Anne's joy at the people's suspicions—At her brother's illness—Letters from the queen (Mary Beatrice) to the princess of Orange—Princess of Orange to her father—Princess Anne at Windsor—Introduced to the pope's legate—Congratulatory letters to archbishop Sancroft—Written by order of the princess of Orange—He does not reply to her—Wissing sent by the king to paint Mary's portrait—Description of the picture—Princess Anne's dialogues with her uncle, Clarendon—On expected invasion—On the birth of the prince of Wales, &c.—Princess of Orange deceives her father—His letters on her husband's invasion—Interview of Anne and Clarendon—Mocks her father with her women—Reproofs of her uncle—Their dialogue on the subject.

THE inimical conduct of the princess of Orange towards her father, which commenced a few months before his accession, caused him to bestow a double portion of fondness on her younger sister. Anne had, in her infancy, been the spoiled favourite of her mother, while her father lavished his most tender affections on her eldest sister.<sup>1</sup> At this time, Anne was the best beloved of his heart: he was never happy out of her presence, he was never known to deny a request of hers, though it was not very easy for her to make one, since he anticipated her every want and wish. Of course, her rank and dignity were greatly augmented when he became a reigning sovereign. Charles II. died on the birth-day of Anne, Feb. 6, 1685. All thoughts were directed to her on her father's accession, for the people fully expected the succession would be conti

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<sup>1</sup> See letter of her step-mother, at the end of this chapter, where she reminds Mary that she was considered his best beloved in infancy.

nued by her descendants. She had brought into the world a daughter in the reign of her uncle, but this child scarcely lived to be baptized. There was, however, speedy promise of more offspring, insomuch that the princess Anne could take no other part in her father's coronation (St. George's day, 1695) than beholding it from a close box in Westminster Abbey, which was prepared for her below that of the ambassadors.

The princess Anne heard herself mentioned at the coronation of her father in the following prayer—"O Lord, our God, who upholdest and governest all things in heaven and earth, receive our humble prayers for our sovereign lord, James, set over us, by thy grace and providence, to be our king, and so together with him bless his royal consort, the gracious queen Mary, Katherine, the queen-dowager, their royal daughters Mary, the princess of Orange, and the princess Anne of Denmark, and the whole royal family.<sup>1</sup> Endue them with thy Holy Spirit, O Lord, &c. &c.," concluding in the words of the supplication for the royal family, in our liturgy.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that James II. thus particularly distinguished both his daughters, by name and titles, in this prayer, only the heir-apparent, among the children of the sovereign, or an heir-presumptive, is usually mentioned. In all probability he designated them, to prevent all disputes regarding their title to the succession, in case of his death, as their mother was only a private woman. The princess of Orange and the princess Anne were thus named in the liturgy every time divine service was celebrated in the church of England, until they deposed their father. It is as if that he was not disposed, in any way, to slight their claims, to the sovereignty or his paternal care. James II. was kinder to his daughters than George II. to his heir, for in the very volume which gives information, a similar prayer,<sup>2</sup> in the very words, is quoted, by king George and queen Caroline; neither Frederic, prince of Prussia, nor their children, are named.

Great friendship apparently prevailed, at the epoch of the rupture between the queen her step-mother, and the princess Anne. When the newly-crowned queen, Mary Beatrice, commenced her progress to Westminster-hall, she entered the box of the princess Anne, and held friendly conference; the princess Anne and George of Denmark, conversed with her a considerable time. A month afterwards, the princess Anne accompanied the queen to the grand ceremony of the king's opening his first parliament. Anne<sup>3</sup> and her step-mother were on the right of the throne, and considered themselves perfectly incog., and the princess of Denmark, at the satisfaction of hearing the pope and the Virgin Mary ful-

<sup>1</sup> Sandford, repeated by Menin, in his *Coronation Ceremonials of George II.* vol. 16. He edited this as a guide to the coronation of George II., the coronation which is printed with it.

<sup>2</sup> Sandford, in the *Coronation Service for George II.*; Menin's *English Ceremonies*.

<sup>3</sup> King's MS., British Museum, *Recueil des Pieces.*

renounced before the catholic queen. This was on the 22d of May, only ten days before the birth of the princess's daughter, who was baptized Mary, after the princess of Orange. James II. announced this event to "his son, the prince of Orange," in one of those familiar letters he wrote to him almost every post: "My daughter, the princess of Denmark, was this day brought to bed of a girl. I have not time to say more now, but to assure you that I shall always be as kind to you as you can desire."<sup>1</sup> Three days afterwards, the king mentions his uneasiness regarding her health in another letter to William. "My daughter was taken ill this morning, having had vapours (hysterics), which sometimes trouble women in her condition; this frightened us at first, but now, God be thanked, our fears are over; she took some remedies, and has slept after them most of this afternoon and evening, and is in a very good way, which is all I can say to you now, but assure you of my kindness."<sup>2</sup>

The state and homage James II. allowed his youngest daughter to assume at Whitehall-chapel are very remarkable. James II. himself went to mass, but he permitted his daughter Anne to occupy the royal closet at Whitehall, and at other palace-chapels; and it was his pleasure, that the same honours were to be paid her, as if he were present in person. Evelyn being present at Whitehall-chapel, saw Dr. Tennison make three congés towards the royal closet; after service, Evelyn asked him, "Why he did so, as king James was not there?" Tennison replied, "that the king had given him express orders to do so, whenever his daughter, the princess Anne, was present."<sup>3</sup> The place of the princess was on the left hand of the royal seat, the clerk of the closet stood by her chair, as if the king himself had been there.

This anecdote is a confirmation of the positive assertion of James himself, and other authors, that he neither attempted to impede or persecute her, in her attendance on the Church of England worship, but rather to give every distinction and encouragement to it.<sup>4</sup> It was, perhaps, an impolitic indulgence, to feed his daughter's appetite for trifling ceremonials of bowing and personal homage from the altar, as if she had been the visible head of the established church. But James II., though an acute observer of facts, which he skilfully combined, as a commander or a financier, knew nothing of the higher science of the springs of passion on the human mind. He treated his daughter Anne as the ultimate heiress to the British throne; he pampered her low ambition for the mere externals of majesty, without considering that she would not choose to relinquish this distinction at the birth of a brother.

It is well known that the princess Anne was a great church-goer. indeed, church was to her a scene of lofty pomp and public grandeur, such as she enjoyed under no other roof. The following letter,

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> Letters of James II. to the prince of Orange, dated June 2d (5th), 1685. Dalrymple's Appendix, part 1st, p. 17.

<sup>3</sup> Evelyn's Diary, vol. iii., p. 153.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Clarendon's Journal, vol. iii., p. 201. Duchess of Marlborough's Conduct, p. 15.



addressed to Dr. Francis Turner, bishop of Ely, was written soon after her father's accession—in what month, there is no date to prove—perhaps, between the births of her daughters, Mary and Sophia. The princess requested him to keep a place for her in Ely chapel to hear Dr. Kenn expound the church-catechism; and her letter, though written with her usual disregard of grammar and orthography, is more creditable to her head and heart than the rest of her correspondence :

“PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK TO THE BISHOP OF ELY.”

“I hear the bishop of Bath and Wells expounds this afternoon at your chapel, and I have a great mind to hear him; therefore I desire you would do me the favour to let some place be kept for me, where I may hear well and be the least taken notice of, for I shall bring but *one lady* with me, and desire I may not be known. I should not have given you the trouble, but that I was afraid, if I had sent any body, they might have made a mistake. Pray let me know what time it begins.”

The augmentation of revenue which the princess Anne received from her father, was fit for the heir-apparent of an empire. James, at his accession, made up her allowance to 32,000*l.*, being more than the income at present settled by parliament on his royal highness prince Albert. When tested by the great difference of financial arrangement from the present day, the exceeding is enormous of such a sum in solid money. The whole yearly expenditure of the realm was, in the reign of Charles II., averaged at one million and a half per annum;<sup>1</sup> this sum, with the exception of the crown-land income, constituted the whole outlay of king and state. From this revenue, 32,000*l.* bestowed on the princess Anne seems a liberal share. James II. by his financial skill, and his vigilance in defending the taxes from the rapacity of those who farmed them, raised the revenue of Great Britain to two millions, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, with which small sum he covered all expenses, and maintained a navy victorious over the seas of the world. The value of the allowance he gave to his daughter Anne, before the funded debt took place, must have been more than double that sum in the present day.<sup>2</sup> “It cannot be denied,” wrote a contemporary,<sup>3</sup> who had belonged to the court of James II., “that the king was a very kind parent to the princess Anne; he inquired into her debts at Christmas 1685, and took care to clear her of every one. Yet she made some exceedings the year after, and lord Godolphin complained

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by the biographer of bishop Kenn, from the Gentleman's Magazine for March, 1814, having been communicated to that periodical by a gentleman of the name of Fowke, who is in possession of the original. Dr. Francis Turner was subsequently one of the bishops who were imprisoned by her father, and yet refused to own allegiance either to Mary II. or Anne.

<sup>2</sup> Toone's Chronology.

<sup>3</sup> James II.'s allowance to his daughter Anne (Lansdowne MS.)—

|  | £      | s. | d. |
|--|--------|----|----|
| Prince and princess of Denmark out of y <sup>e</sup> exche . . . . . | 15,000 | 0  | 0  |
| Postage . . . . .  | 15,000 | 0  | 0  |
| Ditto more by privy seal during pleasure . . . . .                   | 2,000  | 0  | 0  |
|  | 32,000 | 0  | 0  |

and grumbled; still her father paid what she owed without a word of reproach.

The princess Anne, from the hour that another husband was provided for her, wisely thought no more of the accomplished earl of Mulgrave, who subsequently married her illegitimate sister, Catherine.<sup>1</sup> The prince of Denmark was considered an example of the domestic affections, and proved a kind, quiet husband. His easy and sensual life in England very soon stifled his warlike energies under an excess of corpulence. He could imbibe much wine without visible signs of inebriation, yet a small portion of his potations would have reversed the reason of a temperate man. Charles II. reproved the prince, in his jocose manner, for his tendency to sluggish indulgence. Unfortunately, the partiality of her Danish consort for the pleasures of the table encouraged the same propensities in his princess; and he finally taught her to drink, as well as to eat, more than did good either to her health or intellects.

Although the princess Anne and the prince of Denmark were nearly every twelvemonth the parents of children, yet their little ones either expired as soon as they saw the light, or lingered only five or six months. Their deaths were probably occasioned by hydrocephalus, which, when constitutional, sweeps off whole families of promising infants. The duke of Gloucester languished through his little life with the same complaint.

The third daughter of the princess Anne and prince George of Denmark was born in May, 1686, at Windsor Castle. Lady Churchill and lady Roscommon were godmothers to this infant, and gave it the name of Anne Sophia. The babe was healthy; although the little lady Mary was weakly and languishing, yet the youngest gave every hope of reaching maturity. These hopes were cruelly blighted, six months afterwards. Prince George was taken very ill at that time, and remained many days in actual danger of death. The princess nursed him most assiduously. Scarcely was she relieved from the hourly dread of seeing her husband expire, when first the little lady Sophia suddenly fell ill, and died on her mother's birthday,<sup>2</sup> and the second anniversary of the decease of Charles II. The eldest infant had for months been in a consumption; she expired within a few hours. Thus the princess was left childless in one day. Rachel, lady Russell, draws a pathetic picture of Anne's feelings, divided, as they were, between grief for the bereavement of her offspring, and anxiety for her husband. Her letters are dated February 9th and 18th, 1686-7: "The good princess has taken her chastisement heavily; the first relief of that sorrow proceeded from calming of a greater, the prince being so ill of a fever. I never heard any relation more moving than that of seeing them together. Sometimes they wept, sometimes they mourned in words—but hand in hand, he, sick in his bed, she the carefullest nurse to him that can be imagined. As soon as he was able, they went to Richmond palace,

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of James II. by Catherine Sedley.

<sup>2</sup> Dangeau's *Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 255.

which was Thursday last. The poor princess is still wonderful sad. The children were opened; the eldest was all consumed away, as expected, but the youngest quite healthy, and every appearance for long life."<sup>1</sup> The infants were buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. On the interment of the little lady Sophia, the burial-place of her grandfather, Charles I., was discovered in the chapel. Although the date does not agree with the demise of these infants, yet this letter of Mary princess of Orange to her brother-in-law, prince George of Denmark, could not have pertained to any other occasion :

"MARY PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK."

"Monsieur my brother,

"I have learned with extreme concern, (deplussir) the misfortune of my sister by your letter, and I assure you that it touches me as nearly as if it had happened to myself. But since it is the will of God, it must be submitted to with patience; we have great cause to praise this good God, that my sister is in such a good state, and I hope will re-establish her health entirely, and together bless you with many other infants, who may live to console their parents for those who are dead. I wish for some better occasion to testify to you how much I am, monsieur my brother,

*Votre très affectueux  
fou et fervant  
Marie*

"From Loo, this 13th Novr.

"A monsieur Mon Frère,

"Le Prince George de Danmark."

At the succeeding Christmas, notwithstanding the liberality of her allowance, the princess Anne was found to be overwhelmed with debt.<sup>2</sup> As there was no outlay commensurate with a second extravagant defalcation, Lawrence Hyde, lord Rochester, the uncle of the princess, began to suspect that some greedy favourites secretly drained her funds. He did not keep his suspicions to himself; and the person who testified consciousness by furious resentment, was Sarah Churchill. The fa-

<sup>1</sup> MS. Letters of Rachel, lady Russell; Birch Collections, Plut. cvi., p. 43.

<sup>2</sup> From the original, in French, in the possession of W. Upcott, Esq. The facsimile, entirely in the hand of the princess Mary, is published by Mr. Netherclift. It is in rather a fair Italian hand; her signature is very like that of Mary, queen of Scots. There is no yearly date, and it is more probable that this condolence was written on the death of the name-child of the princess of Orange.

<sup>3</sup> The Other Side of the Question, 47. This author is fully corroborated by the duchess herself, and by Roger Coke

vourite, in consequence, visited him through life with active hatred. Few pages of her copious historical apologies occur without virulent railings against this lord-treasurer, his wife, or some of the Clarendon family.

"Lady Clarendon," says Sarah Churchill, in one of her inedited papers, "aunt by marriage to the princess Anne, was first lady of her bed-chamber, when the princess was first established at the Cockpit. When lord Clarendon was made lord-lieutenant of Ireland, which obliged my lady Clarendon to leave her service, the princess was very glad, because, though she was considered a good woman, the princess had taken an aversion to her. It was soon guessed that I must succeed her in her post; and at this time the princess wrote to tell me, 'that she intended to take two new pages of the backstairs, she having then but two, one of whom was *extreme* old and past service, but that she would not do it till my lady Clarendon was gone, that I might have the advantage of putting in the two pages,' meaning that I should sell these two places. For, in those times, it was openly allowed to sell all employments in every office. And upon this established custom and direction from the princess (as it was not to be expected that I should *immediately* set up to reform the court in this respect) I *did* sell these places; with some other advantage, they came to 1200*l*." A tolerably round sum of money before the funded debt took place. These pages were Roman-catholics, and were probably privately assisted into their situations of keeping the back stairs of the dwelling rooms of the princess, by some official in the court of king James, of that religion, whose interest was concerned in the proceedings of Anne, to know who went and came, and what they said and did.

But as soon as Sarah Churchill had comfortably pocketed her 1200*l*., the prince and princess of Orange by some means discovered that the two pages of their sister Anne's backstairs were Roman-catholics. Their vigilance on a point important to the good success of the coming revolution, roused the princess from the supine satisfaction in which she had reposed, since her needy favourite had made so excellent a market, and she was forced to command the instant dismissal of her Roman-catholic attendants at the doorstairs of her sitting-rooms. There can be no doubt that some one had paid the enormous cost of their places, that intelligence might be given to the princess's father of her movements. That king James had placed them himself is impossible, for he had no suspicion of Anne, and had he taken any under hand measures to watch her conduct, his ruin could not have fallen on him unawares as it did, accelerated by his children.

The warning of the princess of Orange not only displaced these dangerous watchers on the conduct of the princess Anne, but had the consecutive result of obliging Sarah Churchill to refund eight hundred of the twelve hundred pounds she mentions having recently netted on the occasion. However, four hundred pounds clung to her fingers.

<sup>1</sup> Coxe MSS., vol. xlv. Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, inedited. Brit. Mus.

which was a goodly gain for an ineffectual recommendation. It is, nevertheless, to be feared that the personal hatred which avowedly had previously subsisted between the princess of Orange and Sarah Churchill was not soothed by the painful but inevitable process of refunding the eight hundred pounds. It is worth remarking, that the lady herself quotes the anecdote, in support of her own warm self-praises as an instance of her scorn of making money, by selling offices in her mistress' household. Nevertheless, she names 1200*l.*<sup>1</sup> as her gains, and only 800*l.* as her restitution; therefore, she still retained a very handsome balance by the transaction.

One of these Roman-catholic pages, of the name of Gwin, had been a servant of the princess Anne of some standing: she secured to him a salary for life, in compensation for the loss of his place, on account of his religion. In pecuniary transactions, Anne was always generous to the utmost of her ability. She discharged her old servitor for political reasons, but left him not to starve.

The accounts of the princess passed through the hands of one of Sarah's familiars, whom she had introduced into the establishment at the Cockpit. Assuredly, if rogues write accounts of their "conduct," they ought to be gifted with long memories. A Mr. Maul having proved ungrateful to Sarah Churchill, some months after the revolution, she recriminated in the following words: "I had not only brought him to be bed-chamber man to the prince, when he was quite a stranger to the court, but, to mend his salary, had *invented* an employment for him, that of overlooking the princess's accounts."<sup>2</sup> The result of this bright invention was a figuring on the side of the debit column of the princess's accounts, 7000*l.* higher than the credits. Anne was very unhappy in consequence, and sent to her father to lend her the deficient sum. King James walked into the presence of his daughter, on receiving this intelligence, so unexpectedly, that Sarah Churchill, and another lady of the princess's bed-chamber (lady Fitzharding,) had only just time to whisk into a closet. Anne permitted these women to remain there as spies and eavesdroppers, listening to the confidential communication between her father and herself. The king gently reminded her "that he had made her a noble allowance, and that he had twice cheerfully paid her debts" without one word of remonstrance, but that now he was convinced that she had some one about her for whose sake she plunged herself into inconveniences; of these, his paternal affection was willing once more to relieve her; but," he added, "that she must observe a more exact economy for the future." The princess Anne only answered her father with tears. The moment king James departed, out burst the two eavesdroppers from their hiding-place, lady Churchill exclaiming, with her usual

<sup>1</sup> Coxe MSS., vol. xliv. Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, undated. Brit. Mus.

<sup>2</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough. This invented employment was parallel, in chronology, with mysterious defalcations from the income of her mistress.

<sup>3</sup> Letter of the princess Anne, regarding the fact of the payment of her debts.

coarse vehemence, "Oh, madam! all this is owing to that old rascal, your uncle!"<sup>1</sup>

It is not wise for ladies, whether princesses or otherwise, to suffer their women to call their uncles or fathers "old rascals" to their faces, and in their hearing. This abused uncle, Lawrence Hyde, was a lord-treasurer, of whose honesty the flourishing revenue of a lightly taxed country bore honourable witness. Being devoted to the reformed catholic church of England, he would not retain his office when he found that his royal brother-in-law was bent on removing the penal laws, and introducing Roman-catholics into places of trust. The hatred of his niece and her favourite was not appeased by his resignation of the treasury-department. This office, which was the object of Lord Sunderland's desires, and of his long series of political agitations, and of his pretended conversion to the Roman religion, seemed now within his grasp, but James II. was too good a financier to trust his revenue in the clutches of a known inveterate gambler. He put the treasury into commission, associating lord Sunderland with two other nobles. The furious animosity with which the favourite of the princess of Denmark pursued him, her mistress following her lead, proves that neither of them had the slightest idea that Sunderland was working a mine for the ruin of his master, parallel to their own. Meantime, the princess was forced to restrain her expenditure. Whether by gambling or by gifts to the Churchills, she had impaired her revenues and overwhelmed herself with debts. This seems to have been the spring of the general enmity the princess and lady Churchill felt against all James II.'s treasurers, from whom they both dreaded remonstrance. Since the favourite of Anne previously appeared on these pages, she had become lady Churchill. By the influence of the king when duke of York, her husband had been created lord Churchill, December 1683, and given more substantial marks of favour, which, though trifling in comparison with the enormous wealth this pair afterwards drew from their country, was enough to deserve gratitude.

However ignorant the princess Anne and her favourite were that Sunderland was an ally in the same cause with themselves, the princess of Orange was well aware of it; for while he was affecting to be a convert to the church of Rome, and was the prime minister of James II., he was carrying on, by means of his wife, an intriguing correspondence with William of Orange. A very extraordinary letter, in one handwriting, but in two very different styles of diction, the joint composition of this pair, was found in king William's box of letters after his death at Kensington. The first part of it, the composition of the male-diplomatist, wholly relates to the best manner of circumventing James II.'s endeavours to cause parliament to abolish the Penal and Test Acts, and contains a warning to the prince of Orange not to be induced to express a wish thereto. The postscript, or second letter, is an emanation from the mind of lady Sunderland, and is meant for the princess of Orange, though personally addressed to her spouse. It appears written under

<sup>1</sup> Other Side of the Question, p. 48.

some dread, lest the double game they were playing should be detected by James, who had, it will be observed, already suspected that lady Sunderland corresponded with his daughter Mary:—

"LADY SUNDERLAND TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ORANGE.<sup>1</sup>

"I must beg leave of your highness to enclose a letter for Mr. Sidney, who I hope will be with you very soon, and till he comes, I beseech you to make no answer to my letter for fear of accident. For this had gone to you two posts ago, but that an accident happened, I thought it best not to pass over. Some papists, the other day, that are not satisfied with my lord (Sunderland), said, 'That my lord Sunderland did not dance in a net:' for 'they very well knew that, however, he made king James believe, there were *dispensations* from *Holland* as well as from Rome, and that they were sure I held a correspondence with the princess of Orange.' This happened the day I first heard of the propositions, which I have writ (i. e., *about the Test Act*), which made me defer sending till king James (II.) spoke to me of it, which he has done. And as I could very truly, so did I assure his majesty 'that I never had the honour to have any commerce with the princess, but about *treacle-water*, or *work*, or some such slight thing.'

"I did, likewise, assure his majesty, 'that if there had been any commerce, I should never be ashamed, but on the contrary, proud to own it, seeing *he must be sure that the princess could never be capable of anything, with anybody, to his disservice.*'

"Now, how this fancy came into his head I cannot imagine, for, as your highness knows, I never had the honour to write to you at all till now, so the princess of Orange knows I have been so unhappy as to have very little acquaintance with her till of late I have had the obligation to my lady Semple and Mr. Sidney, to have had an occasion of writing to her, which I value, and will endeavour to continue and improve, by all the zeal and esteem for her that I am capable of, to my last breath.

"I have the ill luck to write a very bad hand, which, if your highness cannot read plain (and few can), I humbly beg of you to keep it till Mr. Sidney comes, who is used to my hand.

"If, at this man's return (*suppose her messenger*), I can but hear that my letter came safe, and that you pardon the liberty I have taken, I shall be very much at ease. If, by the bearer, your highness will be pleased to let me know my letter came safe to you, I shall be very happy.

"A. SUNDERLAND."

This correspondence of the princess of Orange with lady Sunderland was followed by the continual efforts of the princess for communication with every person, either adverse to her father, or connected with his political opposers. It is to be feared, that her commencement of correspondence with the illustrious Rachel lady Russell, had not for its object the generous sympathy with her bereavements, which that lady deserved from every one, or it would have been offered years before. The following is an extract from its first opening; it is, indeed, elaborately condescending; it seems in answer to some admiration for the princess, expressed by lady Russell to Dyckvelt, the Dutch envoy.<sup>2</sup> At least, such is the opinion of Dr. Birch, in his abstracts from the mass of the correspondence of the royal family at this period, to which he had access. It is an historical misfortune that the originals cannot be referred to, as it is only seen darkly through the extracts of the chaplain of the

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, pp. 189, 190.

<sup>2</sup> Birch MS., 3163, folio 44.

princess Anne, who sometimes limits his extracts to five words. The princess of Orange observes that she sends her letter by Mr. Herbert.

"THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO RACHEL LADY RUSSELL.

"Hounsladyke, July 12, 1687.

"I have all the esteem for you which so good a character deserves, as I have heard given of you by all people, both before I left England, and since I have been here, and have had as much pity as any could have of the sad misfortunes you have had, with much more compassion when they happen to persons who deserve so well."

James II. had previously felt uneasy at the proceedings of Dyckvelt in England, which he expressed in a letter to his daughter Mary, thus :

"Windsor, May 30, 1687.

"I have reason to fear that mynheer Dyckvelt has taken wrong measures of things here, by reason that many who are not well affected to my person or government, have plied him very hard since he has been here.

"The king then recapitulates what he has done for the good of the monarchy and nation in general."<sup>1</sup>

Probably, there were some religious topics discussed by James; for there followed, soon after, an extract from Mary's reply :—

"Hounsladyke, June 17, 1687.

"When you will have me speak as I think, I cannot always be of the same mind, your majesty is; what you do seems too much to the prejudice of the church I am of, for me to like it."<sup>2</sup>

Letters which did honour to the humanity of both father and daughter followed these. Mary had requested her father to interfere with his mighty power, as ocean-king, to obtain the liberty of the crews of some Dutch fishing-boats taken by the Algerines. In this, she was certainly successful, or the transcriber would have eagerly noted the contrary. Besides, the suppression of pirates was a noted feature of her father's government.<sup>3</sup>

When James II.'s intention of abolishing the penal laws became apparent, soon after the embassy of Penn, the princess of Orange wrote the following letter to Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury :

"THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO ARCHBISHOP SANCROFT."<sup>4</sup>

"Loo, October 1, 1687.

"Though I have not the advantage to know you, my lord of Canterbury, yet the reputation you have, makes me resolve not to lose this opportunity of making myself more known to you than I have been yet. Dr. Stanley can assure you, that I take more interest in what concerns the church of England than myself, and that one of the greatest satisfactions I can have, is to hear how all the clergy show themselves as firm to their religion as they have always been to their king, which makes me hope God will preserve his church, since he has so well provided it with able men. I have nothing more to say, but beg your prayers, and desire you will do me the justice to believe I shall be very glad of any occasion to show the esteem and veneration I have for you. MARIE.

"To the archbishop of Canterbury."

<sup>1</sup> Birch MS., 4163, folio 44.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> See Dalrymple's Appendix, regarding the dreadful losses the English suffered from piracy, from the year 1689 till the strange affair of captain Kidd.

<sup>4</sup> Clarendon Letters, Appendix, vol. iv., p. 488.



At the first receipt of this letter, the heart of the old man warmed towards the writer. Sancroft was suffering under the double affliction of seeing his king, the son of his beloved master, an alien from the church of England, and even finding indications of persecution from him. Among his papers was found a rough draft of an answer to Mary's letter, in which, rather in sorrow than in anger, he thus offers an apology for his royal master's secession from the reformed church :—

"It hath seemed," wrote the archbishop, "good to the Infinite Wisdom to exercise this poor church with trials of all sorts. But the greatest calamity that ever befel us, was, that wicked and ungodly men who murdered the father (Charles I.), likewise drove out the sons, as if it were to say to them, 'Go, and serve other gods,' the dismal effects hereof we feel every moment.

And although this (were it much more) cannot in the least shake or alter our steady loyalty to our sovereign and the royal family, yet it embitters the comforts left us: it blasts our present joys, and makes us sit down with sorrow in dust and ashes. Blessed be God, who hath caused some dawn of light to break from the eastern shore, in the constancy of your royal highness and the excellent prince towards us."<sup>1</sup>

The letter continues with tender and paternal expressions to the princess of Orange, as one who, like Mary in the Gospel, "had chosen the better part." He speaks of himself "as an old man sinking under the double burden of age and sorrow;" and he signed himself in the beautiful phraseology of an earlier period, "her daily orator at the throne of grace!" The extraordinary historical circumstances relating to the princess of Orange and Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury, renders every incident which connects their names interesting. It is worth remarking, that Sancroft's mind misgave him, and he never sent the letter he had written. But, avoiding confidential discussion, he merely acknowledged the honour with expressions of courtesy.

The princess of Orange received from her father a letter, dated November 29th, 1687, in which he mentions his queen's situation, with some particulars of her health, and adding, as news, "the death of Mrs. Nelly (Gwynne), and that she had not left the duke of St. Alban's so much as was believed." A great increase of zeal for the welfare of the church of England was the only symptom shown by the princess of Orange, at the receipt of the intelligence regarding her father's hopes of offspring. An event likely to be subversive of her husband's ambitious anticipations, in which there cannot exist doubts that she fully participated, notwithstanding all her disclaiming speeches and letters on the subject of her succession.

Then commenced some religious controversy between the father and daughter, which, however, was carried on in a moderate manner. The king sent his daughter controversial books by his resident minister, d'Albeville, from Whitehall, February 24th, 1687-8. He wrote to her thus: "I pray God to touch your heart, as he did your mother's, who, for many years, was as zealous a protestant, and as knowing in it, as you can be." If the king thought that his daughter's firmness in her reli-

<sup>1</sup> Clarendon Letters. Abstracted from pp. 485-6.

gious opinions could be shaken by an appeal to the memory of her dead mother, he was greatly mistaken. Mary was at a tender age when she lost her mother; there is no evidence, but quite the contrary, that she cherished either love or respect for her.

King James continued his injudicious observations on religion, in his letter of February 28, 1687-8:—"That one of her instructors in religion (Compton, bishop of London,) holds several tenets which do not agree with the *true* doctrine of the church of England. This I was not told, but heard him declare it in the pulpit many years since, in the chapel here at Whitehall; and I took notice of it then to a bishop that stood by me, and I know that several others of the clergy do so also, and lean much more to the presbyterian tenets, than they ought to do, and they generally run, more and more every day, into those opinions than ever they did, and quit their *true principles*."<sup>1</sup>

This was extraordinary language for the convert of Rome to urge to his daughter, and shows a lingering love for the church of England, the tenets of which he thus allowed were those of a *true church*. The biographer of Dr. Tillotson<sup>2</sup> insists, among the other great merits of that prelate, on his having driven James II., when duke of York, from Whitehall Chapel by his sermon against popery, in 1672. Would it not have been a far higher triumph to have kept him there? persuading him to remain a true disciple of the church which Tillotson at that time professed?

At the commencement of the year 1688, Dr. Stanley, the almoner of the princess of Orange, wrote, by her desire, this letter to archbishop Sancroft:—

"DR. STANLEY TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY."

"The Hague, Jan. 24, 1687-8.

"I suppose your grace may have heard that the king hath not been wanting to press his daughter here to be favourable to popery, but lest you should have heard more than is true, I presume to acquaint your lordship with what hath passed; her royal highness being pleased to make me privy to it, and giving me an express leave to communicate it to your grace. Whatever reports have been raised, king James hath scarcely ever either spoken or written to our excellent princess to persuade her to popery, till last Christmas (1687), when the marquess d'Albeville came hither; when the king her father, sent by him a very long letter written with his own hand, two sheets of paper containing the motives of his conversion to popery."

The letter mentioned here by Dr. Stanley, is still in existence;<sup>4</sup> it is written in James II.'s best historical style. He gives his daughter the history of his early youth, his strong affection to the church of England, as inculcated by his beloved tutor, Dr. Seward; he mentions the great pain his mother (queen Henrietta) gave him by her persecution of his young brother, Gloucester, and the disgrace he was in with her for en

<sup>1</sup> Additional MSS., 4163, fol. 1. Birch MS.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Birch, p. cxiv., vol. i. of Works of Tillotson.

<sup>3</sup> Clarendon Diary and Letters, vol. iv., pp. 486-7.

<sup>4</sup> William III. preserved it, with a great many of his uncle's letters of friendship to him, in his chest, at Kensington. See Dalrymple's Appendix, for the whole letter.

couraging Gloucester to remain true to the Church of England in its adversity. King James informed his daughter, "that he was himself in his youth as zealous as she could be for the church of England, yet no one endeavoured in France to convert him<sup>1</sup> but a nun, who declared, when she found her labour in vain, that she would pray for him without ceasing." The rest of this document narrates his reasons for his change to the church of Rome, which may be spared here; even Dr. Stanley's abstract of them we pass by, as containing nothing personal of the daughter Mary herself; it has also long been familiar to historical readers. One little remark may be permitted, that we gather from James's narrative, that he changed his religion, rather out of contradiction, than from conviction of the superiority of the Roman church over the reformed catholic church; more from disgust of the polemic railing he heard in the pulpit, than from any other motive. Dr. Stanley, who was at that time almoner at the Hague, thus continues:—

"Our excellent princess seeing this letter, written with the king's own hand, was resolved to write an answer herself as the king desired, without consulting any of us (her chaplains), that he might see she was very ready to give an account of herself. The very next day, being post-day, she made haste and wrote a letter to king James, of two sheets of paper (which she afterwards read to me), which truly I can, without flattery, say was the best letter I ever saw, treating James with that respect which became her father and king, and yet speaking her mind freely and openly as became the cause of religion, and that she hoped that God would give her grace to live and die in that of the church of England."

The praises Dr. Stanley bestowed on the genius for controversy displayed by his princess, inspired her with the ambition of her letter being seen and admired by archbishop Sancroft; and therefore he kindly offered to send him a copy, and hoped he would write his commendations of the princess, and secretly send them to Dr. Tennison, who would forward them to her royal highness; "and if your grace," he adds, "doth take some notice to her of her carriage in this affair, as I have related it, I believe it will be very acceptable to her."<sup>2</sup>

No doubt it would,—but archbishop Sancroft was not the man who deemed that a private letter, from a daughter to a father, should be blazoned abroad; for, however she might have the best of the argument, a public and ostentatious exposure of the errors of a parent is not the most respectable road to the praise of others. Piety, unalloyed by the leaven of the Pharisee, would have laboured with filial love to induce a change in her unfortunate sire, without parade or canvassing for admiration. Such were the feelings of archbishop Sancroft on this subject. Not one word in reply did he send to the Hague, yet, with stern integrity, he relaxed not his steady opposition to the course his sovereign was pursuing.

The first day of the year 1687–8 brought intelligence which roused

<sup>1</sup> The reason that queen Henrietta did not endeavour to disturb her second son, was because of his proximity to the throne of Great Britain; her attack on young Gloucester's principles was wholly in a worldly point of view, that he, being a third son, might be provided for in the Roman church.

<sup>2</sup> Clarendon Letters and Diary, Appendix, vol. iv., p. 488

the princess Anne and her miniature court from exclusive attention to their own petty politics and intrigues, to the apprehension that the reversionary prospect of her wearing, one day, the crown of Great Britain, and transmitting it to her descendants, might be altogether obscured by the birth of an heir-apparent. Thanks were that day offered up in all churches in England that the queen of James II. was *enceinte*. Every intrigue that had existed between the malcontents of England and Holland forthwith grew livelier, as the hopes or fears of parties interested became stronger.

From that moment the secret correspondence from England, maintained by all sorts and conditions of persons with Mary and her husband, grew every hour more animated. There were few persons at the court of James but were playing the parts of spies, with various degrees of treachery. Many of these correspondents were exceedingly bitter against each other; and if Mary of Orange had been a philosophic observer of character, she had curious opportunities for exercising her reflective powers, as the letters she daily received unveiled the clashing interests and opinions of her correspondents. At the head of this band of her father's enemies figures her sister, his deeply loved and indulged darling, the princess Anne. A bitter and malicious pen did Anne hold in her youth; <sup>1</sup> perhaps the spirit of Sarah Churchill, her favourite and ruler, inspired her with a portion of its venom; her chief hatred was towards the queen, her stepmother, and lady Sunderland. In this series of letters the two sisters had nicknames for their father and his queen, who, in their correspondence, were "Mansel and Mansel's wife;" the prime minister, Sunderland, and his countess, were "Rogers and Rogers' wife."

Sunderland and his wife had been foremost among the secret agents aiding the machinations of William and Mary. This fact was not known to Anne, who indulged her spirit of envious detraction whenever she mentioned lady Sunderland, and the traits she drew in various of her epistles of this person, for the information of her sister Mary, form a portrait graphically drawn, and certainly a likeness; yet the spirit in which the letters are written, creates more abhorrence for the writer than for the subject.

"THE PRINCESS OF DENMARK TO MARY PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

"Cockpit, March 20, 1688.

"I can't end my letter without telling you that lady Sunderland plays the hypocrite more than ever, for she goes to St. Martin's church morning and afternoon, because there are not people enough to see her at Whitehall chapel, and is half an hour before other people, and half an hour after every body is gone, at her private devotions.<sup>a</sup> She runs from church to church, and keeps up such

<sup>1</sup> The answers of the princess of Orange are not to be found, and can only be guessed by the tenor of her sister's epistles; and from them it may be presumed that they were written with caution, and couched in more respectable language than the emanations from the mind of the princess Anne, guided by Sarah Churchill. It is probable that William of Orange preserved the letters of the princess Anne to his wife, as proofs that the slanders regarding the birth of the unfortunate heir of his uncle, did not originate in Holland.

<sup>a</sup> Birch MS. There must have been some difference in the closing of places

a clatter with her devotions, that it really turns one's stomach. Sure there never was a couple so well matched as she and her good husband, for as she is throughout the greatest jade that ever was, so he is the subtlest *workingest*<sup>1</sup> villain that is on the face of the earth."

Then follows an extract, which, as the date is the same day, March 20, 1688, must have been part of the same epistle:

"I hope you will instruct Berkley what you would have your friends do if any *okwasion* (occasion) should exist, as it is to be feared there will, especially if Mansel (*her father*) has a son, which I conclude he will, there being so much reason to believe \* \* \* \* For methinks if it were not, there having been so many stories and fuss made about it<sup>2</sup> \* \* \* \* On the contrary, when any one talks of her situation, she looks as if she were afraid we should touch her. And, whenever I have happened to be in the room, and she has been undressing, she has always gone in the bed-room \* \* \* \* These things give me so much suspicion, that I believe, when she is brought to bed, no one will be convinced 'tis her child, *unless it prove a daughter*."

Can anything be more utterly absurd than this expression? particularly as the poor queen had previously brought into the world a son, there could be no possible reason why she should not bear another now. The princess Anne seems to have forgotten that the babe must have been either daughter or son. Probably the "Berkley" whom she mentions in the commencement was her first lady, one of the Villiers' sisters, who had undertaken a voyage to Holland "on *okwasions*"—to use the droll orthography of her royal highness—that she considered were safer uttered by word of mouth than committed to paper.

The princess Anne of Denmark meditated a voyage to Holland; she thus testifies her displeasure at her father's prohibition of her tour to the Hague:

"I am denied the satisfaction of seeing you, my dearest sister, this spring, though the king gave me leave when I first asked it. I impute this to lord Sunderland, for the king trusts him with everything, and he, going on so freely in the interests of the papists, is afraid you should be told a true character of him.

"You may remember, I have once before ventured to tell you, that I thought lord Sunderland a very ill man, and I am more confirmed every day in that opinion. Everybody knows how often this man turned backwards and forwards in the late king's time, and now to complete all his virtues, he is working with all his might to bring in popery. He is perpetually with the priests, and stirs up the king to do things faster than I believe he would of himself.

"This worthy lord does not go publicly to mass, but hears it privately in a priest's chamber. His lady (Sunderland) is as extraordinary in her kind, for she is a flattering, dissembling, false woman; but she has so fawning and endearing a way, that she will deceive any body at first, and it is not possible to find out all her ways in a little time. She cares not at what rate she lives,

of worship after service then, or lady Sunderland could not have remained so long.

<sup>1</sup> So written.

<sup>2</sup> Part of this letter is omitted, on account of the coarseness and vulgarity of Anne's language. The reader who has previously perused the Life of Mary Beatrice, will remember that this was only the revival of the injurious reports circulated against the reality of the pregnancy of that princess previously to her last accouchement; but as that infant proved a daughter, no more was heard of the alleged fraud. See Hume's observations on this party calumny.

but never pays any body. She will cheat, though it be for a little. Then, she has had her gallants, though, may be, not so many as some ladies here; and with all these good qualities, she is a constant church-woman, so that, to outward appearance, one would take her for a saint, and to hear her talk, you would think she were a very good protestant, but she is as much one as the other, for it is certain that her lord does nothing without her.

"One thing I forgot to tell you about this noble lord, which is, that it is thought if everything does not go here as he would have it, that he will pick a quarrel with the court, and so retire, and by that means it is possible he may make his court to you."

By which sentence Anne plainly shows that she was ignorant that Sunderland's court was ready made to the powers at the Hague.

Such was the spirit in which these princesses corresponded. Much have we been forced to suppress; and pass on now as unfit for family reading, with the remark, that good women would have lost all the regality the world could offer, rather than have held such a correspondence, or become the fosterers of such an intrigue as that by which they proclaimed their unfortunate brother a spurious child. This plot evidently originated in the brain of the princess Anne and her colleagues. It was first broached in the letter of March, before quoted, three months before the hapless infant it disinherited saw the light. In another letter, too thoroughly coarse and odious to quote, addressed to her sister Mary, and dated from the Cockpit, March, 1688, Anne again affirms, "that if the expected royal offspring should *not prove a daughter*, she will not believe it to be the queen's child."

Nearly at the same time, d'Avaux, the French ambassador to the states of Holland, wrote to his court, "that if the queen of James II. was put to bed of a son, that the prince of Orange was resolved to attempt to seize the British crown; for he was sure that the Calvinists in England would not permit any prince of Wales to supersede the rights of his wife."

The people of Great Britain were perfectly right solemnly to refuse to acknowledge a successor who was not to be educated in the established religion; their determination simply and firmly expressed, without false witness or calumny, would have been sufficient. The people in reality acted thus, and acted well; the falsehood and calumny did not originate with them, but with the two daughters and the nephew of James II. And, in the face of the odious documents they have left, how can we call their evil, good? It would, indeed, be a vain attempt, because no reader of the documents left by the princesses could come to the same opinion.

In one of the letters alluded to, the princess Anne insinuates to her sister, that her life would be in danger from her father if she visited England. The undeviating indulgence and personal kindness of this most unfortunate father to these daughters has been shown by a succession of facts. It was a part of his lot, which, as he has declared in his memoirs, he felt to be peculiarly bitter, that his children, who ought to have compared his conduct to them from their youth upwards, could accuse him of either intending to destroy them or of meaning to supplant them by the imposture of pretended offspring; here are the words of Anne.

"There is one thing about yourself, that I cannot help giving my opinion in, which is, that if king James should desire you and the prince of Orange to come over to make him a visit, I think it would be better (if you can make any hand some excuse) not to do it, for though I dare swear the king could have no thought against either of you, yet, since people can say one thing and do another, *one cannot help being afraid*. If either of you should come, I should be very glad to see you, but really if you, or the prince *should* come, I *should be frightened out of my wits for fear any harm should happen to either of you*."

After this incendiary missive,<sup>1</sup> the correspondence was interrupted for a short time by an illness of the princess Anne; her father was greatly alarmed, and rose early to visit her on the morning of April the 16th, 1688. Her uncle, lord Clarendon, had been roused at four in the morning with the tidings of her danger; he hurried to the Cockpit to see her, and found the anxious parent sitting by her bedside. Could he have had one glance at the calumnies which were going to Holland, every post, from that very daughter, what would have been his reflections on the contrast in the affections of the father with that of the child? It does not appear that James II. ever resorted to the same means of reading private letters which we have seen practised by the prince of Orange. The Stuarts were weak enough to deem that similar proceedings were inconsistent with the honour of gentlemen.

The princess went, during her recovery, to visit her father at his palace of Richmond, from whence she vented her hatred to her unfortunate stepmother in the following letter:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE."

"Richmond, 9th May, 1688.

"The queen, you must know, is of a very proud and haughty humour, and though she pretends to hate all form and ceremony, one sees that those who make their court that way, are very well thought of. She declares always, that she loves sincerity and hates flattery; but when the grossest flattery in the world is said to her face, she seems exceeding well pleased with it. It really is enough to turn one's stomach, to hear what things are said to her of that kind, and to see how mightily she is satisfied with it. All these things lady Sunderland has in perfection, to make her court to her; she is now much oftener with the queen than she used to be. It is a sad, and a very uneasy thing, to be forced to live civilly, and as it were freely, with a woman that every one knows hates one, and does all she can to undo everybody, which she (lady Sunderland) certainly does.

"One thing I must say of the queen, which is, that she is the most hated in the world of all sorts of people: for everybody believes that she presses the king to be more violent than he would be himself, which is not unlikely, for she is a very great bigot in her way.

"All ladies of quality say she is so proud, that they don't care to come oftener than they needs must, just out of mere duty; and, indeed, she has not so great court as she used to have. She pretends to have a great deal of kindness for

<sup>1</sup> Anne, who was acting the part of the cat in the fable, had reason to dread that a personal interview should take place between the parent she was slandering and her sister Mary. One hour of unrestrained personal conference between the unfortunate monarch and his eldest daughter would, in all probability, have averted his fall. The possibility of Mary seeing the queen in her present situation was also dreaded by Anne.

<sup>2</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 174.

me; but I doubt it is not real, for I never see proofs of it, but rather the contrary."

The gossip of that day circulated a story that the queen, as she sat at her toilet with the princess Anne, had, on some dispute between them, tossed her glove in the princess's face. This tale, if true, would never have been omitted by Anne in her correspondence, were it only to justify the hatred she virulently expresses against her hapless stepmother, whose manner to her, she is obliged to own, expresses not only politeness, "but a great deal of kindness." Now, tossing a glove in a person's face is not consistent with either politeness or kindness; nor does the princess Anne attempt any excuse for her envenomed hatred, excepting her own suspicions that the queen's affection was not real, together with her envy of the flatteries and distinctions of royalty with which she was surrounded.

At the conclusion of this letter, the princess Anne repeated her expectations that her father would persecute her by attacks on her religious principles. This he certainly never did, even when she was a child. However, she says that she supposes the persecution would begin, when her husband, prince George, went to visit the court of Denmark that summer. The arrangement between the princesses of Orange and Denmark was, that prince George was to escort the latter to the Hague, where she was to stay on a visit till his return from his own country.<sup>1</sup> This plan was entirely forbidden by James II.; and Anne, in the course of her correspondence, often expressed her anger at this prohibition. It is difficult to divine Anne's reasons for desiring to leave England at this crisis, unless she intended to make the same political use of her absence, which she afterwards did, when she insisted on going to Bath, previous to the accouchement of the queen, to avoid being a witness of her brother's birth, that she might enjoy the opportunity of raising an outcry, by means of her partisans, as if she had been forced to withdraw. Had the visit been permitted, lady Churchill, who ruled the princess Anne, would have been her companion, and it would have been utterly impossible for her to have restrained her propensity to quarrel and engender strife with all around her, at the court of the princess of Orange. Indeed, from the furious divisions which subsequently took place when these persons, at this era so strongly united against the king and queen, came in contact with each other, it may be guessed what would have been the result had the king permitted his daughter Anne to visit her sister at the Hague.

The princess of Orange, in a letter which is not forthcoming, had ventured to express to her sister disgust and distrust of the manners and disposition of her favourite, which was answered in the following terms.

"March, 1688.

"Sorry people have taken such pains to give so ill a character of (lady) Churchill: I believe there is nobody in the world has better notions of religion than she has. It is true she is not so strict as some are. nor does she keep such a bustle with religion; which I confess I think is never the worse, for one sees so many saints mere devils, that if one be a good Christian, the less show one

<sup>1</sup> Barillon's Despatches, March, 1688.



makes the better in my opinion. Then, as for moral principles, 't is impossible to have better, and without all that, lifting up of the hands and eyes, and often going to church will prove but a very lame devotion. One thing more I must say for her, which is, that she has a true sense of the doctrine of our church, and abhors all the principles of the church of Rome; so, as to this particular, I assure you she will never change. The same thing I will venture, now I am on this subject, to say for her lord, for though he is a very faithful servant to king James, and the king is very kind to him, and I believe he will always obey the king, in all things that are consistent with religion, yet rather than change *that*, I dare say he will lose all his places, and everything that he has. The king once talked to *her* upon religion, upon occasion of her talking to some lady, or looking another way, when a priest said grace at the king's table."

This defence is indisputably written in lady Churchill's own bold style of composition. The princess of Orange found from it that she had committed a mistake by expressing her opinion of that favourite whom she afterwards sought to propitiate by the following soothing billet:

"THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO LADY CHURCHILL.<sup>1</sup>

"Dr. Stanley's going to England, is too good an opportunity for me to lose, of assuring lady Churchill she cannot give me greater satisfaction than in letting me know the firm resolution both lord Churchill and you have taken never to be wanting in what you owe to your religion. Such a generous resolution, I am sure, must make you deserve the esteem of all good people, and my sister's in particular. I need say nothing of mine, you have it upon a double account as my sister's friend, besides what I have said already, and you may be assured that I shall always be glad of an occasion to show it both to your lord and you.

"I have nothing more to add: for your friendship makes my sister as dear to you as to me, and I am persuaded we shall ever agree in our care of her, as, I believe, she and I should, in our kindness for you, were we near enough to renew our acquaintance.

MARIE."

Another of these agreeable and friendly notes was written by the princess of Orange to the woman she so thoroughly abhorred, both before and after the revolution. The efforts of Mary, were, however, vain to palliate the political blunders she had committed by her first genuine expression of aversion, which had assuredly been communicated by Anne to its object. All these caresses, and hints of future kindness when *near* enough, only effected an alliance between the house of Orange and that of Churchill for a few important months:

"THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO LADY CHURCHILL. (No date.)

"If it were as easy for me to write to my lady Churchill as it is hard to find a safe hand, she might justly wonder at my long silence, but I hope she does me more justice than to think it my fault. I have little to say at present, but that I hope my sister and you will never part. I send you here one (letter) for her, and have not any more time now than only to assure you that I shall never forget the kindness you showed to her who is so dear to me. That, and all the good I have heard of you, will make me ever your affectionate friend, which I shall be ready to show otherwise than by words, when I have the opportunity.

"MARIE."

The letters of Anne, at last, announced to her sister in Holland that an unfortunate brother had made his entrance into a world which proved so very adverse to him. This event, calamitous to himself, to his

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 303.

country, to his father and mother, took place on Trinity Sunday morning, June 10th, 1688.<sup>1</sup> The princess Anne had betaken herself to Bath, on pretence of her situation needing the waters, in order that she might not be present at the queen's accouchement; nevertheless, she wrote to her sister in the following strain. She had arrived in London from Bath, with prince George, on the 15th of June, and the prince sailed for Denmark two days afterwards:

"The Cockpit, June 18, 1688.

"My dear sister can't imagine the concern and vexation I have been in, that I should be so unfortunate to be out of town when the queen was brought to bed, for I shall never more be satisfied, whether the child be true or false. It may be it is our brother, but God knows."

Anne's vacillation between her own interest and her conscience are visible throughout the composition of this epistle. She continues—

"After all this, 't is possible it may be her child (the queen's), but where one believes it, a thousand do not. For my part, except they do give very plain demonstrations (which 't is almost impossible now), I shall ever be of the number of the unbelievers. I don't find that people are at all *disheartened*, but seem all of a mind, *which is a very comfortable thing at such a time as this.*"

Thus the princess Anne affirms of herself, that she found it "a very comfortable thing" for everybody to believe that her father, from whom she had never received an angry word, could be guilty of the crime of imposing a spurious heir not only on his country, but on himself and his family. When the crown coveted by Anne had been burning on her brow for a few years, her ideas of the comforts arising from gratified ambition were different, to which the details of her physician, Dr. Arbuthnot, bear melancholy witness. Part of the time of her husband's absence in Denmark, which lasted till October, was passed by Anne in visits to her father, for her letters are dated from Windsor or Richmond-palace; in one of these, she says:

"Though we agree in matters of religion, yet I can't help fearing that you are not of my opinion in other matters, because you have never answered me to anything that I have said of Roger (lord Sunderland), nor of Mansel's (her father's) wife."<sup>2</sup>

It is not difficult to gather from this last epistle, that Mary had exercised a certain degree of caution in noticing Anne's scandalous insinuations, who nevertheless proceeded in the same strain, and in the next letter outwardly exults in the expected demise of her unwelcome little brother, in these words:—

"The Cockpit," July 9, 1688.

"The prince of Wales has been ill these three or four days; and if he has been so bad as people say, I believe it will not be long before he is an angel in heaven."

At last, the princess of Orange responded to the principal subject of her sister's letters, by sending to her a string of queries relative to the birth of the prince of Wales, couched in language inadmissible here; they were answered in the same style by the princess Anne, who prefaced and ended her answers with the following epistle:—

<sup>1</sup> See the Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena, vol. ix., *Lives of the Queens of England*, for further particulars.

<sup>2</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 304

<sup>3</sup> Ibid

## "PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK TO THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE."

"The Cockpit, July 24, 1688.

"I received, yesterday, yours of the 19th, by which I find you are not satisfied with the account I have given you in my last letter; but I hope you will forgive me for being no more particular, when you consider that, not being upon the place, all I could know must be from others; and having then been but a few days in town, I had not time to inquire so narrowly into things as I have since. but, before I say any more, I can't help telling you, I am very sorry you should think I would be negligent in letting you know things of any consequence. For, though I am generally lazy; and it is true, indeed, when I write by post, for the most part, I make those letters very short, not daring to tell you any news by it, and being very ill at invention, yet I hope you will forgive my being lazy, when I write such letters, since I have never missed any opportunity of giving you all the intelligence I am able; and pray be not so unjust to believe I can think the doing anything you can desire any trouble; for certainly I would do a great deal more for you, if it lay in my power, than the answering your questions, which I shall now do as exactly as you desire."

These answers cannot be transcribed here, being given to technical questions, only comprehensible to medical persons, though needlessly rendered disgusting by the princess Anne's irreclaimable vulgarity of soul. Occasionally, she betrayed unconsciously her actual belief in the identity of her unfortunate brother; and the same conviction must have occurred to the clearer brain of the princess of Orange. Nothing that the privy-council afterwards received as evidence, could bring stronger testimony of that truth than the queries and replies of these sisters. Anne, after finishing her answers, concludes her epistle in these words:—

"I have done my endeavour to inform myself of everything; for I have spoke with Mrs. Dawson, and asked her all the questions I could think of, (for, not being in the room when the queen was brought to bed, one must inquire of somebody that was there,) and I thought she could tell me as much as anybody, and would be less likely to speak of it; and I took all the care I could, when I spoke to her, to do it in such a manner that I might know everything, and, in case she should betray me, that the king and queen should not be angry with me."

Mrs. Dawson was an elderly lady belonging to the royal household, and of the established religion, who had been present with Anne Hyde, duchess of York, when both the princesses Mary and Anne were born. At a subsequent period, she more solemnly attested to Anne, that the prince of Wales was as much the son of the queen, as she was the daughter of the duchess of York. Her conversation with Anne at this juncture, had again awakened some qualms of conscience in the bosom of that princess, for she concludes her letter with the following admission:—

"All she (Mrs. Dawson) says seems wonderfully clear; but one does not know what to think, for methinks it is wonderful, if it is no cheat, that they never took pains to convince me of it. I hope I have answered your letter as fully as you desire; if there be anything else you would know, pray tell me by the first safe hand, and you shall always find me very diligent in obeying you, and showing, by my actions, how real and sincere my kindness is."

Nothing could be more embarrassing to a mind predetermined as that

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 308.

of the princess of Orange to view the birth of her unwelcome brother with hostility, than the tender and friendly letters she received from home, by every post, written either by her father or his queen. She had been given no feasible reason for resentment, and it was difficult to repulse the tone of family affection which had been accustomed to greet her with little billets of remembrance. The unfortunate queen of her father employed her first convalescence in writing to her, addressing her billet to "her dear Lemon."<sup>1</sup> It will be remembered, that this was a fond name invented at St. James's when the princess married, in contradistinction to the name of Orange. How utterly unconscious the queen must have been of the detestable correspondence passing, regarding her, between her step-daughters, the use of this little endearment shows. From the answer of the princess of Orange, the queen gathered that the friendship which she had formerly professed for her was estranged. Again, the princess received a letter,<sup>2</sup> difficult to answer, though the tone was that of tender remonstrance; it is, however, far from being worded angrily.

The answers of the princess of Orange to the queen's letters seem to have been cold and ambiguous; they are not preserved, but many indications of her latent displeasure were daily sent to England. A grand fête with fireworks, had been given to the resident ministers at the Hague, by the British legation, in order to celebrate the birth of the prince of Wales; the maids of the princess of Orange had been invited guests; these ladies were not content with refusals, but they manifested great anger, and reviled the inviter.<sup>3</sup> Moreover, it was observed, that the prince of Wales had not constantly the benefit of the prayers of his sister in her English chapel. Sometimes he was prayed for, and sometimes, as her father observes, quite omitted. When her father heard of this neglect, he wrote a letter of remonstrance<sup>4</sup> in which he asked his daughter the difficult question, "of what offence had been given?" Her answer is preserved among her father's papers. It will be noticed, that she had somewhat lost her English orthography:

THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO JAMES II.<sup>5</sup>

"Sir,

"Hague, August 17, 1688.

"Being to go to Loo next Thursday, if it please God, I am come to this place (Hague), to go *bake* at night. Last Thursday, I received your majesty's of the 31st of July, by which I see you had heard that the prince of Wales was *no* more prayed for in my chapel; but long before this, you will know that it had *enely* *bin* sometimes forgot. M. d'Albeville can assure you I never told him it was forbid, so that they *wear* only conjectures made upon its being sometimes neglected; but he can tell, as I find your majesty already knows, that *he* (the prince of Wales) was prayed for *heer* long before it was done in England.

<sup>1</sup> Historical Letters, edited by Sir H. Ellis, First Series, vol. iii.: see Letter, vol. ix. chap. v.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. For the letters, see Life of Mary Beatrice, vol. ix., chap. v.

<sup>3</sup> Ambassades d'Avaux, vol. vi., p. 333. It must be recollected that all ambassadors were sent to the states of Holland, and not to the prince of Orange, who was but their functionary.

<sup>4</sup> Birch MS. There are only a few words from this letter extracted by Birch.

<sup>5</sup> Original Papers, edited by Macpherson, vol. i.

"This excessive hot *weather* continues longer than I ever knew it, which I shall find sufficiently in my journey. I have nothing more to add at present than only to beg your majesty to believe, wherever I am, I shall still be your majesty's most obedient daughter and servant,  
MARIE."

Another letter of remonstrance was received by the princess of Orange from her father's wife, who anxiously required from her step-daughter expressions of sisterly love towards the new-born infant.<sup>1</sup> The correspondence continued between the princess of Orange and the queen until the landing of William. Now and then, a letter has been preserved, either by James II. or William III., which presents us with a tantalizing glimpse of their conduct and feelings.

There is reason to suppose that the practice of toleration of different sects was nearly on the same footing, in the year 1688, as it is at the present time, since the princess Anne thus writes to her sister :

"It is a melancholy prospect that all we of the church of England have. All sectaries may now do as they please. *Every one has the free exercise of their religion*, on purpose, no doubt, to ruin us, which, I think, to all impartial judges, is very plain. For my part, I expect every moment to be spoke to about my religion, and wonder very much I have heard nothing of it yet."

Anne, throughout the summer, vainly expected some persecution from her father. She reiterates this expectation so often, that she must have been disappointed that it never came. She paid a visit to her father at Windsor during her husband's absence in Denmark. She wrote to her sister thus :

"Windsor, August 18, 1688

"I am in as great expectation of being tormented as ever, for I never can believe that Mansel (*the king her father*) would go on so violently, if he had not some hopes, that in time he may gain either you or me."

For the first time some cause of alarm seemed to exist, since, while she was alone at Windsor with the king, her father, he introduced the pope's legate to her when the queen was holding a grand drawing-room at the castle.<sup>2</sup> Nothing further came of this presentation than fright. The princess attended sermons and lectures three times in St. George's chapel, that day, as a security against the insidious attacks of the newly arrived legate, whom her father had madly invited, or rather forced,<sup>3</sup> into his dominions, to incense the people to revolution.

Directly Sancroft and his prelates were incarcerated in the Tower, the princess of Orange addressed to him an epistle by the pen of Dr. Stanley, from Hounsladyke, where the court of Orange was then abiding, to inform him of the exultation with which his firm resistance to the encroachments of Rome was viewed in Holland :

"All men," wrote Dr. Stanley, "that love the Reformation, do rejoice in it, and thank God for it, as an act most resolute and every way becoming your places. But, especially, our excellent prince and princess were well pleased with it (notwithstanding all that the marquis of Albeville, the king's envoy here, could say against it), that they have both vindicated it before him, and given me a

<sup>1</sup> Historical Letters, edited by Sir H. Ellis; First Series, vol. iii. See the letter, vol. ix., chap. v.

<sup>2</sup> Bishop Cartwright's Diary, published by Camden Society.

<sup>3</sup> The pope was extremely unwilling to send the legate.

command, in their names, to return your grace their hearty thanks for it, and at the same time to express their real concern for your grace and all your brethren, and for the good cause in which your grace is engaged ; and your refusing to comply with the king (James II.), is by no means looked upon, by them, as tending to disparage the monarchy, for they reckon the monarchy to be really undervalued by illegal actions. Indeed, we have great reason to bless and thank God, for their highnesses' steadiness in so good a cause."

No response did all these notes of exultation elicit from the venerable patriarch of the reformed church. Bowed down with sorrow, mourning over the wounds that ancient and beloved church was receiving from him whose duty it was to protect her, he anticipated no very great amelioration of them from a foreigner, whose belief vibrated between Deism and predestinarianism. No flattery could obtain from Sancroft one murmur, one factious complaint. He had companions in his imprisonment, spirits worthy of communion with his own. One was Dr. Kenn, the late almoner of the princess of Orange, bishop of Bath and Wells. It must have been from him that Sancroft derived his deep distrust of the motives of the prince and princess of Orange; for he had been domesticated with the prince, had been witness of his immoral private life, and his bad influence over his wife.

The incarcerated prelates of the church of England were triumphantly acquitted by a jury at Westminster Hall, and subsequently released. King James, by his secession to the church of Rome, had deprived himself of the active loyalty of the reformed church, and had given the best and most high-principled of his subjects no other alternative than that of standing mournfully neuter to witness the completion of his ruin, although nothing could induce them, either from motives of revenge or interest, to hasten it. That ruin now came on with fearful velocity accelerated by his own trusted and beloved children.

There was little need for either the prince or princess of Orange, or the princess Anne, to have disgraced themselves by the course they took ; the natural tide of events must have led to the results which took place. The people had looked anxiously towards her whom they long considered as the heiress of their throne ; a resemblance was even fancied between her person and that of queen Elizabeth ; and this popular notion perhaps prompted the reply of Edmund Waller to James II., when the king gave the veteran poet and statesman an audience in his private cabinet. "How do you like that portrait of my eldest daughter?" asked the father, drawing Waller's attention to a fine whole length of Mary, just opposite to his chair. "My eyes are dim," replied Waller ; "but if that is the princess of Orange, she bears some resemblance to the greatest woman the world ever saw." The king asked who he meant, and testified some surprise when Waller answered, "Queen Elizabeth." "She had great ministers," drily observed the king. "And when did your majesty ever know a fool choose wise ones?" rejoined Waller, impressively.

The great-grandson of Mary queen of Scots might have been excused for not joining very cordially in the praises of queen Elizabeth. This anecdote, for some reason, although it contains proof of his parental feelings for his daughter, has been related to his injury and to her ad

vantage. The picture referred to in the anecdote was that which now presents itself on the left hand on entering the royal suite at Hampton Court. The lightness of the complexion and hair, and the sharpness of the lower part of the face, give a shade of likeness to queen Elizabeth; but there is another over the door of the royal closet, which is a better resemblance of the princess herself. Both are by the Dutch artist, Wissing. He was, although a Dutchman, not employed by William of Orange, but by James II. The father, who had not seen his beloved Mary for some years, desired to have a resemblance of her after he was king. For this purpose he sent his painter, Wissing, to Holland, and gave him a commission to paint the portraits of his daughter and his son-in-law, and bring them back to England with him. Wissing did so, but died early in 1687;<sup>1</sup> therefore, these Hampton Court portraits must be dated between king James's accession and the death of the artist employed by him. The two portraits of Mary, which are nearly duplicates in design, were painted on this occasion; one being left in Holland, and the other found at Hampton Court, when the undutiful original took possession of all her father's personal property. There is, likewise, an equestrian portrait of William III., which must greatly have deceived all his young romantic partisans in England, who named the Orange pair, from Wissing's portraits, "Ormanzor and Phenixiana." William appears in the proportions of a hero seven feet in height, instead of one two feet shorter. James II. was probably greatly amused at this flattery of his Dutch painter; but it had its effect in England. In the second portrait of Mary, the princess is seated in her garden; she is dressed in a gown of the full blue colour, which was then called garter-blue. She holds back her veil with one hand. She has no ornament on her head, but wears a throat necklace of large pearls.

In the reign of James II., public opinion spoke at convivial meetings in quaint rhymes, called toasts, which were sung at the time when healths were drunk. "I know not whether you have heard a health (toast) that goes about which is new to me just now, so, send it you."<sup>2</sup>

#### TOAST.

"The king God bless,  
And each princess;  
The church no less,  
Which we profess  
As did queen Bess."

The conduct of the princess Anne at this crisis is minutely delineated by the pen of lord Clarendon, her mother's brother, who had the opportunity of seeing her daily. James II. travelled with his daughter Anne to London, September 18th; a few days after, her uncle, lord Clarendon, attended her levee, and found her in her bed-chamber, with only one of her dressers, completing her toilet.<sup>3</sup> The reports of the projected inva-

<sup>1</sup> Bryant's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Wissing had been the assistant of sir Peter Lely, and was historical painter to James II.

<sup>2</sup> Letter written to Mrs. Rachel Russell, afterwards duchess of Devonshire Family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, which were copied by his kind permission, July, 1846.

<sup>3</sup> Clarendon Diary, vol. ii., p. 189.

sion from Holland, were agitating all London. Anxious thoughts regarding the welfare of his royal master weighed heavily on the loyal heart of Clarendon; and he earnestly wished to awaken a responding interest for her father in the heart of Anne.

"She asked me, 'Why I did not come to her as often as I used to do.' I answered, 'That her royal highness had not been long in town, but that, wherever I was, I should be ready to wait upon her if she had any commands for me.' She then told me 'that she had found the king much agitated about the preparations which were making in Holland,' and asked me, 'what I had heard?' I said, 'I was out of all manner of business, and, truly, that I heard nothing but common rumours.'"

The princess then expressed her detestation of lord and lady Sunderland; upon which her uncle observed, "that he was much surprised to find her royal highness in that mind towards lady Sunderland, in whom all the world thought she took the kindest interest; and," added he, "may I presume to ask what is the matter between ye?" "I think her the worst woman in the world," responded the princess Anne. A pause ensued, which was broken by lord Clarendon saying, "I wish your royal highness had not heretofore thought so well of her, but I am certain that you had a just caution given you of her."

Thus the revilings in which the princess indulged at the name of lady Sunderland had been preceded by a close intimacy, against which her uncle had vainly warned her. The princess did not like the last reminiscence, and looked at her watch, a huge appendage, almost as large as a time-piece, which ladies then carried by their sides, and her uncle withdrew. "What can this mean?" he wrote, in comment on this dialogue, after recording it in his diary; "she seems to have a mind to say something, and yet is upon a reserve."<sup>1</sup>

The next day, lord Clarendon attended, at Whitehall palace, the levee of her father, who expressed his certainty of the invasion by his son-in-law. "In the afternoon," he continues, "I waited again on the princess Anne.<sup>2</sup> I told her what had passed between the king and me. She answered, very drily, "I know nothing but what the prince, my husband, tells me he hears from the king." In the course of a few days, her uncle made a positive attempt on her feelings as a daughter, thinking that, as she was so infinitely beloved by James II., she might successfully warn him of his danger; when the following dialogue took place between the uncle and the niece.<sup>3</sup> She mentioned "that the king had received an express, which declared that all the Dutch troops were embarked, and that the prince of Orange was to embark on Monday next, and that lord Shrewsbury, lord Wiltshire, and Henry Sidney were with them;" she added, "that the king, her father, seemed much disturbed, and very melancholy." "I took the liberty to say," proceeds lord Clarendon, "that it was pity nobody would take this opportunity of speaking honestly to the king; and that I humbly thought it would be very proper for her royal highness to say something to him, and beg him to confer with some of his old friends, who had always served him

<sup>1</sup> Clarendon Diary, vol. ii., p. 189.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. p. 191.



faithfully." "I never speak to the king on business," was the answer of the princess Anne to this appeal. Her uncle replied, "That her father could not but take it well to see her royal highness concerned for him; that it might produce some good effect, and no ill could possibly come of it. But," continues he, "the more I pressed her, the more reserved she became." At last she said, "that she must dress herself, for it was almost prayer time."<sup>1</sup> The daughter then went forth to pray; and Clarendon, grieved by the uselessness of his attempt to awaken her filial feelings, retired with a heavy heart.

Whilst such were the proceedings of the youngest sister, the elder, in Holland, was acting a part, the turpitude of which, it might be supposed, no fanatical self-deception could veil from her own conscience. Her deepest guilt was the falsehood by which she sought to deceive her father relative to the preparations making in Holland for the invasion of England, which she repeatedly assured him were merely for the usual service of the emperor. This untruth Mary repeated constantly to her unfortunate father, who seems, if we may judge by his replies, to have sought every species of excuse for her falsehood. Here are specimens of the letters she received from him; we must remember that they are but extracts garbled by an enemy. The first seems to have been in answer to some deceitful and misleading assurances of the daughter:

"JAMES II. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

"Whitehall, Sept. 21, 1686.

"All the discourse here is about the great preparations making in Holland, and what the great fleet, which is coming out to sea from thence, is to do — a little time will show."<sup>2</sup>

"JAMES II. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

"Whitehall, Sept. 25, 1688.<sup>3</sup>

"I see by yours, of the 20th inst., that the prince of Orange was gone to the Hague, and from thence, that he was arrived; what his business is there at this time, I do really believe you are not acquainted with, nor with the resolution he has taken, which alarms all people here very much."<sup>4</sup>

The calmness of the succeeding letter, written under the utter conviction that his son-in-law was about to invade him, in profound peace, is very remarkable. For, whatsoever injury James II. might meditate against the church of England, Mary and her husband had received nothing but good from him:

"JAMES II. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

"Whitehall, Sept. 28, 1688.

"This evening I had yours, of the 4th, from Dieren, by which I find you were then to go to the Hague, being sent for by the prince. I suppose it is to inform you of his design of coming to England, which he has been so long a contriving. *I hope it will have been as great a surprise to you<sup>5</sup> as it was to me, when I first heard it*, being sure it is not in your nature to approve of so unjust an undertaking. I have been all this day so busy, to endeavour to be in some condition to defend myself from so unjust and unexpected an attempt, that I am almost tired, and

<sup>1</sup> Clarendon Diary, vol. ii., p. 191.

<sup>2</sup> Additional MS., 4163, folio 1, British Museum.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

<sup>5</sup> Here the king alludes to Mary's often-repeated asseverations to him regarding this force.

so I shall say no more, but that I shall always have as much kindness for you, as you will give me leave to have."<sup>1</sup>

These letters were followed by others which, in their parental simplicity, must have been heart-rending to any one not exactly provided with a heart of marble. The evident failure of physical strength expressed by the old father, the worn-out hero of many a hard battle, while making ready to repel the hostility of his children, ought to have been agonizing to the daughter.

"JAMES II. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

"Whitehall, Oct. 2, 1688.

"I was this morning abroad to take the air, and to see some batteries I have made below Woolwich, for the defence of the river. And since I came back, I have been so very busy to prepare things for *the invasion intended*, that I could not write till now, that 't is near midnight, so that you might not wonder if my letter be short. For news, you will have it from others, for really I am very weary, so shall end, which I do, with assuring you of my continuing as kind to you as you can desire."<sup>2</sup>

The tone of calm sorrow is remarkable in the last and most tender of these epistles. It will be seen by the date that the correspondence between the father and daughter was constant, even down to a few days of the landing of his enemy. Surely, this letter, gentle and reasonable as it is, still searching for excuses, and hoping against hope, that he had the sympathy of his child, persuading himself, and quite willing to persuade her, that she did not participate in aught against him, is replete with touching pathos. The old Greek tragedians often imagined such situations; they could grandly paint the feelings natural to a mind torn between the clashing interests of filial and conjugal love, just as the old monarch supposes here was the case with his Mary; but neither poet nor moralist has described conduct like that of the royal heroine of the revolution of 1688.

"KING JAMES TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

"Whitehall, Oct. 9, 1688.

"I had no letter from you by the last post, which you see does not hinder me from writing to you now, not knowing, certainly, what may have hindered you from doing it. I easily believe you may be embarrassed how to write to me now, that the unjust design of the prince of Orange's invading me is so public.

"And though I know you are a good wife, and ought to be so, yet for the same reason, I must believe you will be still as good a daughter to a father that has always loved you so tenderly, and that has never done the least thing to make you doubt it. I shall say no more, and believe you very uneasy all this time, for the concern you must have for a husband and a father. You shall still find me kind to you if you desire it."<sup>3</sup>

Perhaps this was the last letter that passed at this crisis from the father to the daughter. It does honour to the king, for here we see the patient and much-enduring love of the parent. It is a letter, the retrospection of which must have cut deep into the conscience, if "Mary, the daughter," ever reviewed the past in the lone silent watches of the night.

While James II. was thus writing to the elder princess, his faithful

<sup>1</sup> Additional MS. 4163, fol. 1, Birch, British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

brother-in-law, Clarendon, was labouring to awake some filial fears in the obtuse mind of his niece, Anne. It was more than a fortnight before he could obtain another conference with her, for she avoided all his attempts at private conversation. He visited her, however, in the evening of October 10, when she made an observation regarding her father's evident anguish of mind. Lord Clarendon told her, "that it was her duty to speak freely to the king, which would be a comfort to him." To this the princess made no reply. Clarendon soon after attended the royal levée at Whitehall. There, king James told him the news that the prince of Orange had embarked with all the Dutch troops, and would sail with the first favourable wind. "I have nothing," added the unfortunate father, "by this day's post from my daughter, the princess of Orange, and it is the first time I have missed hearing from her for a long time."<sup>1</sup> He never heard from her again.

Lord Clarendon almost forced an interview with his niece Anne. "I told her," he writes, in his journal, "most of what the king had said. I earnestly pressed her to speak to him. I entreated her to be the means of prevailing on him to hear some of his faithful old friends; but," he bitterly adds, "she would do nothing!"

Just at this time were reports that the Dutch expedition was scattered and injured by heavy October gales. James II. ordered the examination to take place before his privy-council, relative to the birth of the prince of Wales. Lord Clarendon, as the uncle of the princesses whose claims to the British throne were apparently superseded by the birth of their brother, was requested to be present at the depositions taken by the numerous witnesses on oath.<sup>2</sup> He had never for a moment entertained a doubt on the subject, and he seems to think that the most unbelieving must henceforth rest convinced that the report of a spurious child was a calumny.

The princess, his niece, was at her levée when, on the morning of the 23d of October, her maternal uncle honestly came to tell her his opinion of the identity of her brother—simple man!—hoping to satisfy and relieve her mind. He had not had the benefit of perusing her private sentiments on the subject, as our readers have done: he knew not that a letter written by her hand then existed—declaring "*that she thought it a comfort that all people in England asserted that the infant prince, her brother, was an impostor.*" The princess was dressing for prayers; all her women were about her; and they and their mistress were loud in mirth and jest when lord Clarendon added himself to the group at the toilette. The princess at once plunged boldly and publicly into the discussion which she knew was on her uncle's mind. "Fine discourse," she exclaimed,<sup>3</sup> "you heard at council yesterday;" and then she made herself very merry with the whole affair, laughing loud and long; and as her dressing proceeded, her women put in their jests. Her uncle was scandalized and disgusted by the scene. "I was," he says, "amazed at her behaviour, but I thought it unfit to say anything then. I whispered

<sup>1</sup> Clarendon Diary, vol. ii., p. 194.

<sup>2</sup> See the Life of Mary of Modena

<sup>3</sup> Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 196.

to her royal highness, to request that she would give me leave to speak with her in private. 'It grows late,' replied the princess, 'and I must hasten to prayers; but you can come at any time, except this afternoon.' So I went home. In the evening my brother Lawrence was with me. I told him all concerning the princess Anne. I begged him to go and talk to her. 'It will signify *nothing*,' emphatically replied the other uncle of the princess."

The wish of lord Clarendon, in seeking these interviews with his niece, was to awaken her filial affection to a sense of her father's danger; and if he could effect this, he meant to induce her to become the mediatrix between his majesty and his loyal people, for the security of the church of England, obtaining at the same time a guarantee that her infant brother should be brought up in that faith. Clarendon dreaded as much danger to that beloved church from the dissenting prince who aspired to be its head, as from the Roman-catholic head, then in authority. James was injuring the church by storm; William, whom he well knew, would proceed by sap. One wounded, the other would paralyze.

In the afternoon, lord Clarendon paid another visit to the princess, his niece. She made many excuses to avoid a conference with him. "I fancy," he remarks, in his journal, "that she has no mind to talk to me." Anne certainly anticipated the reproof she knew her uncle was resolved to administer for her odious conduct at his former visit. Lord Clarendon asked her, "If she had received any letters from the princess of Orange." "No," said the princess, "I have not had any for a long while;" and added, "that her sister *never* wrote to her of any of these matters." How falsely she spoke her uncle could not tell so well as the readers of her previous letters.

Lord Clarendon visited the princess two days later. She was dressing, but as lady Churchill was present, he resolved to delay the admonition he was waiting for a suitable opportunity to administer.

Two days after, he found her at home. "She came," he says, "out of her closet very quickly, and told me that she was sorry she had disappointed me so often when I desired to speak to her, and she now wished to know what I had to say?"

Then the reproof which Anne so well deserved was administered. "I told her," continues her uncle, "that I was extremely surprised and shocked, the other day, to find her royal highness speak so slightly regarding her family affairs, and above all, to suffer her women to break their unseemly jests regarding the birth of her brother." The princess replied, "Sure! you cannot but hear the common rumours concerning him?"

"I do hear very strange rumours, indeed," said her uncle, "as every one must do who lives publicly in the world, but there is no colour for these."

"I will not say that I believe them," replied the princess; "but a needs must say, that the queen's behaviour was very odd"—and here Anne, although a young woman, and speaking to a man, used expressions of that vulgar coarseness, of which no examples are to be found

like hers, either from the lips or pen of a British princess, even in the ages of semi-barbarism.<sup>1</sup>

"Possibly," replied Clarendon, "the queen did not know the reports."

"I am sure," answered the princess Anne, "the king (James II.) knew of them; for, as he has been sitting by me in my own chamber, he would speak of the idle stories that were given out, of the queen not being likely to have a child, laughing at them; therefore, I cannot wonder that there was no more care taken to satisfy the world." This speech proves that James II. spent his time occasionally sitting by his daughter's side, and conversing familiarly with her. Clarendon asked, "if her royal highness had, upon those occasions, said anything to the king her father?" The princess Anne owned "that she had not." "Then," said her uncle, "your father might very well think that you minded the reports no more than he did, since you said nothing to him, even when he gave you opportunities, that, in my humble opinion, if you had felt the least dissatisfaction, you ought to have discovered it for the public good, as well as for your own sake, and that of the princess of Orango." "If I had said anything to the king," replied the princess Anne, "he might have been angry, and then God knows what might have happened." "If you had no mind to have spoken to the king yourself," observed her uncle, "you have friends, who would have managed to serve you without prejudice to you. And remember," continued the stern loyalist, "this is the first time you have said anything to me, although I have given you occasion to open your mind, by urging your speaking to the king your father since these alarms of invasion." He concluded, by begging the princess "to consider the miseries which might be entailed upon these kingdoms, even in case that God might bless the king her father with more sons. And he requested her to do something which might publicly prove her satisfaction that her brother was no spurious child." To all this, she made no answer. It was not indeed a very palatable suggestion to the princess Anne, which bade her look forward to a succession of brothers, considering the infinity of pains she had taken to invalidate the royal birth of the only one in existence.

The next day, the king ordered his whole privy-council to wait upon his daughter, the princess Anne, with copies of the depositions concerning the birth of the prince of Wales. In the evening, they waited upon her in state. Upon receiving the depositions from the lords of the privy-council, the princess replied, "My lords, this was not necessary; for I have so much duty for the king, that his word is more to me than all these depositions."<sup>2</sup>

Such were the outward expressions of the lips of the princess Anne, which were in utter contradiction to her private words and writings. She need not have soiled her mind and conscience with duplicity, and dark and dirty intrigues. England would have denied the succession to

<sup>1</sup> Diary of Henry, earl of Clarendon.

<sup>2</sup> Diary and Correspondence of Henry, lord Clarendon, edited by S. W. Singer, Esq., vol. ii. p. 198, 199.

an heir bred a Roman-catholic, even if his sisters had been truthful women, and grateful and dutiful daughters.

Lord Clarendon was in the ante-room, and heard the fair seeming reply of his niece, and when the lords of council went out, he entered her presence. "The princess," he said, "was pleased to tell me the answer she gave to the council. I hope," replied Clarendon, "that there now remains no suspicion with your royal highness." She made no answer.<sup>1</sup>

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## MARY II.

### QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

Proceedings of the princess of Orange at the Hague—Her conversation with Burnet—Her reflections on the memory of Mary, queen of Scots—Her conversation with her husband—Letter of her stepmother—Second conversation with Burnet—Embarkation of her husband to invade her father—Forbids prayers for her father—Landing of the prince of Orange—Last interview of the princess Anne and her father (James II.)—Conversations with her uncle, Clarendon—Her father leaves London for the army—Her husband and lord Churchill forsake him—Her connivance—Her escape from Whitehall with lady Churchill—Joins her father's enemies—Arrival at Nottingham—Joins an association against her father—Her council and forces—Disgusts lord Chesterfield—Conduct of her household at the Cockpit—Her letter to the queen—To the prince of Orange—Triumphant entry into Oxford—Her forces headed by bishop Compton—Stays from London till her father leaves it—Goes to the play with lady Churchill in orange ribbons—Danger of her father that night—Stern reproofs of her uncle, Clarendon—Controversy of the succession—Rights of the daughters of James II.—Uneasiness of the princess Anne—Requests her uncle's interference—Conventions declare Mary sole sovereign—Rage of her husband—Mary associated with William in regality—She yields precedence to William—Princess Anne yields her place to him—Mary leaves Holland.

Our narrative now leads us back for a few weeks, to witness the proceedings of the elder daughter of James II. at her court of the Hague, which was in an equal ferment of agitated expectation with that of England. Here the princess was occupied in listening, with apparent simplicity, to the polemic and political explanations of Dr. Burnet in Holland, who had undertaken, by special commission, to render her subservient to the principles of the coming revolution. Those who have seen the correspondence of the daughters of James II. may deem

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<sup>1</sup> Diary and Correspondence of Henry, lord Clarendon, edited by S. W. Singer, Esq., vol. ii. p. 120.

that the doctor might have spared any superfluous circumlocution in the case; but on comparison of his words and those letters, it will be found that it pleased the princess of Orange to assume an appearance of great ignorance regarding the proceedings in England. "She knew but little of our affairs," says Burnet, "till I was admitted to wait upon her, and I began to lay before her the state of our court, and the intrigues in it, ever since the restoration, which she received with great satisfaction, and true judgment and good sense in all the reflections she made."

Another subject of discussion with the princess of Orange and Burnet, was the reported imposition regarding the birth of her unhappy brother and unconscious rival. This slander each assumed as a truth; but the princess, stifling the memory of her sister's disgusting letters and her own remarkable replies, appeared to hear it with astonishment for the first time. In the course of these singular conversations, Burnet observes, "the princess asked me 'what had sharpened the king, her father, so much against Mr. Jurieu?'"<sup>1</sup> The real reason has been detailed in the previous chapter. It was for writing a violent attack on her father, accusing him of having cut the throat of the earl of Essex in the Tower. Mary knew this well; for it had been the cause of indignant discussion, and the recall of Chudleigh, the British envoy, who would not endure to witness the presentation of such a libel, by Jurieu, to the prince of Orange in full levée.<sup>2</sup> Burnet was not aware that the princess meant to discuss Jurieu's foul attack on her father. Perhaps the fact was only recorded in the ambassador's reports; for Burnet replied, wide of the mark, "that Jurieu had written with great indecency of Mary queen of Scots, which cast reflections on *them* that were descended from her, and was not very decent in one employed by the prince and herself."

To this, the princess answered, by giving her own especial recipe for historical biography, as follows: "That Jurieu was to support the cause he defended, and to expose those that persecuted it in the best way he could;" and, "if what he said of Mary queen of Scots was true, he was not to be blamed;" and she added, "that if princesses will do ill things, they must expect that the world will take that revenge on their memories that it *cannot on their persons*."<sup>3</sup>

A more rational method of judging, than that induced by the furious and one-sided advocacy this princess approved, and which she was pleased to see stain the memory of her hapless ancestress, (on whose *person* party vengeance had been wreaked to the uttermost,) is by the test of facts, illustrated by autograph letters. By the spirit of a genuine correspondence may the characteristics of historical personages best be illustrated, and the truth, whether "ill things" are done, best ascertained. The united aid of facts and letters will even throw light on the deeply-veiled character of Mary II. of England.

About the time this conversation took place between this highly praised princess and her panegyrist Burnet, she received the following

<sup>1</sup> Burnet's History of his Own Times.

<sup>2</sup> Ambassades of d'Avaux, and Skelton's Despatches.

<sup>3</sup> Burnet's History of his Own Times.

letter from her step-mother—a princess who has had her full share of this world's revilings.

"QUEEN MARY BEATRICE TO MARY PRINCESS OF ORANGE."<sup>1</sup>

"Sept. 28, 1688.

"I am much troubled what to say, at a time when nothing is talked of but the prince of Orange coming over with an army; this has been said for a long time, and believed by a great many, but I do protest to you that I never did believe till now, very lately, that I have no possibility left of doubting it. The second part of the news I never will believe, which is, that you are to come over with him—for I know you to be too good. I do not believe you could have such a thought against the worst of fathers, much less to perform it against the best, who has always been so kind to you, and I do believe, *has loved you better than any of his children.*"

Mary had actually written to her father, only a few days before the receipt of the above letter, that the journey her husband had taken to Minden, whence he returned September 20, 1688, was for the sole purpose of getting the German princes in congress there to march against France, he being still the generalissimo of the war of Spain, and the emperor against France. James II. showed his daughter's letter to Barillon, the French ambassador, then at his court, as an answer to his warnings regarding the Dutch armament.<sup>2</sup>

Meantime, Bevil Skelton, the cavalier ambassador lately at the Hague, perseveringly warned his royal master of the real machinations of Mary and her spouse. Louis XIV. offered to intercept the fleet preparing for the invasion of England, but nothing could induce the father to believe these warnings in preference to the letters of his child, who moreover complained most piteously of the ill conduct of Bevil Skelton, as a person wholly in the interest of France, against her and her husband. James II. actually inflicted on his faithful servant the punishment of incarceration in the Tower, because he reiterated his cautions after recall. James was vexed with the peace of Europe being broken, more concerned with his endeavours to prevent France and Spain from going to war, than apprehensive of invasion from his "son of Orange" in profound peace, and, firmly believing Mary's solemn affirmations that her husband was only preparing to repel the hourly expected attack of France, he actually offered William, as late as October 3, (N. S.) forces for his aid, both by sea and land!!<sup>3</sup> James was sure that the outcries of Bevil Skelton, by way of warning, were the mere effects of French diplomacy to force him to war against his son-in-law.

The political instructions of Burnet to the princess, nevertheless, proceeded, uninterrupted by any filial misgivings, the foregoing letter was calculated to raise in her bosom. While every indication promised full

<sup>1</sup> Historical Letters, edited by Sir H. Ellis, First Series, vol. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Mazure, from Albeville's Despatches. Barillon's Despatches to Louis XIV., 166, 1688. Fox MSS. The information is preserved by the statesman C. J. Fox, who, as well as sir James Mackintosh, when he came to open the documentary history of the revolution, threw down his pen, and left the history a fragment. The same curious coincidence occurs with sir James Mackintosh; and the documentary conclusion by Wallace is in direct contradiction to the commencement.

<sup>3</sup> Albeville's Despatches, deciphered by Mazure, vol. iii.



success to the revolution preparing for Great Britain, the peculiar notions of the prince of Orange, relative to queen-regnants, threatened some disagreement between the two principal persons concerned in the undertaking. In this dilemma, Dr. Burnet kindly tendered his diplomatic aid, and proceeded to probe the opinions of the princess, regarding the manner in which she meant to conduct herself towards a regal yoke-fellow. "The princess," says the instructing divine, "was so new to all matters of this kind, that she did not, at first, seem to understand my meaning, but fancied that whatever accrued to her would go to the prince of Orange in right of marriage. I told her it was not so, and explained Henry VII.'s title to her, and what had passed when queen Mary married Philip of Spain. I told her that a titular kingship was no acceptable thing for a man, especially if it was to depend on another's life."

The princess asked Burnet "to propose a remedy." "I told her the remedy," he resumes, "if she could bring her mind to it. It was to be contented to be his wife, and engage herself to him; to give him the real authority as soon as it came into her hands. The princess bade me 'bring the prince to her, and I should hear what she had to say upon it.' The prince of Orange was that day hunting. On the morrow, I acquainted him with all that passed, and carried him to her, where she, in a very frank manner, told him, 'that she did not know that the laws of England were so contrary to the laws of God, as I had informed her.' She added, 'that she did not think the husband ever was to be obedient to the wife,' and she promised him 'that he should always bear the rule.' But such was the disposition of the prince of Orange, that he said not one word in approbation of her conduct." He told Burnet, if *that* could be deemed commendation, "that he had been nine years married to the princess, and never had the confidence to press this matter which had been brought about so soon." Readers familiar with the etiquette of courts, will naturally feel surprised that the princess of Orange should have been reduced to the necessity of requesting the assistance of Dr. Burnet to obtain for her an interview with her august consort to afford her an opportunity of speaking her mind to him on this delicate point. On what terms of conjugal companionship could their royal highnesses have been at this momentous period may reasonably be inquired, if indeed we may rely on the statement of the reverend historian.

In curious illustration of these alleged passages, touching the conjugal confidences of the Orange pair, are the facts that at the very time, and for the former two years, a correspondence was carried on between the princess of Orange and her sister Anne, on the subject of the bitter insults and mortifications the princess of Orange received daily from her maid, Elizabeth Villiers. The preference given by the prince of Orange to his wife's attendant would have been borne in the uncomplaining spirit with which Mary endured all the grievances of her lot, but she could not abide that the shameless woman should boast of that preference,<sup>1</sup> and make it public matter for the world to jeer at, or, perhaps

<sup>1</sup> D'Avaux's Despatches, quoted by Fox in his Appendix.

worse—to pity. Mary relieved her overburdened heart by relating details of these mortifications to her sister. The letters have not yet come to light, perhaps they have been destroyed, but they are often mentioned in the despatches of ambassadors. The wrongs described therein raised the indignation of the princess Anne to a height which led her to the imprudent act of rating Bentinck, when in England as envoy, for the ill conduct of his sister-in-law, (very probably she approved as little of the conduct of his wife,) and told him sharply to check the insolence of Elizabeth Villiers to the princess of Orange. The remonstrance of the princess Anne was duly reported to her brother-in-law of Orange, and the remembrance laid up for a future day, the effects of which Anne felt after William was on the British throne.

Holland was then full of British exiles, ready to join the invading expedition of the prince of Orange. Some had fled from the bitter persecution which the ministers of Charles II. had established in Scotland; some from the bursting of the various plots, which had formed a chain of agitation in England since the wedlock of William and Mary. The queen, her step-mother, continued to mention, at times, the reports of invasion, evidently without believing that the actual fact could take place from such near relatives in profound peace. The last letter that James II. wrote to the prince of Orange is friendly, and is directed as usual—"For my son, the prince of Orange." The public reception of family letters at length became a matter of either pain or confusion to the mind of the princess of Orange. The last letters written to her by her father, she would not receive personally, as usual, from the hands of his envoy, Albeville, but sent for them privately—they were probably destroyed unread.

The French ambassador, d'Avaux, wrote to his court, that the princess of Orange was seen every day, even on the very day of the embarkation, in public, with a gay, laughing countenance. This is not in unison with the statements of two other eye-witnesses, Burnet and Albeville, nor, indeed, with probability, which is better deserving credit than the evidence of either; for, in case of failure, the risk was tremendous.

"I waited on the princess of Orange," says Burnet, "a few days before we left the Hague. She seemed to have a great load on her spirits, but to have no scruple as to the lawfulness of the design. I said to her, 'that if we got safe to England, I made no doubt of our success in other things;' only I begged her pardon, to tell her, 'that if at any time any misunderstanding was to happen between the prince and her, it would ruin all.' The princess answered, 'I need fear no such thing; for if any persons should attempt that, she would treat them so as to discourage them from venturing it again.' She was very solemn and serious, and prayed very earnestly to God to bless and direct us." Dr Burnet was accompanying the prince, as spiritual director of the expedition, which accounts for his emphatic plural "us" in his narrative. "At last," he resumes, "the prince of Orange went on board, and we all sailed on the night of the 19th of October, 1688, when directly a great storm arose, and many ships were, at the first alarm, believed to be lost. The princess of Orange behaved herself suitably to what was ex-

pected of her. She ordered prayers four times a day, and assisted at them with great devotion." Incredible as it may seem, prayers were likewise put up in the popish chapels at the Hague belonging to the Spanish and Imperial ambassadors, for the success of the prince of Orange.<sup>1</sup>

It was noticed, that at prayers in the chamber of the princess of Orange, all mention of the prince of Wales was omitted, likewise she forbade the collects for her father;<sup>2</sup> yet his name was retained in the Litany, perhaps accidentally. As the collects are for grace and that "God might dispose and govern the heart" of her father, the omission is scarcely consistent with the piety for which Mary is celebrated. Albeville affirms, "that the princess of Orange wept bitterly when she parted from her husband; that she shut herself up after she heard he had sailed with a favourable wind from the Dutch coast, and refused to dine, as usual, in public at the Hague. From the tower of the Hague palace, Mary could behold the naval armament mustering, day by day, in the Brill, for the invasion of her sire."<sup>3</sup>

The silence of documentary history as to the scene of the actual parting between William and Mary, at the hour of his embarkation for England, is partly supplied by one of the contemporary Dutch paintings, commemorative of that event, lately purchased for her majesty's collection at Hampton Court, by the commissioners of the woods and forests.

In the first of these highly curious tableaux, we behold an animated scene of the preparations for the departure of the prince, described with all the graphic matter of fact circumstances peculiar to the Dutch school of art, even to the cording and handling of the liberator's trunks and portmanteaus close to his feet, while he stands surrounded by the wives of the burgomasters of the Brill and Helvoetsluys, who are affectionately presenting him with parting benedictions in the shape of parting cups. One fair lady has actually laid her hand on his highness's arm, while with the other side she offers him a flowing goblet of scheidam, or some other equally tempting beverage. Another Low German charmer holds up a deep glass of Rhenish nectar; others tender schnaps in more moderately sized glasses. One of the sympathetic ladies perhaps of the princess's suite, is weeping ostentatiously with a handkerchief large enough for a banner. William, meantime, apparently insensible of these characteristic marks of attention from his loyal countrywomen, bends an expressive glance of tender interest upon his royal consort, English Mary, who has just turned about to enter her state carriage, which is in waiting for her. Her face is, therefore, concealed. The lofty proportions of her stately figure, which have been somewhat exaggerated by the painter, sufficiently distinguish her from the swarm of short, fat

<sup>1</sup> Farillon's Despatches, Dalrymple's Appendix. Burnet's Own Times.

<sup>2</sup> Albeville's Despatches.

<sup>3</sup> Albeville's Despatches. William sailed with a fleet of fifty-two ships of war; many of them merchant ships borrowed by the states; for great had been the havoc made by James II. in the Dutch navy. Notwithstanding the loss by his victory at Solebay, the Dutch admirals hoisted their flags on seventy-gun ships, there were 400 transports, which carried at least about 15,000 men.

Dutch Madonnas, by whom the hero of Nassau is surrounded. She wears a high cornette cap, long, stiff waist, with white satin bodice, scarlet petticoat, orange scarf, and fardingale hoop. Her neck is bare, and decorated with a string of large round pearls. The carriage is a high, narrow chariot, painted of a dark green colour, with ornamental statues at each corner. In form and design it greatly resembles the lord mayor's carriage, only much neater and smaller; the window curtains are of a bright rose colour.

The embarkation of horses and troops is actively proceeding. William's state-barge has mounted the royal standard of Great Britain, with the motto, "Prot. Religion and Liberty," and the stately first-rate vessel in which he is to pass the seas, lies in the offing similarly decorated; some of the other vessels have orange flags. The people on the shore are throwing up their hats and drinking success to the expedition. It is, altogether, the representation of a very animating scene, full of quaint costume, and characteristic details of the manners and customs of William and Mary's Dutch lieges.

Every one knows that the prince of Orange arrived safely in Torbay, on the eve of the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, "a remarkable and crowning providence," as one of the writers of that age observes, "since both of these national festivities can be conveniently celebrated by the same holiday." This day was likewise the anniversary of the marriage of William of Orange with Mary of England. The prince noted the coincidence with more vivacity than was usual to him. He landed at the village of Broxholme, near Torbay, November 5th. When he perceived that all around was quiet, and no symptoms of opposition to his landing, he said to Dr. Burnet, "Ought not I to believe in predestination?" It was then three o'clock in a November afternoon, but he mounted his horse and went with Schomberg to reconnoitre, or, as Burnet expresses himself, "to discover the country right and left."<sup>1</sup> He marched four miles into Devonshire, and lodged at a little town called Newton; and it was ten in the evening before the whole force arrived there, and then every one was wet and weary. The next day about noon, the greatest landholder in Devonshire, the *chevalier* Courtney, sent his son to his highness, to pray him to come and sleep at his seat that night. The prince of Orange went there, and "for an *impromptu* entertainment such as this was, it was impossible to be more splendidly regaled." The prince favoured the Courtney baronet with his company, four whole days, during which time there was no stir to join him.

As so many days elapsed before any of the population of the west of England showed symptoms of co-operation with the prince of Orange, a murmur began to be heard among the Dutch forces, that they had been betrayed to utter destruction.<sup>2</sup> Nevertheless, most of

<sup>1</sup> MS. letter in French, written by Burnet to one of his friends left in Holland, probably for the information of the princess, and for his wife, as she was a Dutch woman. The letter is very yellow, and now crumbling into fragments. Harleian MSS., 6798. Art. 49.

<sup>2</sup> Diary of lord Clarendon.

the leading public characters in England had committed themselves, by written invitations to the prince of Orange. The mine was ready to explode; but every one waited for somebody to toss the match. When the first revolt of importance was made, the race was which should the soonest follow.<sup>1</sup>

Whilst the trusted friends of king James, persons on whom he had bestowed many benefits, were thus striving who should be the first to betray him, a noble contrast was offered by Dr. Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells, one of the prelates whom he had incarcerated in the Tower for refusal to comply with his dictation in favour of the Roman-catholics.

The letter is little known, but it journalizes the early progress of William in the west of England, and is valuable in regard to the bishop's allusion to himself, as chaplain to the princess of Orange. Several persons who had affected to become Roman-catholics, as a base homage to James II.'s religious principles, had deserted to the prince of Orange, yet this western bishop stood firm to his loyalty, although he was no sycophant of James, for unarmed, but with his pastoral staff, he had boldly faced Kirke in his worst moments of drunken rage, and despite of his fury, comforted and aided the unhappy victims in his diocese, of the Monmouth rebellion; therefore, every one expected to see bishop Kenn following the camp of the Orange prince. But the courage and humanity of our deeply revered Kenn, in 1685, was, if tested by the laws of consistency, the true cause of his loyalty in 1688.

His letter is addressed to a kindred mind, that of Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury:

"May it please your Grace,—

"Before I could return any answer to the letter with which your grace was pleased to favour me, I received intelligence that the Dutch were just coming to Wells, upon which I immediately left the town, and in obedience to his majesty's general commands, took all my coach-horses with me, and as many of my saddle-horses as I well could, and took shelter in a private village in Wiltshire, intending, if his majesty had come into my county, to have waited on him, and paid him my duty. But this morning we are told his majesty has gone back to London, so that I only wait till the Dutch have passed my diocese, and then resolve to return thither again, that being my proper station. I would not have left the diocese in this juncture, but that the Dutch had seized horses within ten miles of Wells, before I went, and your grace knows that I, having been a servant to the princess, and well acquainted with many of the Dutch, I could not have stayed without giving some occasions of suspicion, which I thought it most advisable to avoid, resolving, by God's grace, to continue in a firm loyalty to the king, whom God direct and preserve in this time of danger; and I beseech your grace to lay my most humble duty at his majesty's feet, and to acquaint him with the cause of my retiring. God of his infinite mercy deliver us from the calamities which now threaten us, and from the sins which have occasioned them.

"My very good lord,

"Your grace's very affectionate servant and bishop,

"THOMAS BATH AND WELLS."

"November 24, 1688."

<sup>1</sup> Lord Dartmouth.

Life and Works of Bishop Kenn, edited by J. T. Sherrard, B. D.

The princess Anne had an interview with her father on the 3d of November, O.S., when he communicated to her the news that the Dutch fleet had been seen off Dover, and he lent her a copy of the prince of Orange's declaration, which had been disseminated by him along the coast. The king was on friendly terms with his youngest daughter; nor had he then the slightest suspicion that the invasion was instigated by her.

"The same day I waited on the princess Anne," says her uncle Clarendon, "and she lent me the declaration of the prince of Orange, telling me, 'that the king had lent it to her, and that she must restore it to him on the morrow.'" This appears to have been the last intercourse between the princess Anne and her father. The declaration blazoned abroad the slander that the prince of Wales was an infant impostor, intruded on the nation by king James, in order that England might fall under the rule of a prince educated as a Roman-catholic. It may seem unaccountable, wherefore the daughters of James II. adopted a falsehood, which aggravated the needful exclusion of their father and his unconscious son into personal injury; but it was the contrivance of their own private ambition, to guard against the possibility of the prince of Wales being taken from his parents, and educated by the country according to the doctrines of the church of England, which would have excluded his sisters effectually from the succession they eagerly coveted.

Lord Clarendon made a last attempt to touch the feelings of the princess Anne for her father, November 9th. "I told her," he writes, "that endeavours were using for the lords temporal and spiritual, to join in an address to the king, that now it would be seasonable to say something to her father, whereby he might see her concern for him." The princess replied, 'that the king did not love that she should meddle with anything, and that the papists would let him do nothing.' I told her 'that the king was her father—that she knew the duty she owed him, that she knew how very tender and kind he had been to her, and that he had *never troubled her about religion*, as she had several times owned to me. The princess replied, 'that was true;' but she grew exceedingly uneasy at my discourse, and said 'that she must dress herself,' and so I left her."<sup>1</sup>

The news arrived in London in a few hours, that lord Cornbury, the eldest son of the earl of Clarendon, and, of course, the first-cousin of the princess, had deserted the king's army, with three regiments. His father bowed with grief and shame, omitted his visits to his niece, who demanded, when she saw him, "why he had not come to the Cockpit lately?" Lord Clarendon replied, "that he was so much concerned for the villany his son had committed, that he was ashamed of being seen anywhere." "Oh," exclaimed the princess, "people are so apprehensive of popery, that you will find many more of the army will do the same." Lord Cornbury's defection was perfectly well known to her; he was the first gentleman of her husband's bed-chamber, and by no

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<sup>1</sup> Diary of Henry, Earl of Clarendon.

means troubled with the old-fashioned cavalier loyalty of his father. His wife, likewise in the household of the princess, made herself remarkable by dressing herself in orange colour,<sup>1</sup> a mode we shall find the princess adopt to celebrate the fall of her father.

Thus, day by day, has the uncle of the princess Anne left memorials of his conversations with her, regarding her unfortunate father, at this momentous crisis. It was scarcely possible, if justice did not require it, that her near relative, Clarendon, could have represented her in the colours he has done, or preferred the interests of the son of his brother-in-law to the daughter of his sister. If lord Clarendon had had a bias, it would surely have been to represent the conduct of his niece in as favourable a light as possible.

It is by no means a pleasant task to follow the windings of a furtive mind to the goal of undeserved success, attained by means of—

“That low cunning which in fools supplies,  
And amply too, the want of being wise.”

Yet, be it remembered, that the worst traits which deform the private character of Anne are those portrayed in her own letters, and in the journals of her mother's brother and trusted friends.

At that time the princess Anne was waiting anxiously news from her husband, who had, in fair seeming friendship, departed, in company with her father, to join his army near Salisbury, with the apparent purpose of assisting in defending him from his “son, the prince of Orange.” The prince George was to be attended in his flight by lady Churchill's husband, the ungrateful favourite of the king, and sir George Hewett, a gentleman belonging to the household of the princess. There was a dark plot of assassination contrived against James by these two last agents, which seems as well authenticated as any point of history, being confessed by Hewett on his death-bed, amidst agonies of remorse and horror.<sup>2</sup>

While the husband of the princess Anne was watching his most feasible time for absconding, he dined and supped at the table of the king his father-in-law. Tidings were hourly brought of some important defection or other from among the king's officers, on which prince George of Denmark usually turned to James II. with a grimace and voice of condolence, uttering one set phrase of surprise, “*Est il possible!*” At last, one Saturday night, November 24th, the prince of Denmark and sir George Hewett went off to the hostile camp, after supping with king James, and greatly condemning all deserters. The king, who had been taken alarmingly ill in the course of the last few hours, heard of the desertion of his son-in-law with the exclamation, “How! has ‘*est-il possible*’ gone off, too?”<sup>3</sup> Yet the example of his departure was one of fearful import to the king.

James II. had not the slightest idea but what his heart might repose

<sup>1</sup> Letter to lady Margaret Russell, from the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, copied by permission, July 2, 1846.

<sup>2</sup> The duke of Berwick's evidence, in his Memoirs, against his uncle, the duke of Marlborough, will be allowed to be decisive regarding the truth of this plot.

<sup>3</sup> Rogers' Coke, in his Detection, vol. ii., pp. 122, 123.

on the fidelity of his daughter Anne. When it is remembered how unswervingly affectionate and faithful even the infant children of Charles I. had proved, not only to their father but to each other, in similar times of trial and distress, his confidence in his daughter cannot excite surprise. A contemporary<sup>1</sup> has preserved the letter which George of Denmark left for the king on his departure.

"PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK TO JAMES II.

"My just concern for that religion in which I have been so happily educated, which my judgment truly convinced me to be the best, and for the support thereof I am highly interested in my native country, and was not England then become so by the most endearing tie?"

The prince has made this note a tissue of blunders, confounding the church of England with the Lutheran religion, although essentially different. The biographer of Dr. Tillotson, claims the composition of this note as one of the good deeds of that prelate; it is certain that Dr. Tillotson was not in the camp of king James, but actively employed in London. The only comment James II. made when he read the note of George of Denmark, was, "I only mind him as connected with my dearest child, otherwise the loss of a stout trooper would have been greater."<sup>2</sup>

Instant information was despatched to the princess at the Cockpit, that prince George, lord Churchill, and sir George Hewett, had successfully left the camp of her father. Anne soon summoned her coadjutors, and prepared for her own flight. She had written the week before to warn the prince of Orange of her intentions, and had very systematically prepared for her escape, by having had constructed a flight of private stairs which led from her closet down into St. James's Park.<sup>3</sup> Lady Churchill had, in the afternoon, sought a conference with Compton, bishop of London, the tutor of the princess; he had withdrawn, but left a letter advertising where he was to be found, in case that the princess wished to leave her father. The bishop and the ex-lord chamberlain lord Dorset, sent word that they would wait in St. James's Park with a hackney-coach, at one o'clock in the morning of November 25th, and that if the princess could steal unobserved out of the cockpit, they would take charge of her. It is stated that the lord chamberlain Mulgrave had orders to arrest the ladies Churchill and Fitzharding, but that the princess Anne had entreated the queen to delay this measure until the king's return. An incident which marks the fact that Anne was on apparently friendly terms with her step-mother. Meantime, a manuscript letter,

<sup>1</sup> Roger Coke, in his *Detection*, vol. ii. pp. 122, 123.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. iii., pp. 122, 123. They had vainly endeavoured to carry off with them a portion of the army; the common soldiers and non-commissioned officers positively refused to forsake their king. General Schomberg, who was second in command to the prince of Orange, and was as much a man of honour and honesty as a mercenary soldier can be, received the deserters from James II. with a sarcasm so cutting, that lord Churchill never forgot it. "Sir," said Schomberg to him, "you are the first deserter of the rank of a lieutenant-general I ever saw."—*Stuart Papers*, edited by Macpherson.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Dartmouth's Notes.



among the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, affirms that the king had ordered the princess herself to be arrested; if this had been true, he could not have been surprised at her flight. The facts, gathered from several contemporary sources, were as follow.

The princess Anne retired to her chamber on Sunday evening at her usual hour; her lady in waiting, Mrs. Danvers, who was not in the plot, went to bed in the ante-chamber according to custom. Lady Fitzharding, at that time the principal lady of the bed-chamber to the princess Anne, being sister to the mistress of the prince of Orange, was, of course, an active agent in the intrigue; this lady, with lady Churchill, came up the newly constructed back-stairs, unknown to the rest of the household, and there awaited the hour of appointment, perdu, with lady Churchill's maid. When one o'clock struck, the princess stole down into the park with these women, and, close to the cockpit she met her auxiliary, lord Dorset. The night was dark, it poured with torrents of rain, and St. James's Park was a mass of black November mud. The adventurers had not very far to walk to the hackney-coach, but the princess, who had not equipped herself for pedestrian exigencies, soon lost one of her fine high-heeled shoes inextricably in the mud. She was, however, in the highest spirits, and not disposed to be daunted by trifles, she tried to hop forward with one shoe, but lord Dorset, fearing that she would take cold, pulled off his embroidered leather glove (which was of the long gauntlet fashion), and begged her royal highness to permit him to draw it on her foot as some defence against the wet. This was done, amidst peals of laughter and many jokes from the whole party, and, partly hopping and partly carried by lord Dorset, the princess gained the spot where the bishop waited for them in the hackney-coach. The whole party then drove to the bishop of London's house by St. Paul's, where they were refreshed, and went from thence before day-break; they sent out to lord Dorset's seat, Copt Hall, in Waltham forest. The princess only made a stay there of a few hours, and then, with the bishop, lord Dorset, and her two ladies, set out for Nottingham, where they were received by the earl of Northampton, the brother of the bishop of London. That prelate assumed a military dress and a pair of jackboots, and raising a purple standard in the name of the laws and liberties of England, invited the people to gather round the protestant heiress to the throne.'

The proceedings of the princess, after her retreat, are related by an eye-witness, lord Chesterfield. Of all the contemporaries of James II., he was the least likely to be prejudiced in his favour. He was brought up in companionship with the prince of Orange, who was reared by his mother, lady Stanhope, governess to the prince at the Hague. Moreover, Chesterfield had not forgotten his angry resentment, at the coquetries of his second wife, with James II., when duke of York. The earl was, besides, a firm opposer of popery, and an attached son of the reformed church. Every early prejudice, every personal interest, every

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' Aubrey Lidiard's *Life of Marlborough*, vol. i., Colley Cibber, and Lamberty, who was secretary to Bentinck.

natural resentment, led lord Chesterfield to favour the cause of the prince of Orange. He was a deep and acute observer; he had known the princess Anne from her infancy, being chamberlain to her aunt, queen Catharine. Anne's proceedings after her flight from Whitehall are here given in his words: "The princess Anne made her escape in *disguise* from Whitehall and came to Nottingham, *pretending* 'that her father the king did use her ill for her religion, she being a protestant and he a papist.' As soon as I heard of her coming with a small retinue to Nottingham, I went thither with the lord Ferrers and several gentlemen, my neighbours, to offer her my services. The princess seemed to be well pleased; she told me, that she intended to go to Warwick, but she apprehended that lord Mullinux, who was a papist, and then in arms, would attack her on her journey. I assured her highness, 'that I would wait upon her till she was in a state of safety.' I left her and returned to Nottingham in two days at the head of a hundred horse, with which she seemed to be much satisfied. I met, at Nottingham, the earls of Devonshire, Northampton, Scarsdale, and lord Gray, the bishop of London, and many others, who had brought in 600 horse, and raised the militia of the country to attend her highness. The next day, her highness told me, that there were many disputes and quarrels among the young nobility around her, therefore, to prevent disorders in the marching of *her troops* about precedence, she had appointed a council to meet that day and me to be of it. I replied, 'that I was come on purpose to defend her person in a time of tumult, with my life, against any that should dare to attack her, but that as to *her council*, I did beg her pardon for desiring to be excused from it, for I had the honour to be a privy-councillor to his majesty her father, therefore I would be of no council for the ordering of troops which I did perceive were intended to serve against him.' I found that her highness and some of the noblemen round her were highly displeased with my answer, which they called a '*tacit* upbraiding them and the princess with rebellion.'"

Chesterfield, nevertheless, escorted the princess Anne from Nottingham to Leicester, but here he found a project on foot, which completed his disgust of the proceedings of "the daughter." It was, in fact, no other than the revival of the old Association, which had, about a century before, hunted Mary queen of Scots to a scaffold. If Elizabeth, a kinswoman some degrees removed from Mary queen of Scots, but who had never seen her, has met with reprehension from the lovers of moral justice for her encouragement of such a league, what can be thought of the heart of a child, a favoured and beloved daughter, who had fled from the very arms of her father to join it? "I waited on her highness the princess Anne to Leicester," resumes Chesterfield; "next morning, at court, in the drawing-room, which was filled with noblemen and gentlemen, the bishop of London called me aloud by my name; he said, 'that the princess Anne desired us to meet at four o'clock the same afternoon at an inn in Leicester, which he named, to do something which was for her

<sup>1</sup> Memoir of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, from his autograph papers, found in the library at Bath House, published with his Letters, pp. 48, 49, 50

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

service.'” Chesterfield expressed his displeasure at the manner in which he was publicly called upon, without any previous intimation of the matter, “Upon which lord Devonshire, who stood by, observed, ‘that he thought lord Chesterfield had been previously acquainted, that the purpose of the princess was to have an association entered into to destroy all the papists in England, in case the prince of Orange should be killed or murdered by any of them.’”

An association for the purpose of extermination is always an ugly blot in history. Many times have the Roman-catholics been charged with such leagues, and it is indisputable that they were more than once guilty of carrying them into ferocious execution. But the idea, that the father of the princess Anne was one of the proscribed religion, and that *she* could be enrolled as the chief of an association for extermination of those among whom *he* was included, is a trait surpassing the polemic horrors of the sixteenth century. May this terrible fact be excused, under the plea of the stupidity of Anne, and her utter incapacity for reasoning from cause to effect? Could she not perceive that her father’s head would have been the first to be laid low by such an association? If she did not, lord Chesterfield did. “I would not enter into it,” he continues,<sup>1</sup> “nor sign the paper the bishop of London had drawn; and after my refusing, lord Ferrers, lord Cullen, and above a hundred gentlemen refused to sign this association, which made the princess Anne extremely angry. However, I kept my promise with her highness, and waited on her from Leicester to Coventry, and from thence to Warwick.” Such was the errand on which Anne had left her home. Let us now see what was going on in that home. Great was the consternation of her household at the Cockpit, on the morning of November 26, when two hours had elapsed beyond her usual time of ringing for her attendants. Her women and Mrs. Danvers having vainly knocked and called at her door, at last had it forced. When they entered, they found the bed open, with the impression as if it had been slept in. Old Mrs. Buss, the nurse<sup>2</sup> of the princess, immediately screamed out, “that the princess had been murdered by the queen’s priests,” and the whole party ran screaming to lady Dartmouth’s apartments; some went to lord Clarendon’s apartments with the news. As lady Clarendon did not know the abusive names by which her niece and lady Churchill used to revile her, she threw herself into an agony of affectionate despair. While Mrs. Buss rushed into the queen’s presence, and rudely demanded the princess Anne of her majesty, lady Clarendon ran about lamenting for her all over the court. This uproar was appeased by a letter addressed to the queen, being found open on the toilet of the princess. It was never brought to the queen;<sup>3</sup> yet its discovery somewhat allayed the storm which

<sup>1</sup> Memoir of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, from his autograph papers, found in the library at Bath House, published with his Letters, pp. 48, 49, 50.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Dartmouth’s Notes: but there must be some mistake about Anne’s nurse, who was a papist, as Dr. Lake affirms; perhaps she had been converted.

<sup>3</sup> Memoirs of James II., edited by Rev. Stanier Clarke. The king mentions this letter, but declares neither he nor the queen ever saw it, except in the public prints. Dr. Stanier Clarke prints the name of Anne’s nurse as Buss. Lewis Jenkins one of her fellow-servants, calls her *Bustt*.

suddenly raged around her, for a furious mob had collected in the streets, vowing that Whitehall should be plucked down, and the queen torn to pieces, if she did not give up the princess Anne. This letter was published in the Gazette next day by the partisans of Anne; it has been infinitely admired by those who have never compared it with the one she wrote to the prince of Orange on the same subject:—

“THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK TO THE QUEEN OF JAMES II.<sup>1</sup>

“Madam,—

“Found at the Cockpit, Nov. 26.

“I beg your pardon if *I am so deeply affected with the surprising news of the prince's (George of Denmark) being gone* as not to be able to see you, but to leave this paper to *express my humble duty to the king and yourself, and to let you know that I am gone to absent myself, to avoid the king's displeasure, which I am not able to bear, either against the prince or myself,* and I shall stay at so great a distance, as not to return till I hear the happy news of a reconciliation; and, as I am confident the prince did not leave the king with any other design than to use all possible means for his preservation, so I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I am *incapable* of following him for any other end. *Never was any one in such an unhappy condition, so divided between duty to a father and a husband,* and, therefore, I know not what I must do, but to follow one to preserve the other.

“I see the general falling off of the nobility and gentry, who *avow* to have no other end than to prevail with the king to secure their religion, which they saw so much in danger, from the violent councils of the priests, who, to promote their own religion, did not care to what dangers they exposed the king. I am fully persuaded that the prince of Orange designs the king's safety and preservation, and hope all things may be composed without bloodshed, by the calling of a parliament.

“God grant an happy end to these troubles, and that the king's (James II.'s) reign may be prosperous, and that I may shortly meet you in perfect peace and safety, till when, let me beg of you to continue the same favourable opinion that you have hitherto had of your most obedient daughter and servant, ANNE.”

One historian chooses to say that Anne had been beaten previously by her step-mother. Yet immediately beneath this assertion he quotes her letter to the queen,<sup>2</sup> ending with this sentence, “let me beg of you to continue the *same favourable opinion* that you have hitherto had of yours—Anne.” Now, people seldom express favourable opinions of those whom they beat, and still seldomer, do the beaten persons wish those who beat them to continue in the same way of thinking concerning themselves.

It is a curious fact, that the princess Anne should write two letters, on the same subject, entirely opposite in profession, convicting herself of shameless falsehood, and that they should both be preserved for the elucidation of the writer's real disposition:—

“THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.”

“The Cockpit, November 18.

“Having on all occasions given you and my sister all imaginable assurances

<sup>1</sup> Lansdowne Papers, No. 1236, fol. 230, apparently the original, as the endorsement is written with the name, Anne, in italic capitals; the paper is very old and yellow—it has never been folded.

<sup>2</sup> Echard, 920, vol. iii.

<sup>3</sup> In king William's box at Kensington, found there, and published by sir John Dalrymple, Appendix, p. 333.

of the real friendship and kindness I have for you both, I hope it is not necessary for me to repeat anything of that kind, and on the subject you have now wrote to me, I shall not trouble you with many compliments, only in short, to assure you that you have my wishes for your good success in this so just an undertaking; and *I hope the prince (her husband) will soon be with you, to let you see his readiness to join with you, who, I am sure, will do you all the service that lies in his power. He went yesterday with the king towards Salisbury, intending to go from thence to you as soon as his friends thought proper.*

"I am not yet certain if I shall continue here or remove into the city; that shall depend upon the advice my friends will give me, but wherever I am, I shall be ready to show you how much I am your humble servant. ANNE."

A report prevailed among the people, in excuse for Anne's conduct, that her father had sent orders to arrest her and send her to the Tower on the previous day,<sup>1</sup> but this plea she dared not urge for herself, as may be seen in her farewell letter.

By the perusal of the last quoted letter, which was written before the one addressed to the queen, all the sentiments of conflicting duties—of ignorance and innocence—regarding her husband's intention of departure, are utterly exploded. As for any tenderness regarding the safety of her unfortunate father, or pretended mediation between him and the prince of Orange, a glance over the genuine emanation of her mind will show that she never alluded to king James, excepting to aggravate his faults. So far from the desertion of the prince of Denmark being unknown to her, it was announced by her own pen several days before it took place. It would have been infinitely more respectable, had the prince and princess of Denmark pursued the path they deemed most conducive to their interests, without any grimace of sentiment. As for profaning the church of England for one moment, by assuming that devotion to its principles inspired the tissue of foul falsehood, which polluted the mind of the princess Anne, it is what we do not intend to do. The conduct of those who were the true and real disciples of our church, will soon be shown, though a strait and narrow path they trod, which led not to this world's honours and prosperity.

James II. arrived in London soon after the uproar, regarding the departure of his daughter, had subsided. He was extremely ill, having been bled four times in the course of the three preceding days, which was the real reason of his leaving the army.<sup>2</sup> He expected to be consoled by some very extraordinary manifestation of duty and affection from the princess Anne, and when he heard the particulars of her desertion, he struck his breast, and exclaimed, "God help me, my own children have forsaken me in my distress!" Still he expressed the utmost anxiety lest his daughter, whose state he supposed was precarious, should in any way injure herself. From that hour, James II. lost all hope or interest in his struggle for regality. His mind was overthrown.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Contemporary letter, endorsed, "To the lady Margaret Russell, Woburn Abbey, (Woburn bag,)" among family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, copied by kind permission, July 2, 1846. In the course of this MS. the writer affirms, that "previously to the escape of the prince and princess of Denmark, lord Feversham had been on his knees two hours, entreating the king to arrest lord Churchill, but the king would not believe anything against him."

<sup>2</sup> See the Life of his consort, queen Mary Beatrice, vol. ix.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid

In fact, civil wars have taken place between kinsmen, brothers, nephews, and uncles, and even between fathers and sons; but history produces only two other instances of warfare between daughters and fathers, and of those instances many a bitter comparison was afterwards drawn.

James II. himself was not aware how deeply his daughter Anne was concerned in all the conspiracies against him; he lived and died utterly unconscious of the foul letters she wrote to her sister, or of that to the prince of Orange, announcing to him her husband's flight. He expresses his firm belief, that she acted under the control of her husband,<sup>1</sup> and by the persuasions of lady Charchill and lady Berkeley. With the fond delusion often seen in parents in middle life, he speaks of the personal danger she incurred, regarding her health, in her flight from the Cock-pit, as if it were almost the worst part of her conduct to him.<sup>2</sup>

The prince of Orange moved forward from the west of England, giving out that it was his intention to prove a mediator between James II. and his people, and thus inducing many of the most loyal subjects of the crown to meet him for that purpose. Lord Clarendon, his wife's uncle, met him at Salisbury, where his head-quarters were, in hopes of assisting at an amicable arrangement. Prince George of Denmark was still with the Dutch army; to him lord Clarendon instantly went. The prince asked him news of James II., and then "when his princess went away, and who went with her?"<sup>3</sup> "Of which," says lord Clarendon, "I gave him as particular an account as I could." Prince George said, "I wonder she went not sooner." Lord Clarendon observed, "that he wished her journey might do her no harm." Every one supposed that the princess Anne was within a few weeks of her accouchement. The next reply of the prince convinced him that this was really a deception, although constantly pleaded in excuse to her father when he had required her presence at the birth of the prince of Wales, or any ceremonial regarding the queen. The princess Anne had actually herself practised the same kind of fraud, of which she falsely accused her unfortunate step-mother. That accusation must have originated in the capability for imposition, which she found in her own mind. Her uncle was struck with horror when her husband told him that the princess had not been in any state requiring particular care. His words are, "This startled me. Good God, nothing but lying and dissimulation! I then told him 'with what tenderness the king had spoken of the princess Anne, and how much trouble of heart he showed when he found that she had left him;' but to this; prince George of Denmark answered not one word."<sup>4</sup>

The prince of Orange advanced from Salisbury to Oxford, and rested at Abingdon, and at Henley-on-Thames received the news that James II. had disbanded his army; and also that the queen<sup>5</sup> had escaped with the prince of Wales to France, and that king James had departed, December 11, a few days afterwards, at which the prince of Orange could not con-

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> Original Papers, edited by Maopherston. Likewise Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii. p. 123. Diary of Lord Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 216.

<sup>3</sup> Diary of Lord Clarendon, vol. ii., p. 216.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

<sup>5</sup> For these particulars, see vol. ix., chap. v., *Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena*

ceal his joy. The prince of Denmark remained in Oxford to receive the princess his wife, who made a grand entry with military state, escorted by several thousand mounted gentlemen, who, with their tenants, had mustered in the mid-counties to attend her. Compton bishop of London, her tutor, had for some days resumed his old dress and occupation of a military leader, and rode before her with his purple flag.<sup>1</sup> The princess Anne and her consort remained some days at Oxford, greatly feasted and caressed by their party.

Meantime, the prince of Orange approached the metropolis no nearer than Windsor, for the unfortunate James II. had been brought back to Whitehall. The joy manifested by his people at seeing him once more, alarmed his opponents. The prince of Orange had moved forward to Sion House, Brentford, from whence he despatched his Dutch guards to expel his uncle from Whitehall. It seems, neither Anne nor his sons-in-law cared to enter the presence of James again, and they would not approach the metropolis till he had been forced out of it.

The next day, the prince of Orange made his entry into London without pomp, in a travelling carriage drawn by post-horses, with a cloak-bag strapped at the back of it.<sup>2</sup> He arrived at St. James's palace about four in the afternoon, and retired at once to his bed-chamber. The bells rang, guns fired, and his party manifested their joy at his arrival, as the Jacobites had done when the king returned. The prince and princess of Denmark arrived on the evening of the 19th of December from Oxford, and took up their abode as usual at the Cockpit.<sup>3</sup>

No leave-taking ever occurred between the princess Anne and her unfortunate father; they had had their last meeting in this world, spoken their last words, and looked upon each other for the last time, before his reverse of fortune occurred. No effort did Anne make, cherished and indulged as she had ever been, to see her father ere he went forth into exile for ever. Yet there had never occurred the slightest disagreement between them, no angry chiding regarding their separate creeds; no offence had ever been given her, but the existence of her hapless brother. Had she taken the neutral part of retirement from the public eye while he was yet in England—ill, unhappy, and a prisoner—her conduct could not have drawn down the contemptuous comment which it did from an eye-witness. "King James was carried down the river in a most tempestuous evening, not without actual danger; and while her poor old father was thus exposed to danger, an actual prisoner under a guard of Dutchmen, at that very moment his daughter, the princess Anne of Denmark, with her great favourite, lady Churchill, both covered

<sup>1</sup> Aubrey.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Inedited Stepney Papers, letter of Horace Walpole the elder to his brother, Sir Robert Walpole; the words are worth quoting. When Stanhope, the English ambassador from queen Anne, was urging the sluggish and pompous Charles of Austria to press on to Madrid, and seize the Spanish crown, after one of Peterborough's brilliant victories, "the German prince excused himself, because his equinages were not ready. Stanhope replied, 'The prince of Orange entered London, in 1688, with a coach and four, and a cloak-bag tied behind it, and a few weeks after was crowned king of Great Britain.'"

<sup>3</sup> Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii., p. 231.

with orange ribbons, went in one of his coaches, attended by his guards, triumphant to the playhouse."<sup>1</sup> It was on the same stormy night that James II. escaped from his Dutch guards, and withdrew to France.<sup>2</sup>

The conduct of the princess Anne at this crisis is recorded with utter indignation by her church-of-England uncle, Clarendon.<sup>3</sup> "In the afternoon of the January 17th, I was with the princess Anne. I took the liberty to tell her that many good people were extremely troubled to find that she seemed no more concerned for her father's misfortunes. It was noticed that, when the news came of his final departure from the country, she was not the least moved, but called for cards, and was as merry as she used to be." To this Anne replied, "Those who made such reflections on her actions did her wrong; but it *was* true that she *did* call for cards then, because she was accustomed to play, and that she never loved to do anything that looked like an affected constraint?"<sup>4</sup> "And does your royal highness think that showing some trouble for the king your father's misfortunes *could* be interpreted as an *affected* constraint?" was the stern rejoinder from her uncle. "I am afraid," he continued, "such behaviour lessens you much more in the opinion of the world, and even in that of your father's enemies, than you ought to be. But," adds he, in comment, "with all this she was not one jot moved."

Clarendon demanded whether she had shown his letter, written to her in his grief on his son's desertion from her father. The princess said, "No; she had burnt it as soon as read." But her uncle pressed the matter home to her, "because," he said, "the contents were matter of public discourse." The princess replied, "She had shown the letter to no one, but she could not imagine where was the harm if she had?" "I am still of the same opinion as when it was written," observed her uncle; "I think that my son has done a very abominable action,<sup>5</sup> even if it be viewed but as a breach of trust; but if your royal highness repeats all that is said or written to you, few people will tell you anything."

The princess turned the discourse with a complaint "that his son never waited on prince George, which was more necessary now than ever, since the prince had no one but him of quality about him; that

<sup>1</sup> Bevil Higgon's Short View of English History, p. 360. The Devonshire MS. previously quoted, confirms the fact that the ladies in the household of Anne at that time, wore orange colour as a party badge. Anne herself, in her picture at the Temple, is dressed in orange and green, the colours of her brother-in-law.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. ix., chap. vi., Life of his consort, Mary Beatrice.

<sup>3</sup> Clarendon Diary, vol. ii., p. 249.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid., pp. 250, 251.

<sup>5</sup> The regiments said to desert with Cornbury, according to Burnet's MS. letter, (Harleian., 6798,) were three; one of them, the dragoons, commanded by lord Cornbury; another was Berwick's regiment, late the earl of Oxford's, and the third the duke of St. Alban's. "Lord Cornbury marched them off to the prince of Orange's camp; but when day dawned, and the officers perceived where their steps directed, they cried aloud and halted, putting all into complete confusion." These officers, Dr. Burnet declared, were papists; but whatsoever they were they drew off half Cornbury's own regiment, part of St. Alban's, and all Berwick's but fifty cavaliers, and marched them back under the command of Cornbury's major.



she had reproved lord Cornbury herself, but he took so little heed of it, that at one time she thought of desiring him to march off, and leave room for somebody else; but that, as it was at a time that the family seemed oppressed, she had no mind to do a hard thing." The oppression she meant was when James II. had dismissed Clarendon and her other uncle from their employments, on account of their attachment to the church of England. Her uncle drily returned thanks for her gracious intimation, and observed "that his son, though he often complained of hardship put upon him, was to blame for neglecting his duty." The princess stated "That the prince, her husband, was at a great loss for some person of quality about him; that he had thoughts of taking lord Scarsdale again, but that he proved so pitiful a wretch, that they would have no more to do with him." "I asked," said lord Clarendon, "whom he thought to take?" The princess said, "Sir George Hewett." This, it will be remembered, was the man who had deserted with lord Churchill, and was implicated in the scheme for either seizing or assassinating the king, her father. Lord Clarendon, when he visited the Dutch head-quarters, bluntly asked lord Churchill, "whether it was a fact?" who, with his usual graceful and urbane manner, and in that peculiar intonation of voice, which his contemporary, lord Dartmouth, aptly describes as gentle and whining, pronounced himself "the most ungrateful of mortals if he could have perpetrated aught against his benefactor, king James."

To return, however, to sir George Hewett. Clarendon observed to the princess Anne, "that he was no noblerman. 'He might be made one when things are settled,' said the princess, 'and she hoped such a thing would not be denied to the prince her husband, and her.' I asked her 'how that could be done without king James?' 'Sare,' replied the princess Anne, 'there will be a way found out at one time or other.'"

A convention of the lords and some of the members who had been returned in the last parliament of Charles II. were then on the point of meeting to settle the government of the kingdom. In this convention Sancroft, the archbishop of Canterbury, positively refused to sit, or to acknowledge its jurisdiction. The earl of Clarendon was anxious to discuss with the princess Anne the flying reports of the town, which declared "that the intention was to settle the crown on the prince of Orange and his wife; but that in case the latter died first, leaving no issue, the crown was to belong to him for his life before it descended, in the natural succession, to the princess Anne and her children." Clarendon was indignant at this proposed innovation on the hereditary monarchy of the British government, and endeavoured to rouse the princess Anne to prevent any interpolation between her and her rights of succession. To which she said, "she had indeed heard the rumours that the prince and princess of Orange were to be crowned, but she was sure she had never given *no occasion* to have it said that she consented to any such a thing; that she had indeed been told that Dr. Burnet should talk of it, but she would never consent to anything that should

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<sup>1</sup> Clarendon Diary, vol. ii., pp. 250 251

be to the prejudice of herself or her children." She added, "that she knew very well that the republican party were very busy, but that she hoped that the honest party would be most prevalent in the convention, and not suffer wrong to be done to her." Clarendon told the princess "that if she continued to be in the mind she seemed to be in, she ought to let her wishes be known to some of both houses before the meeting of the convention." Anne replied, "she would think of it, and send for some of them."<sup>1</sup> Her uncle then turned upon her with a close home question, which was, "whether she thought that her father could be justly deposed?" To this the princess Anne replied, "Sure, they are too great points for me to meddle with. I am sorry the king brought things to such a pass as they were at," adding, that she thought it would not be safe for him ever to return again." Her uncle asked her fiercely the question, "What she meant by that?" To which Anne replied, "Nothing."<sup>2</sup> Without repeating several characteristic dialogues of this nature, which her uncle has recorded, the princess Anne and her spouse entrusted him with a sort of commission to watch over her interests in the proceedings of the convention. The princess likewise penned a long letter of lamentations to her uncle on the wrongs she found that the convention meant to perpetrate against her; she, however, bade him "burn the letter."

The postponement of succession to the prince of Orange (supposing the prince of Wales was for ever excluded), encroached not much on the tenderness due to that internal idol, self. Very improbable it was that a diminutive asthmatic invalid, like the prince of Orange, irrepressibly bent on war, ten years of age in advance withal, should survive her majestic sister, who had, since she had been acclimatized to the air of Holland, enjoyed a buxom state of health. There was, nevertheless, a tissue of vacillating diplomacy attempted by Anne; she used a great deal of needless falsehood in denial of the letter she had written to her uncle, when she supposed he had burnt it, and equivocation when he produced it, to the confusion of herself and her clique.<sup>3</sup>

As some shelter from the awful responsibility perpetually represented to her by her uncle, Anne at last declared "she would be guided regarding her conduct by some very pious friends, and abide by their decision." The friends to whom she appealed were Dr. Tillotson and Rachel lady Russell.<sup>4</sup> Their opinion was well known to the princess before it was asked. Dr. Tillotson had been an enemy to James II. from an early period of his career, and had been very active in promoting the revolution; as for lady Russell, it was no duty of hers, but quite the reverse, to awaken in the mind of Anne any affectionate feeling to James II. Both referees arbitrated according to the benefit of their party, and advised Anne to give place to her brother-in-law in the succession. Although the princess Anne had thus made up her mind, the national convention were far from resolved. The situation of the country was rather startling, the leader of a well-disciplined army of 14,000 foreign soldiers,

<sup>1</sup> Clarendon Diary, vol. ii., pp. 250. 251.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., pp. 255. 257.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid., pp. 248. 249.

<sup>4</sup> Birch's Life of Dr. Tillotson

quartered in or about London, being actually in possession of the functions of government. When the convention had excluded the unconscious heir, it by no means imagined a necessity for further innovating on the succession, by superseding the daughters of James II., who had not offended them by the adoption of an obnoxious creed. And well did the clergy of the church of England know that the creed of the prince of Orange was as inconsistent with their church as that of James II. Besides that discrepancy, his personal hatred to the rites of our church has been shown by Dr. Hooper, who has, moreover, recorded the vigorous kick he bestowed on the communion-table prepared in the chapel of his princess. Some of the members of the convention were startled at the fearful evils attendant on a crown-elective, which, as the history of Poland and the German empire fully proved, not only opened doors, but flood-gates to corruption. When they subsequently sought the line of Hanoverian princes as their future sovereigns, the English parliament recognised the hereditary principle by awarding the crown to the next lineal heir willing to conform with and protect the national religion; but when they gave the crown to William III. they repudiated two heiresses who were already of the established church, and thus rendered, for some years, the crown of Great Britain elective. Before this arrangement was concluded, the princess Anne began to feel regret for the course she had pursued. Lord Scarsdale, who was then in her household, heard her say<sup>1</sup> at this juncture, "Now am I sensible of the error I committed in leaving my father! and making myself of a party with the prince, who puts by my right."

While the princess of Orange rests safely at the Hague, free from the observing eyes and sharp reproofs of her mother's brothers, no evidence exists regarding her personal demeanour there, excepting that she went to public prayers four times every day, with a very composed countenance. She is accused of the awful charge of reproaching her husband sharply, by letter, of letting "her father go as he did." The letter is not to be found, nor are any of her letters to her husband, before their accession to the throne of Great Britain, forthcoming, and the evidence rests on the hear-say report that one of the Jacobite exiles told to James II. The unhappy father believed it, but the reader ought only to give credit to the horrid imputation as far as it seems in unison with the tenour of the rest of her conduct. Our own opinion is, that to write a disapproving word to her lord and master, or cast any reproach on his conduct, was more than she dared to do while she was in Holland. Anne Villiers, the wife of Bentinck, died just as the Orange expedition landed at Torbay.<sup>2</sup> The name of this woman had been most odiously implicated, as well as that of her sister, with William of Orange, at a time when the princess was kept almost imprisoned in her apartments. The family compact, who kept guard on her in Holland, headed by her husband's mistress, Elizabeth Villiers, was now reduced to three; Elizabeth herself, madame Puissar, or Possaire, and lady Inchinquin. These

<sup>1</sup> Ralph's History, vol. ii., p. 44. Lord Scarsdale repeated this speech to Ralph Clarendon Diary, for the fact of the death.

persons were with the princess, in Holland, while the revolution in England was in progress.

The day the throne was declared vacant by the convention of parliament, sir Isaac Newton (then Mr. Isaac Newton) was visiting archbishop Sancroft; what feeling the great astronomer expressed at the news, is not recorded, but the archbishop showed deep concern, and hoped proper attention would be paid to the claims of the infant prince of Wales, saying, "that his identity might be easily proved, as he had a mole on his neck at his birth." Perhaps king William was not pleased with the visit of Newton to Lambeth at this crisis, since a tradition is afloat on the sea of anecdotes, that some of his council wished him to consult Isaac Newton on a point of difficulty, when the king replied, "Pooh! he is only a philosopher, what can he know?"<sup>1</sup> The demeanour of William of Orange at this juncture, was perfectly inexplicable to the English oligarchy sitting in convention. Reserved as William ever was to his princess, he was wrapped in tenfold gloom and taciturnity when absent from her. The English magnates could not gather the slightest intimation of his mind, whilst he was wrapped in this imperturbable fit of sullenness. They applied to the Dutchmen to know what ailed their master, and from Fagel and Zulestein they gathered that his highness was afflicted with an access of political jealousy of his submissive partner, whom the convention considered queen-regnant, for his reply was, "that he did not choose to be gentleman-usher to his own wife."<sup>2</sup>

On the annunciation of this gracious response, the English oligarchy returned to re-consider their verdict. Some deemed that the introduction of a foreigner, the ruler of a country the most inimical to the English naval power, and to the mighty colonies and trading factories, newly planted by James II., in every quarter of the world, was a bitter alternative forced on them by the perverse persistence of their monarch in his unfortunate religion; but they were by no means inclined to disinherit Mary, the protestant heiress, and render their monarchy elective, by giving her husband the preference to her. There was a private consultation on the subject held at the apartments of William Herbert, at St. James's palace. William's favourite Dutchmen were admitted to this conclave, which was held round Herbert's bed, he being then confined with a violent fit of the gout; Beatinck then and there deliberately averred that it was best only to allow the princess Mary to take the rank of queen-consort, and not of queen-regnant. When the gouty patient heard this opinion, he became so excessively excited, that, forgetting his lameness, he leaped out of bed, and, seizing his sword, exclaimed, "that if the prince of Orange was capable of such conduct to his wife, he would never draw that for him again!"<sup>3</sup> The Dutch favourite carried the incident to his master, who was, forthwith, plunged still deeper in splenetic gloom. When he at last spoke, after a space of several days of profound taciturnity, he made a soliloquy in Dutch to

<sup>1</sup> Conduct, by duchess of Marlborough, who, in the squabbles that afterwards ensued, mentions these women as all-powerful in the household of Mary.

<sup>2</sup> Birch's Life of Tillotson.

<sup>3</sup> Burnet's Own Times.

<sup>4</sup> Narrative in the Works of Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, vol. i., pp. 86, 87

this purport, "that he was tired of the English; he would go back to Holland, and leave their crown to whosoever could catch it."

"The behaviour of the prince of Orange,"—such is the description of Sheffield duke of Buckingham,—"was very mysterious. He stayed at St. James's palace. He went very little abroad. Access to him was not very easy. He listened to all that was said, but seldom answered. This reservedness continued several weeks. Nobody could tell what he desired." At last, the "gracious Duncan" spake of his grievances; one day he told the marquis of Halifax and the earls of Shrewsbury and Danby his mind in this speech: "The English," he said, "were for putting the princess Mary singly on the throne, and were for making him reign by her courtesy. No man could esteem a woman more than he did the princess, but he was so made that he could not hold anything *by apron-strings*." This speech plunged the English nobles into more perplexity than ever, from which, according to his own account, they were relieved by Dr. Burnet. He came forward as the guide of Mary's conscience, and her confidant on this knotty point, and promised, in her name, that she would prefer yielding the precedence to her husband, in regard to the succession, as well as in every other affair of life. Lord Danby did not wholly trust to the evidence of Burnet; he sent the princess of Orange a narrative of the state affairs, assuring her "that if she considered it proper to insist on her lineal rights, he was certain that the convention would persist in declaring her sole sovereign." The princess answered, "that she was the prince's wife, and never meant to be other than in subjection to him, and that she did not thank any one for setting up for her an interest divided from that of her husband." Not content with this answer, she sent Danby's letter and proposals to her spouse in England.

The national convention of lords and commons then settled that the prince of Orange was to be offered the dignity of king of England, France, and Ireland (Scotland being a separate kingdom), that the princess, his wife, was to be offered the joint sovereignty; that all regal acts were to be effected in their united names, but the executive power was to be vested in the prince. No one explained why the English convention thought proper to legislate for France and Ireland, while, at the same time, it left to Scotland the privilege of legislating for itself. The succession was settled on the issue of William and Mary; if that failed, to the princess Anne and her issue; and if that failed, on the issue of William by any second wife; and if that failed, on whomsoever the parliament thought fit.<sup>1</sup>

The prince of Orange, after his settlement was made, permitted his consort to embark for England; she had been ostensibly detained in Holland, while the succession was contested, by frosts and contrary winds. It is said that Mary was so infinitely beloved in Holland, that she left the people all in tears when she embarked, February 10th, to take possession of the English throne. She burst into tears herself, on hearing one of the common people express a wish "that the English

<sup>1</sup> Burnet and Rapin, vol. ii, folio, p. 794.

might love her as well as those had done whom she was leaving." The embarkation of the princess took place at the Brill; she had a short prosperous voyage, and landed at Gravesend, February 12th.

The evening when the news arrived in London that the Dutch fleet, escorting the princess of Orange, was making the mouth of the Thames, the metropolis blazed with joyous bonfires. Notwithstanding his deep enmity to James II., the pope was duly burnt in effigy; he was provided with a companion, the fugitive father Petre; these were accompanied by a representative of the rival of the princess of Orange in the succession to the British throne, even the image of her poor little infant brother. The first time, perhaps, that a baby of six months old was ever executed in effigy. Many persons have heard that puppets, representing the pope and pretender, were always consumed on the anniversaries of the Revolution; but few know how early the latter was burnt in these pageants, as a testimonial of respect, to celebrate the landing and proclamation of his sister.

"There was," observes a French historian of this century,<sup>1</sup> "prepared alimnt to the brutal passions, being ignoble representations of the pope, father Petre, and the prince of Wales, which were thrown into the flames, a spectacle agreeable to the multitude, no doubt. But even political expediency ought not to be suffered to outrage nature."

There exists a series of Dutch medals, published under the patronage of William and Mary (albeit no very liberal fosterers of the fine arts) of a peculiar nature, unexampled in history, the completion of each being an extraordinary event in the annals of numismatics. The medals were really metallic caricatures, whether meant as such by William and Mary, or whether the Dutch artist they hired to commemorate their triumphs over their father, uncle, and brother, had a strong taste for the ridiculous, who can say? The Williamite and Marian medallions did not disdain to caricature the unconscious babe, whose birth their patrons had slandered, and whose infant effigy had been consigned to the flames, in their triumphal pageants of accession. The opening of a mysterious chest is shown on one of them; in it is seen, coiled up, an infant with a serpent's tail, illustrated by a Latin motto, implying that "the child when reared would crest itself into a dragon." In another the flight of Mary's father is illustrated by his figure flying away with monstrous long strides, throwing away a crown and sceptre, attended by a Jesuit, carrying the poor babe, whose unwelcome brotherhood to Mary had caused the whole commotion; the motto to this medal, *Ite missa est*, is applied rather wittily from the ritual of the mass.

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<sup>1</sup> Mazure, Revolution de 1688, p. 368.



**LIVES**  
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## MARY II.,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.<sup>1</sup>

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THE swiftest gales and the most propitious weather that ever speeded a favourite of fortune to the possession of a throne, attended Mary, princess of Orange, in her short transit from the port of the Brill to the mouth of her native Thames. She arrived there, glowing in health, and overflowing with an excess of joyous spirits beyond her power to repress. Mary was brilliant in person at this epoch, and had not yet attained her twenty-seventh year.

Mary had been declared joint sovereign with her husband, but was not yet proclaimed, their signatures to the Bill of Rights being expected in return for the election which elevated them to her father's throne. The merely nominal regality to which the convention of 1688-9 had been induced to confine Mary's position in this double sovereignty, would have been more consistent with the ideas the Anglo-Normans entertained of female royalty than with the era of the next queen-regnant who was called to the throne after the potent Elizabeth.

Mary brought in her train her domestic rival, Elizabeth Villiers, whom

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<sup>1</sup> The preceding events of the life of Mary II., when princess, have been related in conjunction with those of her sister Anne, in vol. x.

she had neither the power nor the moral courage to expel from her household. William of Orange had not dared to outrage public opinion in England, by making this woman the companion of his expedition against his consort's father. But as he by no means intended to break his connexion with her, Mary was doomed to the mortification of chaperoning her from Holland. Subservient to conjugal authority in all things, Mary submitted even to this degradation. Her compliance prevented the English people from murmuring at witnessing the toleration of her husband's mistress at Whitehall, at the same time holding a responsible situation about her own person. The new queen, perhaps, thought she had gained a great triumph over "the Villiers" by the obligations under which she laid her husband, by the sacrificing to him the power and precedence with which the convention had originally invested her. Mary had even sent to her husband the letters of Danby, urging her to insist on her nearer claims.

The success of William and Mary was not a little accelerated by the publication of an absurd prophecy, which affected to have described the tragic death of Charles I., the restoration of Charles II., and ended by declaring that the next king would go post to Rome; all which was to happen when there were three queens of England at the same time. On the landing of Mary, the three queens were expounded to mean herself, Catherine of Braganza, and Mary Beatrice.<sup>1</sup>

The scene of Mary's landing in England<sup>2</sup> on the morning of February 12, 1688-9, strange to say, has never been described by any historian. It is, however, graphically delineated in the second of the contemporary Dutch paintings, which have been recently brought to Hampton Court Palace. The queen appears in the centre of the group of English courtiers, who stand bare-headed on the shore to receive her, and are backing and bowing down before her with demonstrations of profound respect. Her page stands in the back-ground, laden with her large orange cloak, which, with its hanging sleeves and ample draperies, sweeps the ground. Mary has also removed her hood, and shows herself to the people without any covering on her head, or shoulders; her bodice is cut very low, and draped with folds of fine muslin, looped with strings of pearls; her hair is dressed with lofty cornettes of orange ribands and agraffes of pearls. She draws up her purple velvet robe to show an ostentatious-looking orange petticoat. Orange banners are borne before her and about her. Her tall lord chamberlain, hat in hand, is backing before her, and directing her attention to her grand state charger, which is richly caparisoned, with purple velvet saddle, and housings emblazoned with the crown and royal arms of Great Britain, and led by her master of the horse, sir Edward Villiers, who is in full court dress. Her majesty is preceded by females strewing flowers, she is surrounded by her officers of state, and attended by her Dutch lady of honour, in lofty stiff head-gear. This lady is, probably, madame Stürum.

<sup>1</sup> Lamberty, vol. i., p. 371.

<sup>2</sup> The queen embarked at the Brill, Monday, Feb. 10, and was in the Nore in a few hours.

If Gravesend were the place of queen Mary's landing, and if the Dutch painter has been correct, Gravesend must have been very different in appearance then, from what it is at present, which is probable, because it had, at that time, ancient towers called block-houses, and other river fortifications still standing. The princess Anne, and prince George of Denmark, with their attendants, received her majesty at Greenwich palace.<sup>1</sup> The royal sisters met each other "with transports of affection," says lady Churchill, "which soon fell off, and coldness ensued." But not then; both Mary and Anne were too much elated with their success, to disagree in that hour of joy and exultation—joy so supreme, that Mary could neither dissemble nor contain it, according to the testimony of every one who saw her. The royal barge of her exiled father was waiting for her; and, amidst a chorus of shouts and welcomes from an immense throng of spectators, she entered it with her sister and brother-in-law, and was in a short time brought to Whitehall stairs, where she landed with them, and took possession of her father's palace.<sup>2</sup> William, for the first time since his invasion, came to Whitehall, but not until Mary had actually arrived there.<sup>3</sup> Mazure attributes to design this remarkable trait in his conduct. "By such artifice," says that historian, "William threw on the daughter of the exiled king the odium of the first occupation of his palace."<sup>4</sup>

Four writers, who all profess to be eye-witnesses either of her landing or her demeanour in the palace, have each recorded what they saw; one of them, a philosophical observer, Evelyn; another an enemy, lady Churchill; a third, a panegyrist, Oldmixon; and the fourth an apologist, her friend, Burnet. This concurrence of evidences, each of whom wrote unknown to the other, makes the conduct of Mary one of the best authenticated passages in history. "She came into Whitehall, jolly as to a wedding," wrote Evelyn, "seeming quite transported with joy." Some of Mary's party, to shield her from the disgust that eye-witnesses felt at her demeanour, declared she was acting a part that had been sternly prescribed her by her husband's letters. Her partisan, Oldmixon, enraged at these excuses, exclaimed, "If they had seen her as others did, they would not have ventured to report such falsity; so far from acting a part not natural to her, there was nothing in her looks which was not as natural and as lovely as ever there were charms in woman."<sup>5</sup>

Lady Churchill, in her fierce phraseology, speaks of what she witnessed without the slightest compromise, and as her assertions are borne out by a person respectable as Evelyn, she may be believed: "Queen Mary wanted bowels; of this she gave unquestionable proof the first day she came to Whitehall. She ran about it looking into every closet and conveniency, and turning up the quilts of the beds just as people do at an inn, with no sort of concern in her appearance. Although at the time I was extremely caressed by her, I thought this strange and unbecoming conduct. For whatever necessity there was of deposing king James, he was still her father, who had been lately driven from that very

<sup>1</sup> Oldmixon, p. 780.

<sup>2</sup> Conduct, by the Duchess of Marlborough.

<sup>3</sup> Lamberty.

<sup>4</sup> Mazure. *Revolution d'Angleterre*, vol. iii. 365

<sup>5</sup> Oldmixon's History, p. 780.

chamber, and from that bed; and, if she felt no tenderness, I thought, at least, she might have felt grave, or even pensively sad, at so melancholy a reverse of fortune.<sup>1</sup> But I kept these thoughts in my own breast, not even imparting them to my mistress, the princess Anne, to whom I could say anything." As the conduct of her mistress had been still more coarse and unnatural than that of her sister, lady Churchill knew that she could not blame one without reflecting severely on the other.

The following apology, made by her friend Burnet,<sup>2</sup> weighs more against Mary than the bold attack of her sister's favourite. "She put on an air of great gaiety when she came to Whitehall. I confess I was one of those who censured her in my thoughts. I thought a little more seriousness had done as well when she came into her father's palace, and was to be set on his throne the next day. I had never seen the least indecency in any part of her deportment before, which made this appear to me so extraordinary that, afterwards, I took the liberty to ask her, 'How it came that what she saw in so sad a revolution in her father's person had not made a greater impression on her?' She took this freedom with her usual goodness, and assured me 'that she felt the sense of it very lively in her thoughts;' but she added 'that the letters which had been writ to her had obliged her to put on a cheerfulness in which she might perhaps go too far, because she was obeying directions, and acting a part not natural to her.'"

Thus did queen Mary throw from herself the blame of an unfeeling levity, which had revolted even the coarse minds of Burnet and Sarah Churchill; but surely the commands of her partner had reference only to the manner in which she acted the part of royalty, while the eyes of her new subjects were upon her; it did not dictate the heartless glee,<sup>3</sup> when she made her perambulations to examine into the state of the goods that had fallen into her grasp, on the evening of her arrival and betimes in the succeeding morning. He might prescribe the grimace he chose to be assumed in her robes, but not her proceedings in her dressing-gown, before her women were on duty.

"She rose early in the morning," says Evelyn, who had a relative in waiting on her, "and in her undress, before her women were up, went about from room to room, to see the convenience of Whitehall. She slept in the same bed and apartment where the queen of James II. had laid, and, within a night or two, sat down to basset, as the queen her predecessor had done. She smiled upon all, and talked to everybody, so that no change seemed to have taken place at court as to queens, save that infinite throngs of people came to see her, and that she went to our prayers. Her demeanour was censured by many. She seems to be of a good temper, and that she takes nothing to heart, while the prince, her husband, has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderfully serious and silent, and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on his affairs."

Mary thus took possession not only of her father's house, but of all the personal property of her step-mother, which had been left in her

<sup>1</sup> Conduct, by Sarah duchess of Marlborough, p. 26.

<sup>2</sup> Burnet's Own Times.

<sup>3</sup> Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 37

power Evelyn was scandalized at seeing in her possession several articles of value, among others a cabinet of silver filagree: "It belonged," he says, "to our queen Mary, wife of James II., and which, in my opinion, should have been generously sent,"—honestly would have been the more appropriate term. The case was uglier since her old father had sent by Mr. Hayes—a servant kinder to him than his own child—a request for his clothes and his personal property, which her uncle, lord Clarendon, with a sad and sore heart, observes "was utterly neglected."

The morrow was appointed for the proclamation in London of the elected sovereigns, although it was Ash-Wednesday. The first day of Lent was then kept as one of deep humiliation; strange indeed did the pealing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the flourishing of drums, seem to those attached to the established church. The day was most inclement, and with a dismal down-pouring of wet.<sup>1</sup> All London was, however, astir, and the new queen earlier than any one, according to the preceding testimony.

The ceremonial of the recognition of William and Mary as the joint-sovereigns of England was prepared in the Banqueting-room of Whitehall, where they were previously to sign the celebrated Bill of Rights, which promised to every protestant Englishman the enjoyment of liberty. It is true parliament might dispense with these salutary laws, as was indeed frequently done by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, during the reigns of William and Mary. In fact, it was suspended within three months of the signature of that bill of rights, but at first only for a month.<sup>2</sup>

About noon on Ash-Wednesday, February 13th, 1688-9, William and Mary proceeded in state-dresses, but without any diadems or circlets, from the interior of the palace of Whitehall to the Banqueting hall, and placed themselves in chairs of state under the royal canopy, accompanied by their attendants. This scene is best described in a letter, written by lady Cavendish, the daughter of the excellent lady Rachel Russell, a very young woman, sixteen years of age.<sup>3</sup> "When the lords and commons had agreed upon what power to give the king, and what to take away from him, the particulars of which I cannot tell you, (she means the Bill of Rights previously alluded to,) my lord Halifax, who is chairman, went to the Banqueting house, and, in a short speech, desired them, in the name of the lords, to accept the crown. The prince of Orange answered in a few words, the princess made curtsies. They say when they named her father's faults, she looked down as if she were troubled."

"It was expected," said Evelyn, "that both, especially the princess,

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 37.

<sup>2</sup> Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii.

<sup>3</sup> Lamberty, vol. i.

<sup>4</sup> The letter is extant, in the collection of the duke of Devonshire: I saw, however, only the first portion of the original MS.; it is addressed to her cousin, Mrs. Jane Allington, whom, in the fashion of that day, she calls Silvia, and her self Dorinda. She gives, it will be seen, romantic names to that very unsentimental pair, William and Mary.



would have showed some reluctance, seeming perhaps, of assuming her father's crown, and made some apology, testifying her regret that he should, by his mismanagement, have forced the nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, which would have showed very handsomely to the world, according to the character given of her piety; consonant also to her husband's first declaration, 'that there was no intention of deposing the king, only of succouring the nation;' but nothing of the kind appeared."

As soon as their signatures were affixed to the Bill of Rights, William and Mary were proclaimed William III. and Mary II., sovereign-king and queen of England, France and Ireland. "Many of the churchmen," resumes the young lady Cavendish, "would not have it done on that day, because it was Ash-Wednesday. I was at the sight, and, as you may suppose, very much pleased to see *Ormanzor* and *Phenizana* proclaimed king and queen of England, instead of king James, my father's murderer!" There were wonderful acclamations of joy, which, though they were very pleasing to me, they frightened me, too; for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it would be to fall into the hands of the rabble—they are such a strange sort of people! At night, I went to court with my lady Devonshire, (her mother-in-law,) and kissed the queen's hands, and the king's also. There was a world of bonfires<sup>2</sup> and candles in almost every house, which looked *extreme* pretty. The king is wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence; he is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight; yet, if one looks long at him, he has something in his face both wise and good. As for the queen, she is really altogether very handsome; her face is agreeable, and her motions extremely graceful and fine; she is tall, but not so tall as the last queen, (the consort of James II.) Her room is mighty full of company, as you may guess."

At this memorable drawing-room, the princess Anne displayed her knowledge of the minute laws of royal etiquette. The attendants had placed her tabouret too near the royal chairs, so that it was partly overshadowed by the canopy of state. The princess Anne would not seat herself under it until it was removed to a correct distance from the state-chair of the queen her sister.<sup>3</sup>

Queen Mary was neither so much engrossed by her inquisition into the state of the chattels her father had left in his apartments, nor by the triumph of her accession on that memorable Ash-Wednesday, as to leave neglected a delicate stroke of diplomacy, whereby she trusted to sound the real intentions of archbishop Sancroft. The conduct of the primate was inscrutable to her consort and his courtiers. No character is so inexplicable to double dealers as the single-hearted—no mystery so deep to the utterers of falsehood as the simplicity of truth. When archbishop Sancroft resisted the measures of James II., as dangerous to the church of England, and tending to bring her back to the corruptions of Rome,

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The young lady was lady Rachel, daughter of the lord Russell, who was beheaded in 1683.

<sup>2</sup> The bonfires were lighted before the doors in that century; the bonfire, and the size of it, were the test of the loyalty and good-will of the householder.

<sup>3</sup> MSS. of Anstis, Garter King at Arms.

no one of the Orange faction believed for a moment in his sincerity. They took the conscientious and self-denying Christian for a political agitator—the raiser of a faction-howl, like Titus Oates. In their distrust of all that was good and true, they deemed that the primate of the church of England had some secret interest to carry, which had not been fathomed by William of Orange, on account of his want of familiarity with the technicalities of English ecclesiastical affairs; they supposed that the primate and the queen would perfectly understand each other. The queen had the same idea, and accordingly despatched two of her chaplains, one of whom was Dr. Stanley, to Lambeth, on the afternoon of the important proclamation day, to crave for her, archbishop Sancroft's blessing! The clerical messengers had, however, other motives besides this ostensible one; they were to attend service at the archbishop's private chapel, and note whether king James and his son were prayed for, and bring the report to the new queen.<sup>1</sup>

While her majesty waited for this important benediction, she once more took possession of the home of her childhood, St. James's palace, where she meant to tarry till her coronation, which circumstance a brilliant contemporary has thus illustrated in his description of that palace:—

“There, through the dusk-red towers—amidst his ring  
Of Vans and Mynheers, rode the Dutchman king;  
And there did England's Goneril thrill to hear  
The shouts that triumph'd o'er her crownless Lear.”<sup>2</sup>

The archbishop's chaplain, Wharton, went to his venerable master for directions as to “what royal personages he was to pray for in the service for Ash-Wednesday afternoon.” “I have no new directions to give you,” replied the archbishop. Wharton, who had been brought up in the church of England, had left it for the Roman-catholic creed, and turned again, determined to take the oath to William and Mary. He, therefore, affected to consider this injunction as a permission to use his own discretion, and prayed for the newly-elected sovereigns. The archbishop sent for him, in great displeasure, after service, and told him “that henceforth he must desist from this innovation, or leave off officiating in his chapel.” The expression of the archbishop in reproof of those who prayed for William and Mary, was, “that they would require to have the absolution repeated at the end of the service, as well as at the beginning.” The archbishop then admitted the messengers sent at the request of the queen for his blessing. “Tell your princess,” answered the uncompromising primate, “first to ask her father's blessing; without that, mine would be useless.”<sup>3</sup> The political ruse of requiring Sancroft's benediction is illustrative of Mary's assumption of

<sup>1</sup> Life of archbishop Sancroft, by Dr. D'Oyley, vol. i. p. 434. Wharton has likewise related these events in his curious Latin diary.

<sup>2</sup> New Timon, Part i., p. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Two contemporaries, who certainly never saw each other's historical reminiscences, relate this remarkable incident, but without marking the day when it occurred; these authorities are the duke of Berwick, in his Memoirs, and Lord Dartmouth, in his Notes. The fact is, therefore, indisputable.

godliness, and the response, of archbishop Sancroft's unswerving integrity in testing all such assumptions by the actions of the professor, whether princess or peasant.

In the second day of her reign, queen Mary manifested her inimical feelings to her uncles. Clarendon had retired to his seat in the country, for repose after his labours in the convention; he was both ill, and heart-sick at the aspect of the times. He wrote a letter, and gave it to his wife to deliver in person to his royal niece. This epistle doubtless contained an unwelcome disquisition on filial duty, for lady Clarendon, when she saw the demeanour of the queen, dared not deliver it. "My wife," wrote lord Clarendon, "had some discourse with the new queen on Thursday, (February 14th,) who told her she was much dissatisfied with me, and asked angrily, 'What has *he* to do with the succession?' Lady Clarendon assured her 'that he had acted for her and for her sister's true interest.' She moreover asked her majesty 'when she would please to see her uncle?' To which queen Mary replied, 'That she would not appoint any time.' Lady Clarendon asked, 'Whether she forbade his visits?' The queen said, 'She had nothing to do to forbid anybody coming to the withdrawing-room, but that she would not speak in private to him.'"<sup>1</sup> Her uncle, Laurence, was not more graciously treated. "My brother," continues lord Clarendon, "told me that the new queen had refused to see him, but that he had kissed king William's hand, who treated him civilly. My brother advised my wife not to deliver to the queen the letter I had written." Three days afterwards, queen Mary refused to see the children of her uncle Laurence. They were little girls of seven or eight years old, incapable of giving political offence.<sup>2</sup>

The expectation of the dissenters of England was, that a general union and community of property were to take place between them and the church of England, as the chief result of the revolution. Dr. Bates was the leader of a deputation from them. He had an audience both of the king and queen at St. James's Palace, soon after their accession, and made them an eloquent speech on the subject of this union. The reply of the queen was—

"I will use all endeavours for promoting any union necessary for edifying the church. I desire your prayers."<sup>3</sup>

Soon after this diplomatic reply, the new queen made close examination as to any reforms needed in the celebration of divine service at her royal chapel of St. James, and in consequence expelled forthwith "several fiddlers," who had received appointments in the choir, and sustained part, if not the whole, of the sacred music therein performed. Her majesty's religious deportment at church gave general satisfaction, but the behaviour of her spouse greatly scandalized all who saw him at church, where it was his pleasure to wear his hat. If ever he happened to be uncovered during the solemn recital of the liturgy, he invariably assumed his hat directly the sermon began. His partisans excused this

<sup>1</sup> Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. pp. 263, 264.

<sup>2</sup> White Kennet's History of England.

Ibid.

conduct by observing that such was the custom among the Dutch dissenters; they likewise pleaded that the Jews did the same; but the members of the church of England did not like the king's irreverent demeanour a whit the better on account of the examples he followed; the queen's suppression of "fiddling" was universally approved, but they could not away with the hat of her Dutch partner.<sup>1</sup>

King William being thoroughly impatient of London air, and of all the pomps and ceremonies connected with his accession, hurried the queen away with him to Hampton Court, where he secluded himself in utter retirement. "He was apt to be very peevish," says Burnet, "and to conceal his fretfulness put him in a necessity of being very much in his closet; he had promised his friends to set about being more visible, open, and communicative. The nation had been so much used to this in the two former reigns, that many persuaded him to be more accessible." He said 'that his ill health made it impossible.' In a very few days after he was on the throne, he withdrew to Hampton Court, and from that palace he only came to town on council days, so that the face of a court was now quite broke. This gave an early and general disgust. The gaiety and diversions of court disappeared; and, though the queen set herself to make up what was wanting in the king by a great vivacity and cheerfulness, yet, when it appeared that she meddled little in business, few found their account in making their court to her; though she gave great content to all that came to her, yet very few came." In the first days of their reign, William and Mary agreed upon the destruction and the reconstruction of the principal suite of state-rooms of the historical palace, Hampton Court.

It was the custom, at this time, for presentations to be made to the queen after service, when she was coming out of Hampton Court-chapel. Lord Clarendon writes, "In the evening, March 3d, 1689, my brother Laurence came to me, and told me that he had been to Hampton Court, where king William had, at last, presented him to the queen, but it was in the crowd as she came from church—he kissed her hand, and that was all."<sup>2</sup>

The veteran diplomatist, Danby, was extremely sedulous in his visits to Lambeth, hoping to induce archbishop Sancroft to crown the new sovereigns. The archbishop refused to crown either the king or queen, and, as well as lord Clarendon, persisted that he could not take any new oath of allegiance. Four of the bishops, who had been sent to the Tower by king James II., with two others of their episcopal brethren,<sup>3</sup> and several hundreds of the lower English clergy—among whom may be reckoned the revered names of Beveridge, Nelson, Stanhope, and Bherlock—followed the example of their primate, and forsook livings, property, and preferments, rather than violate their consciences, by

<sup>1</sup> Tindal's Continuation, p. 24, vol. i.

<sup>2</sup> Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 267.

<sup>3</sup> Archbishop Sancroft; Dr. Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells; Dr. Francis Turner, bishop of Ely; Dr. Lake, bishop of Chichester; Dr. White, bishop of Peterborough, and Dr. Lloyd, bishop of Norwich, were the non-juring prelates who refused to take oaths of allegiance to William and Mary.

breaking the oath they had sworn to the former sovereign.<sup>1</sup> By the great body of the people, they were infinitely revered; but from the triumphant party they obtained the rather ill-sounding designation of non-jurors or non-swearers. Although English ears are not delicate as to musical concord, they are remarkably so in regard to syllabic melody. The art of calling ill-sounding names has, therefore, been in all ages successfully practised by politicians in England. Queen Mary herself made some attempts at this easy but witless department of the war of words. For instance, she gave sir Roger l'Estrange, a literary partisan of her father, the cognomen of *Lying Strange Roger*. Her majesty deemed it was an anagram of his name; but her superfluous letters would puzzle the orthography of the adepts in making anagrams, or any other kind of word-twisting.

Her late chaplain, Dr. Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells, expressed himself indignantly, regarding her personal demeanour, at this juncture. He refused to quit his bishopric, or take the oaths to her. Queen Mary sarcastically observed, "Bishop Kenn is desirous of martyrdom in the non-juring cause, but I shall disappoint him." There was great political wisdom in this observation; yet there are few persons who would not have felt grieved at standing low in the estimation of a man whose moral worth ranked so high as that of Kenn.

An early opportunity occurred for the queen to reward the revolutionary services of Burnet, by his promotion to the valuable see of Salisbury. There was a great choice of rewards of the kind at the queen's disposal, for no less than six prelates of the reformed church of England died in the beginning of the year 1689. The queen exercised her functions as the "*dual head*" of the church, by a personal exhortation to the following effect:—"That she hoped that I (Burnet) would set a pattern to others, and would put in practice those notions with which I had taken the liberty sometimes to entertain her." The awkwardness

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<sup>1</sup> Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph, and Trelawney, bishop of Bristol, not only followed the revolutionary movement, but had been its agents. History continually shows, that although the human character is not always consistent in greatness of mind, it usually is so in meanness; it was not probable that Trelawney would sacrifice his interest to any scruple of obligation when he obtained his preferment by such prostrations as are in the following letter. James II. preferred too many such persons to ecclesiastical dignities, hoping that they would be pliable to his views. It was the worst injury he did to the church of England:

"THE REV. JONATHAN TRELAWNEY, to LAWRENCE HYDE, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

"My lord,

"Give me leave to throw myself at your lordship's feet, humbly imploring your patronage, if not for the bishopric of Peterborough, at least for Chichester, if the bishop of Exeter cannot be prevailed on to accept that now vacant see. Let me beseech your lordship to fix him there, and advance your creature (*meaning himself*) to Exeter, where I can serve the king (James II.) and your lordship. My estate must break to pieces if I find no better prop than the income of Eriswot, not greater than £300. If Peterborough and Chichester shall be both refused me, I shall not deny Bristol. But I hope the king (James II.) will have some tender compassion on *his slave*.

"July 10, 1685.

"J. TRELAWNEY."

and ungraciousness of this allusion to his "notions" and "liberty taken," are the faults of his style of expression, in which he was certainly inferior to the queen; the words are, however, precisely as he has left them.<sup>1</sup> The queen concluded her admonitions with a careful proviso regarding Mrs. Burnet's habiliments. "She recommended to me," he adds, "the making my wife an example to the clergymen's wives, both in the simplicity and plainness of her clothes, and in the humility of her deportment."<sup>2</sup> It is needful to mention here briefly, that the "notions" commended by her majesty were so very little to the taste of the English people, or the flock over which he extended his crosier, that his inaugural pastoral letter was condemned to be burnt by the common hangman; and accordingly it was thus executed by order of parliament—the national pride of England being aroused by a "notion" as untrue as it was insolent—the new bishop having declared that William and Mary exercised their regal power by right of conquest—a remarkably distasteful clause to the victors of Solebay. The execution of Dr. Burnet's sermon was not the only case of the kind in this reign. The lords sentenced a book published by Bentley, to be burnt by the common hangman in Old Palace Yard, intituled, "King William and Queen Mary Conquerors."<sup>3</sup>

The coronation of the joint-sovereigns next occupied the thoughts of every one at their court. The former regalia, with which queens-consort were inaugurated, was not deemed sufficiently symbolical of the sovereign power shared by Mary II., and a second globe, a sceptre, and a sword of state, were made for her. The queen-consort's crown was, however, considered proper for her use, and she was crowned with the beautiful diadem which her father had caused to be made for his queen, Mary Beatrice. An alteration of far greater import was effected in the coronation ceremony.<sup>4</sup> The oath was altered decidedly to a protestant tendency, and the sovereigns of England were no longer required to make their oath and practice diametrically opposite.<sup>5</sup>

The morning of April 11th brought a multitude of cares and agitations to the triumphant sovereigns in addition to the ceremony to which the day had been devoted. Just as their robing was completed, and they were about to set off for Westminster-hall, news arrived of the successful landing of James II. at Kinsale, in Ireland, and that he had taken peaceable possession of the whole island, with the exception of Londonderry and a few other towns. At the same moment the lord-chamberlain, lord Nottingham, delivered to Queen Mary the first letter her father had written to her since her accession. It was an awful one, and

<sup>1</sup> MS. of Burnet, Harleian MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> MS. Journal of the House of Lords, 1693.

<sup>4</sup> Regal Records, by J. Planché, Esq. Menin, and above all, the abstract of the coronation service forwarded to the princess Sophia at Hanover, just after the coronation of James II., shows the coronation oath before the alteration was made. King's MSS. Brit. Museum.

<sup>5</sup> The fact that the ancient catholic coronation oath, taken by queen Elizabeth, was likewise administered to the Stuart sovereigns is now firmly established; the very alteration here effected proves it, if any one doubts the evidence that exists.

the time of its reception was awful. King James wrote to his daughter "That hitherto he had made all fatherly excuses for what had been done, and had wholly attributed her part in the revolution to obedience to her husband, but the act of being crowned was in her own power, and if she were crowned while he and the prince of Wales were living, the curses of an outraged father would light upon her, as well as of that God who has commanded duty to parents." If queen Mary were not confounded by this letter, king William certainly was. Lord Nottingham, who recorded the scene as an eye-witness, declares "that the king forthwith thought fit to enter into a vindication of himself from having, by harsh authority, enforced the course of conduct which had brought on his wife her father's malediction, and he took the opportunity of declaring "that he had done nothing but by her advice, and with her approbation."<sup>1</sup> It was on this memorable occasion that, irritated by the ill news of her father's formidable position, the queen recriminated, "that if her father regained his authority, her husband might thank himself, for letting him go as he did."<sup>2</sup> These words were reported to James II., who from that hour believed, to use his own words, "that his daughter wished some cruelty or other to be perpetrated against him."<sup>3</sup>

The alarming news of the arrival of her father in Ireland was communicated to the princess Anne likewise, while she was dressing for the coronation. The political prospects of the Orange party seemed gloomy, and the ladies at the toilet of the princess Anne, who had jeered and mocked at the birth of the disinherited prince, were now silent, and meditated how they should make their peace if king James was restored. Mrs. Dawson was present, who had belonged to the household of Anne Hyde, duchess of York; she had been present at the birth of the exiled prince of Wales, as well as that of both his sisters. The princess Anne, in the midst of the apprehensions of the moment, asked Mrs. Dawson "whether she believed the prince of Wales was her brother or not?" "He is, madam, as surely your brother, the son of the king [James] and of his queen, as you are the daughter of the late duchess of York; and I speak what I know, for I was one of the first persons who received ye both in my arms."<sup>4</sup>

It will be remembered that, in the odious correspondence which took place between the princesses on this subject, it was mentioned that Mrs. Dawson had previously given the same solemn testimony to the princess Anne. She had, moreover, added technical evidence,<sup>5</sup> which must have brought conviction to any woman who was not predisposed to the falsehood, and desirous of believing the worst. Such conversations as these occurring, as they did, at the actual robing for the coronation of Mary and her spouse, resemble more the passionate dialogue of tragedy, where the identity of some princely claimant is discussed, than the dull routine of ceremonial in times closely approximating to our own. And then, as

<sup>1</sup> MSS. of lord Nottingham, printed in Dalrymple's Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clark, vol. ii. p. 329.

<sup>4</sup> Memoirs of James II., p. 329.

<sup>5</sup> Correspondence of the princess Anne and princess of Orange, Dalrymple's Appendix.

if to bring this drama of real life to a climax, the old exiled king, in his memoirs, after relating the horrid observation of his once-beloved Mary, bursts into the following agonizing exclamations:—

“When he heard this, he perceived that his own children had lost all bowels, not only of filial affection, but of common compassion, and were as ready as the Jewish tribe of old to raise the cry, ‘Away with him from the face of the earth!’ It was the more grievous, because the hand which gave the blow was most dear to him! Yet Providence gave her some share of disquiet, too, for this news coming just at their coronation, put a damp on those joys which had left no room in her heart for the remembrance of a fond and loving father. Like another Tullia, under the show of sacrificing all to her country’s liberty, she truly sacrificed her honour, her duty, and even religion, to drive out a peaceful Tullius, and set up another Tarquin in his place.”<sup>1</sup> This comparison of Mary II. with the Roman Tullia, which first occurred in the lamentation of her bereaved father, struck the key-note of the most tremendous satire that ever was aimed against a crowned head in modern times: but how or where the English poet met with the idea—whether it was a coincidence, or a communication from the exiled king at St. Germain’s—is a literary question of some interest.

The mere ceremonial of the coronation of Mary II. and William III sinks into flat and vapid verbiage, after its introductory scenes of stormy passion. Who, after the awful malediction and the agonizing bewailment, where the tenderness of the parent is still apparent, can pause to measure the length of trains, or value the weight of gold, or the lustre of jewels?

The strange scene of recrimination between the king and queen of the revolution must have taken place nearly at their entering on the business of the day. It explains what Lamberty mysteriously affirms, “that all was ready for the coronation by eleven o’clock;” but such were the distractions of that eventful day, “that the ceremony did not commence till half-past one.” The king went from the palace of Whitehall nearly an hour before the queen, descended the Privy Stairs where his royal barge waited, entered it with his suite, and was rowed to Westminster Palace. He arrived at the Parliament water-stairs, passed up by Old Palace-yard at ten o’clock, and went direct to the “Prince’s chamber,” where he reposed himself, and was invested with his surcoat and parliamentary robes. This chamber, used as a robing-room on these state occasions, belonged to the old palace of Westminster: it was once the state-apartment of the heir of the crown.

The queen, who received the news of her father’s landing in Ireland just after the completion of her toilet, retired from the foregoing discussion to perform the private devotions considered suitable for a coronation morning. When her majesty left Whitehall, which was an hour subsequently to the king, she was attired in her parliamentary robes, furred with ermine; on her head she wore a circlet of gold richly adorned with precious stones. In this array, she entered her chair, and

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of James II.*, vol. ii. pp. 328, 329.



was carried from Whitehall palace, through the Privy Garden,<sup>1</sup> thence into the Channel or Cannon row, and so across New Palace-yard, up Westminster Hall into the large state room called the Court of Wards, where she rested herself while "the proceeding" was set in order in the hall.<sup>2</sup>

The place of the princess Anne is not noted in any account of the procession—in fact, her situation rendered it imprudent for her to take any part, excepting that of a spectator. Her husband, prince George of Denmark, went in the robes of an English peer, as duke of Cumberland, which title his brother-in-law, king William, had recently bestowed on him. The prince walked next to the archbishop of York, and took precedence of the nobility.<sup>3</sup>

The peers were called over by the heralds in the house of Lords, and the peeresses in the painted-chamber, "where," adds the herald, as if it were an unusual custom, "their majesties were graciously pleased to be present," no doubt for the purpose of specially noting the absentees, "for," observes Lamberty, "the number of peers and peeresses at the coronation of William and Mary was remarkably small, and not by a great number equalling the procession in the preceding coronation." He declares, being drawn up in order, the peers and peeresses were conducted four abreast from the court of requests, down the great stone staircase into Westminster Hall, and their majesties followed them by the same way, as the herald says, "they took their places in Westminster Hall, and their seats on the throne, then placed above the table."

The coronation medal illustrated the sudden dethroning of the late king. Thereon, Phæton was represented as stricken from his car. Neither the subject nor the execution, nor the motto, was greatly relished by Evelyn; neither that of another medal, representing the British oak shattered, while a flourishing orange-tree grew by the stem, with the motto, "Instead of acorns, golden oranges." "Much of the splendour of the ceremony," continues Evelyn, "was abated by the absence of divers who should have contributed to it. There were but *five* bishops and four judges; no more had taken the oaths: several noblemen and great ladies were absent." In all probability, the alarming news of James II. being reigning in the green island had caused the absence of many time-servers. The chief peculiarity in the ceremony was that of the double regal-household, and the addition of those who carried the regnant-queen's orb, regal-sceptre, and state-sword.

At the recognition both the king and queen appeared on the platform, and the demand was made, "whether the people would accept William and Mary for their king and queen;" the answer was as usual, by acclamation. "The king was presented by the bishop of London, although," adds Lamberty, "the archbishop of York was actually in the abbey, the queen by the bishop of St. Asaph; the bishop of Rochester, as dean of

<sup>1</sup> "When Whitehall existed," says Menin, "a way was opened through Privy Gardens to New Palace Yard, for the chairs, not only of the queen, but the nobility, by special order of the lord chamberlain."

<sup>2</sup> Menin's English Coronations of William and Mary, pp. 6-16, and Lamberty. Ibid.

the church, gave the king instructions how he was to conduct himself; notwithstanding these instructions, an odd blunder occurred: their majesties were kneeling by the rail of the altar, at the time when their first offering was to be made, consisting of twenty guineas wrapped in a piece of rich silk; the envelope was there, but, alas, the gold was absent! The grand-chamberlain looked aghast at the lord-treasurer, the lord-treasurer returned the glance, then each demanded of the other the guineas for the offering—none were forthcoming. The gold bason was handed to the king, the king was penniless—to the queen, her majesty had no money. The bason remained void, a long pause ensued, which every one began to deem excessively ridiculous;” when lord Danby who had had assuredly enough of the public money, drew out his purse and counted out twenty guineas for the king, the bason was therefore not sent empty away.

The Holy Bible was presented for king William and queen Mary to kiss, and it was especially noticed that it was not presented to king James, and that there was no communion-service at the preceding coronation. Dr. Burnet, the new bishop of Salisbury, then presented himself in the pulpit, and preached his sermon from the following text, 2 Samuel, xxiii. 3, 4. “The God of Israel said, the rock of Israel spake to me: He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds.” The sermon lasted just half an hour, and their majesties were observed to be very attentive to it. It was considered to be an excellent one, and so it was,—for the purpose, being an invective on the queen’s father by name from beginning to end.<sup>1</sup>

The bishop of London tendered the coronation-oath according to the recent alterations, “to maintain the scripture and the protestant religion as established by law.” The king and queen replied simultaneously to each proposition, blending their voices in assent, and each holding up the right hand. They likewise kissed the book together. The unction was not simultaneous, the bishop of London first poured the oil on the head of William, and then went to the queen and performed the same ceremony.<sup>2</sup>

King William appropriated all that was possible of the ceremonials, symbolical of sovereign power, wholly to himself. Queen Mary was neither girt with the sword, nor assumed the spurs or armilla, like the two queens-regnant, her predecessors. When the sword was offered at the altar, Mary and her regal partner carried it between them, when the difference of their stature must have had an odd effect; and the action itself, a diminutive man, and a very tall, fully formed woman, carrying an enormous sword between them, appeared rather absurd. The ancient coronation-ring by which England had been wedded to her royal admiral, James II., still encircled his finger, for he mentions his struggle to preserve it in the scene of his direst distress, when plundered by the rabble at Feversham. As he was successful, it is certain that this ancient

<sup>1</sup> Menin’s English Coronations of William and Mary, p. 64; likewise Lamberty.

<sup>2</sup> Lamberty’s History, vol. ii., p. 247. He was present, being actually one of Bentinck’s secretaries.

gem was never worn by either Mary or her spouse. There exist, in fact, accounts of charges made by the court-jeweller, at this time, for two new coronation-rings.

The archbishop of Canterbury having positively refused to crown either William or Mary, his office was performed by the former tutor of the queen, Compton, bishop of London. The usual supporters, the bishops of Durham, and of Bath and Wells, were likewise absent—one was infirm, the other said "he would not come." Altogether, it was a coronation completely out of sorts: something new and extraordinary happened in every part of it, and ever and anon fresh tidings respecting the progress of James II. in Ireland were discussed between the parties most concerned. Queen Mary looked hot and flushed, and being commiserated by her sister, made that well-known rejoinder, "A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it appears."<sup>1</sup>

The queen's train was borne by the duchess of Somerset, (the celebrated Percy heiress,) who was assisted by the queen's aunt, lady Henrietta Hyde, accompanied by lady Diana Vere, lady Elizabeth Cavendish, and lady Elizabeth Paulet.

The additional length of the service, owing to the partnership-regality and the interruptions occasioned by the absence of the cash for the offering, caused such delay, that the crown was not set on the head of the queen until four o'clock.<sup>2</sup> The coronation-banquet was in Westminster-hall. The story goes, that the challenge, when given, was accepted, for when Dymoke flung down the glove, an old woman upon crutches hobbled out of the crowd, picked it up, and retreated with singular agility, leaving a lady's glove in its place, in which was an answer to the challenge, time and place being appointed in Hyde-park. It is certain that some incident of an extraordinary kind connected with the usual challenge of the champion took place, according to the narrative of a person present, the diplomatist and historian, Lamberty, who says, "when the proper time arrived for the entrance of the champion, minute passed after minute—at last two hours wore away. The pause in the high ceremonial began to be alarming, and promised to be still more awkward than that in the morning. Sir Charles Dymoke at last made his entrance in the dusk, almost in the dark." "He was the son of James II.'s champion,"<sup>3</sup> continues Lamberty; "he made his challenge in the name of our sovereign lord and lady William and Mary. I heard the sound of his gauntlet when he flung it on the ground, but as the light in Westminster-hall had utterly failed, no person could distinguish *what was done*." The circumstances of the challenge are thus proved by Lamberty to have been favourable enough for the adventure mentioned by tradition. "The banquet," he says, "had not been lighted up," and the long delay of the challenge of the champion made it past eight o'clock before the king and queen retired from Westminster-hall.

<sup>1</sup> Oldmixon's History of the Stuarts.

<sup>2</sup> Lamberty.

<sup>3</sup> Others declare that he was the same champion who had challenged the world in behalf of James II., and that he was troubled with a qualm of conscience, or uncomfortable feeling, regarding the absurdity of his position when repeating the ceremony for those who had dethroned his former master.

A stalwart champion, who, by his attitudes, seemed an excellent swordsman, was observed to pace up and down the appointed spot in Hyde-park from two to four the next day.<sup>1</sup> Dymoke did not appear to maintain his own defiance, and the champion of James II. went his way unscathed for his boldness. This incident has been told as a gossip's tale pertaining to every coronation in the last century, which took place while an heir of James II. existed. Sir Walter Scott has made use of it in his romance of "Red Gauntlet." If it ever took place, it must have been at the coronation of William III. and Mary II. The times were most unsettled; half the people considered them usurpers, and the other half fully expected the return of James II., which perhaps encouraged the adventure.

Next day the House of Commons in a full body walked from Westminster to the Banqueting-house, where they attended their majesties, to congratulate them on their coronation, in a speech which we do not inflict on our readers at length, but merely quote the concluding line, which seems to allude to the altered coronation-oath. "That the lustre of their deeds might eclipse their predecessors, so that the English should no longer date their laws and liberties from Saint Edward the Confessor's days, but from those of William and Mary." To this address the queen did not reply; her lord and master briefly answered, "that by God's assistance they both hoped to render them shortly a flourishing people."<sup>2</sup> A great pearl and divers pieces of plate and pewter bearing the royal arms of England were lost or stolen at the coronation. A notice appeared in the Gazette, inviting those who had them to return them to the board of green-cloth. The king and queen were at Hampton Court receiving ambassadors, April 18, with congratulations on their coronation.

The sovereignty of Scotland was assumed by Mary and her consort, without a trace of coronation-ceremonial. In truth, the commissioners could not get at the Scottish regalia, as it was safe in Edinburgh Castle, held out by the duke of Gordon for James II. The earl of Argyle, sir James Montgomery, and sir John Dalrymple of Stair, were the commissioners sent by post from the convention<sup>3</sup> of the estates of Scotland, to offer them the northern sovereignty, assisted by a procession of such of the Scotch nobility in London as could be induced to attend. Mary and William entered the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, in state. A sword was carried before them by lord Cardross. They seated themselves on a throne under a rich canopy; the commissioners being introduced by sir Charles Cottrell, the earl of Argyle prefaced his presentation of the letter from the estates, with a speech affirming that the king and queen had been called to the Scottish throne by the unanimous votes of the senate. But in reality Dundee and all the unequivocal friends of James II. had left the house of convention, after almost fighting a battle there, and had flown to arms before the vote was passed.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

<sup>2</sup> White Kennet's History of England.

<sup>3</sup> The whole scene and documents are given from the official account of the transaction, published in Edinburgh, May 24, 1689, re-edited by J. Malcolm, 1811.

The Scottish coronation oath was tendered to the king and queen. Lord Argyle pronounced distinctly, word by word, and Mary as well as William repeated it after him, holding up their right hands, according to the custom of taking oaths in Scotland :

"We, William and Mary, king and queen of Scotland, faithfully promise and swear, by this our solemn oath, in the presence of the eternal God, that, during the whole course of our life, we will serve the same eternal God to the uttermost of our power, according as he has required in his most holy word, revealed and contained in the New and Old Testament; and according to the same word, shall maintain the true religion of Jesus Christ, the preaching of his holy word, and the due and right administration of his sacraments now received and preached within the realm of Scotland, and shall abolish and *gain-stand* all false religion contrary to the same, and shall rule the people committed to our charge, according to the laudable laws and constitutions received in this realm, no ways repugnant to the said word of the eternal God; and shall procure, to the utmost of our power, to the *kirk* of God and whole Christian people, true and perfect peace in all time coming. That we shall preserve and keep inviolated the rights and *rents*, with all just privileges of the crown of Scotland, neither shall we transfer or alienate the same. That we shall forbid and repress, in all estates and degrees, reif (robbery), oppression, and all kinds of wrong. And we shall command and procure that justice and equity be kept to all persons without exception, as the Lord and Father of mercies shall be merciful to us. And we shall be careful to root out all heretics"——

Here king William interrupted the earl of Argyle, and said, "If this means any sort of persecution, I will not take the oath;" the commissioner replied, "It was not meant in any such sense;" and the voices of the king and his consort again proceeded in unison.

"And we shall be careful to root out all heretics, and enemies to the true worship of God, that shall be convicted, by the *true kirk* of God, of the aforesaid crimes, out of our lands and empire of Scotland. And we faithfully affirm the things above written by our solemn oath."<sup>1</sup>

"Under our hands, April 24, 1689."

Before the signature, the earl of Argyle explained to their majesties that "obstinate heretics, by the law of Scotland, can *only* be denounced and outlawed, and their moveable goods confiscated." And this interpretation appearing to imply "no persecution" in the eyes of William and his consort, the ceremonial was completed, each signing the deed.

The oath of allegiance to William and Mary was remarkable for its simplicity; it ran thus: "I do promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to their majesties king William and queen Mary. So help me God."<sup>2</sup>

When the coronation was over, the people expected to see the king take the queen in grand state to her houses of parliament; strange to say, although elected by them to the regal diadem of England, her majesty never attained the privilege of meeting her constituents assembled. Yet it had been usual, in former ages, for the kings of England to bring their consorts with them to parliament on grand occasions, even when

<sup>1</sup> From many expressions in this oath, it appears doubtful whether any alteration had been effected since the prevalent religion had become presbyterian in the north.

<sup>2</sup> Parliamentary Debates, vol. ii. p. 263.

such queens claimed no higher royalty than that bestowed by the crown-matrimonial. For instance, Anne of Denmark meant to have accompanied her spouse when he intended to open parliament, on the well known fifth of November, to identify which fact, no other document need be quoted than the Common Prayer Book, where thanksgiving is duly recorded for her preservation, as well as for that of king and parliament. Charles I. was not deterred by the danger of his mother; he brought his bride, Henrietta, to parliament, and seated her on the throne by him. All which was no innovation, but according to the frequent examples of their Plantagenet ancestors. Therefore the petty jealousy of the Orange king, which interposed betwixt the English senate and the daughter of England, was the more remarkable.

There is a curious Dutch print,<sup>1</sup> representing what never took place—namely, a grand state-progress of William and Mary returning through the park to St. James's palace, after opening their first parliament. The queen is depicted in her royal robes, invested with the crown and sceptre, similar regal emblems to those borne by her husband. William and Mary are drawn as seated in a fine four-posted car, the pillars ornamented and draped with festoons. The queen's face is girlish and laughing, and so broad withal, that no likeness is apparent; were it not for being seated by William, whose resemblance to his other portraits is remarkable, her identity might be doubted. The royal procession is delineated as passing towards St. James's, near that spot where the solitary cannon now stands. Although the design comprises a curious and correct drawing of old Whitehall-palace, yet the whole must be deemed no other than a Dutch figment; an invention of an incident very probable and very proper, yet which never actually occurred; for the fact may be indisputably ascertained by the Gazette<sup>2</sup> of that year, that king William never went by land to meet his parliament in the first years of his reign, but slipped there by water privately, and went without his queen. In proof of this, a few retrospective passages are here offered.

"Five days after the proclamation of William and Mary, Feb 18, 1688-9, the king entered his state-barge at Whitehall Stairs, and was rowed in a few minutes to Parliament Stairs (Westminster Palace) where he was received by the great officers of state, the yeomen of the guard making a lane for him to pass all the way from the water side to the Prince's Lodging;<sup>3</sup> he wore the parliamentary robes, and the state-crown was set upon his head." Thus William III. met his parliament for the first time; his ostensible purpose being to pass an act to prevent acrimonious and violent disputations in debates.<sup>4</sup> The king returned in the same quiet and closely guarded manner to Whitehall, assuredly without the queen, or the Gazette must unavoidably have named her.

<sup>1</sup> Print-room, British Museum, Crowle's Illustrations of London, vol. ix.

<sup>2</sup> The Gazette was formally recognised then as an organ of government.

<sup>3</sup> The robing-room of Westminster-palace, anciently the principal apartment of the English heir-apparent. The bodies of William, of the young duke of Gloucester, of prince George of Denmark, and of queen Anne successively laid to state in this very room, one of the scenes of their worldly glories.

<sup>4</sup> Gazette (British Museum) of February 21, 1688-9

William again wore the crown and robes the next week, Feb. 25, and again he went and came by water to parliament, his armed guards forming an impervious line for his passage from Parliament Stairs till he reached the interior of the ancient palace of Edward the Confessor.

In short, the Gazette enumerates king William's visits to parliament, both before and after the coronation of himself and Mary, as taking place at least every week while he was in London; yet never by any chance is the queen named as his companion in these short voyages from Whitehall Stairs to Parliament Stairs. The fact that William III. wore the state-crown and robes in parliament almost every third day, whenever he was in or near London, stands in odd contradiction to his assumed preference of simplicity, and scorn of royal magnificence. Perhaps he had satiated himself thus early in his reign with the coveted externals of majesty, and found no permanent satisfaction in their use. His queen, however, had no chance of coming to the same conclusion, for she never was permitted to have any communication with her parliament, excepting by means of deputations, which carried up addresses to her; and her usual mode of receiving them, was, seated by her husband in that very fatal banqueting room where the last tragic scene in the life of her hapless grandsire, Charles I., had been performed. When it is remembered, how sadly and solemnly Mary had been accustomed from early infancy to observe the anniversary of the butchery that formerly had there taken place—how she had been taught to raise her little hands in prayer—how she had seen her father and mother in mourning garb and bitter sorrow seclude themselves with all their children and household, and pass the 30th of January in tears and supplications to Heaven, it seems passing strange that she could shake off her early impressions so far as to endure such receptions, especially, as it has been shown, that her customary observance of that day of sad remembrances had been rudely broken by her husband.

King William returned in the middle of May from Portsmouth, whither he had been to see the English fleet after its return from the defeat of Bantry Bay, in Ireland. The queen went with him soon after, to look at the earl of Nottingham's house, at Kensington, which they were inclined to purchase. Their majesties liked the situation, but did not think the building sufficient; yet they proposed to the earl of Nottingham to resign his rights to the lease he held from the crown of Kensington-house for the sum of 20,000*l.*, to be paid out of the treasury.<sup>1</sup> King William considered the air wholesome, notwithstanding its vicinity to London, and that it would be possible to hold councils there when his asthma would not permit him to breathe a smoke-polluted atmosphere.<sup>2</sup>

The solemn entry of the Dutch ambassadors, being Odyck, Dyckvelt, and four others, to congratulate the king and queen on their coronation, took place at the end of May. On their landing at the Tower, the royal state-carriages came for them, both those of the king and queen, attended by sixteen pages and sixty running footmen, in splendid liveries. The Dutchmen were then brought to Cleveland-house, St. James's, where

<sup>1</sup> Tindal's Continuation, p. 41, vol. i.

<sup>2</sup> Lamberty.

they received messages of welcome from the king, by lord Cornwallis, from the queen, by sir Edward Villiers, her master of Horse. Lord Cornbury brought compliments from prince George, and the princess Anne sent colonel Sands on the same errand.<sup>1</sup> Such enumeration gives information regarding the persons who were at the important epoch of the coronation in the most responsible offices about the persons of the royal sisters and their spouses.

"The coldness that soon ensued between the princess Anne, and her sister the queen, partly arose," observes lady Marlborough, "from the conviction that William III. had, that the princess and her husband, prince George of Denmark, had been of more use than they were ever like to be again, and partly from the different humours of the two sisters. Queen Mary soon grew weary of anybody who would not talk a great deal, and the princess Anne was so silent that she rarely spoke excepting to ask a question." Whilst giving the world these characteristics of the royal sisters, the writer indulges in an enthusiastic flow of self-praise, because she, "by earnest representations, kept her mistress from quarrelling with the new queen. It was impossible for anybody to labour more than I did, to keep the two sisters in perfect unison and friendship, thinking it best for them not to quarrel when their true interest and safety were jointly concerned to support the revolution." There were likewise other interests at stake; for, if we may believe the uncle of the queen and princess, strong bribes had been promised to this person and her husband,<sup>2</sup> for the service of inducing the princess Anne to give precedence to her brother-in-law at his coronation.

Great rewards and honours had been distributed, at the coronation, among all the agents and promoters of the revolution, especially those who held situations in the households of either Mary or Anne. Lord Churchill received the title of earl of Marlborough, and a rich income arising from court-places; and from this time his wife, whose domination over the mind of the princess Anne rendered her the ruler of her fortunes, and the leading spirit of her history, will be known by the name of lady Marlborough.

But to the infinite consternation of the princess Anne she discovered, that whatsoever golden harvests other agents of the revolution had reaped, she herself, so far from having bettered her condition, was likely to be deprived of the certain and liberal income which had been settled on her by her indulgent sire. It had been whispered to her that king William, when examining the treasury-lists, had said to lord Godolphin, "that he was astonished to think how it was possible for the princess Anne to spend her revenue of thirty thousand pounds per annum?"<sup>3</sup> As Anne had been mal-content with her father for not adding ten thou-

<sup>1</sup> Gazette, May 27, 1689.

<sup>2</sup> Likewise, Sheffield duke of Buckingham's Narrative of the Revolution, vol. ii. p. 87. This accomplished noble deserves belief, because, like Clarendon, he was in that revolution unstained by bribes, self-interest, or treachery.

<sup>3</sup> Conduct of duchess of Marlborough, p. 32. The amount was really 32,000*l.* allowed by James II., as a foregoing document has shown.



sand pounds to this allowance, it may be supposed that the observation of her brother-in-law created some alarm in her mind.

It had been discussed in the royal circle, that it was quite a novelty for any junior branch of the royal family to receive an independent revenue. Even the princes of Wales had never been entrusted with any revenue that was not controlled by the king,<sup>1</sup> at least, such was bishop Burnet's version of history. These were ominous hints, for the princess Anne, who had actually yielded her place in the succession to her brother-in-law, on the promise of a large addition to her revenue. So far from that promise being realized, king William seemed to consider that a separate table ought not to be allowed to any cadet branches of royalty. Certainly the king's conduct at his own table was not of that courtly polish, which would render a domestication at his board during life a very pleasant anticipation. "I could," says lady Marlborough, who speaks as an eye-witness, "fill many sheets with the brutalities that were done to the princess in this reign. William III. was indeed so ill-natured, and so little polished by education, that neither in great things, nor in small, had he the manners of a gentleman. I give an instance of his worse than vulgar behaviour at his own table, when the princess dined with him. It was the beginning of his reign, and some weeks before the princess was put to bed of the duke of Gloucester. There happened to be just before her a plate of green peas, the first that had been seen that year. The king, without offering the princess the least share of them, drew the plate before him, and devoured them all. Whether he offered any to the queen I cannot say, but he might have done that safely enough, for he knew she durst not touch one. The princess Anne confessed when she came home, that she had so much mind for the peas, that she was afraid to look at them, and yet could hardly keep her eyes off them."<sup>2</sup> Some relators of this anecdote add, that, on account of her earnest wish for green peas, the Hampton Court gardens and forcing-houses had been searched to gratify the princess Anne, whose situation rendered disappointment in such cravings somewhat dangerous.

Assuredly hospitality was not among the royal virtues on the throne; when the king dined at St. James's palace, no one was permitted to eat with him but the Marshal Schomberg, the general of the foreign troops, and some Dutch officers. Schomberg was always placed at the right hand of king William. If any English noblemen came in, according to their national custom, during the royal dinner, they stood behind William's chair, and never a word did the monarch speak to them, nor were they ever invited to sit down to eat, a courtesy common in such cases. So there did the haughty English stand, humbled and neglected witnesses

<sup>1</sup> There were few instances of adults possessing the dignity; but according to the ancient laws, the provision in Cornwall was devoted to the heir of England from his birth, with separate officers for its management. Wales itself had sometimes to be reconquered, as in the reign of Henry IV.

<sup>2</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 115; likewise Echard, in his *History of England*.

of the meal of the Dutchmen, who evidently deemed themselves their conquerors. The earl of Marlborough had, as an aid-de-camp, a young noble cadet, named Dillon, who had formed a great intimacy with Arnold von Keppel, the handsome page and favourite of the Dutch king. These boys were usually present at the royal dinners: Dillon observed to Keppel, "that he had been present at several of them before he heard the king utter one word to any body;" and asked, "Does your master ever speak?" "Oh yes," replied the young favourite, "he talks fast enough at night over his bottle, when he has none about him but his Dutch friends."<sup>1</sup> His bottle was not one that could be produced before the proud English magnates, who were too apt to commit excess with champagne or burgundy, but they scorned Hollands-gin.

Lady Marlborough sent for young Dillon, and questioned him on what he saw and heard at the king's table. The boy told the truth, which was in all probability what her spouse did not; he said, "that he never saw any man treated with such neglect and contempt as lord Marlborough." "It is just what he deserves," exclaimed the gracious helpmate, who had certainly led him into this awkward situation, "he should have considered how much better he was off some months ago!" This speech marks the earliest period that can be traced of enmity expressed by the favourite of the princess Anne towards the sovereign of the revolution. The weak intellect of the princess followed the lead of her ruler as a matter of course. From the same source—the gossiping of the two pages, Keppel and Dillon—king William was reported to have said, "that lord Marlborough had the best talents for war of any one in England, but he was a vile man, and though he had himself profited by his treasons, he abhorred the traitor."<sup>2</sup> William really acted according to this idea, for he gave Marlborough the command of the English troops sent to Holland, to fill the place of Dutch forces kept to awe the English, and removed him for some months, from communication with the factions fermenting at court.

Other causes of dissension had arisen; they were, it is true, of an undignified nature, and resembled more the petty bickerings of lodgers in humble dwellings, than aspirants for royal dignity in palaces. When the changes took place at the revolution, Anne was, with her favourite, very vigilant to secure all that could accrue for their personal convenience. They had fixed their desires on those splendid apartments at Whitehall, which had been built, rebuilt, and fitted up several times by Charles II. to indulge the luxury of the duchess of Portsmouth. This grant king William had promised Anne before the arrival of her sister.

When queen Mary was settled at Whitehall, the earl of Devonshire, who had a great taste for balls, made interest with queen Mary to be put in possession of them, declaring "that these apartments were the best in England for dancing." The princess averred "that she desired these apartments because of their easy access and vicinity to those of the queen," and that "she was ready to give up the Cockpit in exchange for

<sup>1</sup> Carte Papers, printed by Macpherson. Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 282    <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

them." Unfortunately, queen Mary happened to say "she would consult the earl of Devonshire on the subject," which gave her sister high displeasure. The princess sullenly observed, "whichever way *he* decided, *she* would not take the earl of Devonshire's leavings."<sup>1</sup> It appears that king William interposed his authority, that the princess Anne might have the benefit of his promise, and she remained in full possession of the Cockpit, and of these coveted apartments as well. Having, therefore, obtained her own way, and more than she had originally desired, it was scarcely reasonable to cherish resentment on the subject.

The next acquisition desired by the princess Anne was the palace of Richmond. She said, "that she loved it in her infancy, and the air agreed with her." Richmond had been, since the time of Henry VII., the seat of the heir to the crown, a fact which did not lessen its charms in the eyes of the princess Anne. But lady Villiers, the deceased governess of the princess, had had a lease of the palace, and madame Puissars, one of her daughters, had obtained the reversion, and refused to yield it to the heiress of the throne. The mistress of William III., Elizabeth Villiers, and the arrogant favourite of the princess Anne, declared fierce war against each other in the course of the controversy; but the matter ended by the triumph of the Villiers' alliance.<sup>2</sup> From that hour, the hostility extended itself to the royal sisters, although for some time their mutual heart-burnings rested smothering under the semblance of kindness.

The unpopular seclusion in which William III. enveloped himself at Hampton Court was no more to the taste of his queen than it was to that of the English in general. Many indications showed that Mary had an extraordinary relish for pleasure, yet her first attempts at dissipation brought considerable mortification with them.

In June, 1689, several skirmishes had taken place between the Williamite army in Ireland and the troops of James II. Blood had flowed, soldiers in the name of the queen and her husband were constantly arrayed against the life of her father, and fresh reports were every day raised that king James was killed, taken, or had died of fatigue or grief. Just as these agitating rumours were the most rife in London, king William came for a few days to hold privy-councils at St. James's palace, and his queen took that opportunity of recreating herself with seeing a play. There was but one play which had been forbidden to be acted by James II., and this his daughter particularly desired to see performed; this was the *Spanish Friar*, by Dryden; it was disliked by James II., because its licentious comic scenes held up one of the Roman church to ridicule. It deserved banishment altogether for its sins against general decorum. The queen had probably never read the drama; for, instead of finding, as she hoped, passages which would tell severely against her father, she found that the tragic part of the plot seemed as if it had been written for her own especial castigation. Perhaps the great enmity she ever manifested against Dryden arose from some vague idea that he had purposely caused the vexation she endured that night.

<sup>1</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. pp. 27-29.

"The only time," wrote her lord-chamberlain, Nottingham,<sup>1</sup> "that her majesty gave herself the diversion of a play, has furnished the town with discourse for a month. Some unlucky expressions put her in disorder, and forced her to hold up her fan, often look behind her, and call for her palatine (pelerine), hood, or anything she could contrive to speak of to her women. It so happened, that every speech in that play seemed to come home to her, as there was a strong report about town that her father James II. was dead in Ireland; and whenever anything applicable was said, every one in the pit turned their heads over their shoulders, and directed their looks most pointedly at her." Nor could this be wondered at,—for a daughter sitting to see a play acted, which was too free for the morals of *that* age, at the moment when news had just arrived that her own father was dead, was indeed a sight to be gazed upon with consternation. The English public, notwithstanding all that partisans may do or say, always feel rightly in such cases, and they took care that the queen should be conscious of that feeling.

"Twenty things were said, which were wrested by the audience to her confusion. When it was uttered on the stage, 'Tis observed at court who weeps, and who wears black, for good king Sancho's death,' the words were made to come home to her. Again, when the queen of Arragon is going in procession, it is said, 'She usurps the throne, keeps the old king in prison, and, at the same time, is praying for a blessing on her army.' Another speech occurred, 'Can I seem pleased to see my royal master murdered, his crown usurped, a distaff on his throne? What right has this queen but lawless force?' The observations then made, furnished the town with talk, till something else happened, which gave as much occasion of discourse." The historical scene above narrated, which really may be cited as part of a drama performed by the spectators of a comedy, receives no little corroboration by a manuscript entry at the lord-chamberlain's office, noting that, just at this period, Mrs. Betterton received a donation from Mary II. for performing in the Spanish Friar, by the queen's command.

Another play was ordered by the queen, to which she came not. Most likely king William himself had commanded the queen's absence, since she had so far forgotten her political position, as to order the cavalier comedy of *The Committee*; and he or his ministers foresaw some mortifying manifestation of popular feeling during its representation. In fact, such was the case, as recorded by the pen of Lamberty, the secretary of his prime minister, Bentinck. This writer says, that when the roundheads tender the oath to the commonwealth to the loyal colonels, Blunt and Careless, those cavaliers reply, "Why should we take it when the king will be restored in a few days?" When the passage occurred, the pit rose simultaneously, and gave three rounds of applause. The popular allusion pointed at the oath just tendered, at the coronation of William and Mary.

<sup>1</sup> Autograph letter, written by Daniel Finch lord Nottingham, dated June, 1689; given by Dr. Percy to sir John Dalrymple; see his *Appendix*, p. 78. It is likewise printed by Dr. Birch.

The master of the revels, from the time of those memorable performances, was a harassed and distressed man,—his duty leading him to weigh every word on the stage, and to examine in all possible lights the action, lest the perverse public should draw therefrom any allusion to the queen's father in the plays permitted to be performed. Shakespeare was viewed with peculiar suspicion, for the inquisition extended not only to new plays, but to those stamped with the admiration of several generations. King Lear was condemned root and branch,—no one could wonder at that circumstance; but, alas! the master of the revels flew upon Richard the Third, when it was afterwards revived at a great expense, and docked off unmercifully a whole act. The players lamented piteously, and begged "that a few speeches of Shakespeare might be restored to them, only to make the remaining four acts intelligible." "Not one!" replied the director of the diversions of royalty. At last the distressed manager ventured to ask the reason wherefore the play of Richard the Third was alarming to the court? "Because," replied the great man, "the death of Henry VI. will remind the people of king James II., now living in France!"<sup>1</sup>

From these anecdotes, and from others illustrative of queen Mary's tastes and proceedings, at the epoch of her accession, it becomes evident that her majesty wished to frequent the national theatres with the freedom of her uncle, Charles, and that king William chose that she should confine her diversions to the palace-theatres,<sup>2</sup> or to the basset-table.

"Her majesty," continues lord Nottingham, "being disappointed of her second play,<sup>3</sup> amused herself with other diversions. She dined at Mrs. Graden's, the famous woman in the Hall,<sup>4</sup> that sells fine ribbons and head-dresses. From thence, she went to Mrs. Ferguson's, to De Vett's, and other Indian houses, but not to Mrs. Potter's, though in her way. Mrs. Potter said, 'that she might as well have hoped for that honour as others, considering that the whole design of bringing queen Mary and king William was hatched at her house.' But it seems that since my lord Devonshire has got Mrs. Potter to be laundress, she has not had much countenance of the queen."<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The master of the revels, according to Colley Cibber, is the inferior officer of the lord-chamberlain. From that time "Richard the Third" has commenced with the line

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths."

Previously the tragedy opened with the death of Henry the Sixth; whether Shakespeare left it thus is a question, but as a matter of taste, merely considering "Richard" as a glorious dramatic poem, and without being biassed in favour of the reasons of Mary II.'s revel-master, we think that the modern commencement gives the most pleasure to the reader.

<sup>2</sup> Gazette, Feb. 1688-9.—There is the queen's theatre, Dorset-gardens, mentioned in the Gazette, but no notice of her going there. It becomes a question of some antiquarian curiosity to ascertain in what theatre the strange interlude was performed between her majesty and her good people, which lord Nottingham gives us.

<sup>3</sup> Lamberty.

<sup>4</sup> Either Westminster Hall or Exeter Change, which were two bazaars at that time.

<sup>5</sup> Lord Nottingham's letter, as above.

These tours through the curiosity shops, then called Indian houses, were rather more respectable than the next freak queen Mary thought fit to indulge in. The queen had heard that Mrs. Wise, a famous fortune-teller, had prophesied that king James II. should be restored, and that the duke of Norfolk should lose his head.<sup>1</sup> "The last," adds lord Nottingham, in comment, "I suppose will be the natural consequence of the first." Her majesty went in person to the fortune-teller, to hear what she had to say regarding her future destiny—probably, to know if report had spoken truly, and whether she might reckon her hapless sire among the dead. Queen Mary took this disreputable step without obtaining the gratification of her profane curiosity. The witch-woman was a perverse Jacobite, as may be supposed from the tenour of her prophesies, and positively refused to read futurity for her majesty.<sup>2</sup> King William was completely incensed at these proceedings; his reprimand was not only severe, but public. Whether the visit to the fortune-teller ever came to his ears is doubtful; but his wrath was particularly excited by the dinner at Mrs. Graden's. In terms not to be repeated here, (but which proved that his majesty, although a Dutchman, was a proficient in the English vulgar tongue,) he observed to the queen, that he heard "she had dined at a *house of ill-repute*," and added, with some little humour, that "the next time she went to such a place, he thought it was only proper that he should be of the party." The queen replied, in excuse, "that the late queen, (Mary Beatrice,) had done the same." The king growled the retort, "whether she meant to make her an example?" "More was said," concludes lord Nottingham, "than ever was heard before; but it was borne like a good wife, who leaves all to the direction of the king, who amuses herself with walking six or seven miles every day, with looking after her buildings, making of fringe, and such like innocent things." The queen's curiosity was by no means restrained by her husband's reproof, rude as it was; for she afterwards went to visit a place of entertainment on the Thames, called the Folly, accompanied by some of her suite; according to the description of a very coarse delineator of London, her contemporary, this floating ark of low dissipation well deserved its name, or even a worse one.<sup>3</sup>

"The censures of the town," wrote lord-chamberlain Nottingham, "were loud on the queen's utter absence of feeling in regard to her father." Her conduct provoked a fierce satire, which was handed about in manuscript among the coffee-houses, where Dryden and the literati of the day, and the wits of the court, did congregate. In lines of great originality, portraits were drawn of queen Mary and the princess Anne, as the elder and the younger Tullia :—

"In time when princes cancelled nature's law,  
In 'Declarations' which themselves did draw;  
When children used their parents to disown,  
And gnawed their way like vipers to a crown.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Nottingham's letter, as above.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Ward's Picture of London.

<sup>4</sup> The declaration is here alluded to, disseminated by the prince of Orange at his landing. In it, he abjured all intention of aiming at the crown.

The king removed—the assembled states thought fit  
 That Tarquin in the vacant throne should sit;  
 Voted him regnant in the senate-house,  
 And with an empty name endowed his spouse.  
 That elder Tullia, who, some authors feign,  
 Drove o'er her father's trembling corpse a wain;  
 But *she*, more guilty, numerous wains did drive,  
 To crush her father and her king alive!  
 And in remembrance of his hastened fall,  
 Resolved to institute a weekly ball.  
 She, jolly glutton, grew in bulk and chin,  
 Feasted in rapine, and enjoyed her sin;  
 Yet when she drank cool tea in liberal sups,  
 The sobbing dame was maudlin in her cups."

Queen Mary and her partisans attributed these lines to Dryden, and, indeed, the structure of the verse resembles his cadence and metre. A courtier, of the name of Mainwaring, is now supposed to have been the author; but this person was a great flatterer and correspondent of lady Marlborough; he would never have been pardoned by her if he had attacked her with such uncompromising earnestness. A portrait of that dame is drawn, describing her with the air peculiar to her portraits, in all of which she seems to be turning up her nose at her beholders, and, indeed, this odious expression is the only flaw on her beauty. As for her husband, his treachery to his master is discussed with a pen of fire; and then the author adds:—

"His haughty female who as folks declare,  
 Did always toss proud nostrils to the air;  
 Was to the younger Tullia<sup>1</sup> governess,  
 And did attend her, when in borrowed dress,  
 She fled by night from Tullius in distress.  
 A daughter *who by letters brought his foes*,  
 And used all arts her father to depose;  
 A father always generously bent,  
 So kind that he her wishes would prevent."

The author of this severe satire must have been intimately acquainted with the interior history of the royal family, since the treacherous letter written by Anne at the same time with that affected one of duty left on her table, slept in the obscurity of William III.'s private box at Kensington, till George III. opened it to Sir John Dalrymple; even now it is scarcely known. This, and the curious coincidence between the comparison of the family of Tullius, made by James II. himself, whose manuscript memoirs were then not only unpublished, but known to few, shows that the author of this extraordinary poem must have been deeper in the hidden archives of the royal family than either Dryden or Mainwaring could possibly be. Perhaps count Hamilton, who had lingered at the court of England in hopes of doing some mischief in behalf of his master, was the author. Hamilton was a favourite of queen Mary II., who found him among her courtiers at her accession; he was her rela-

<sup>1</sup> The princess Anne.

tive by descent from the royal line of Stuart. He affected great zeal for her interest, and undertook, with the gayest air in the world, to induce lord Tyrconnel, the lord-lieutenant, (who had married his brother's widow, Frances Jennings,) to give up Ireland into the hands of king William. Lord Clarendon, who had lately been lord-lieutenant there, and was more of a patriot than a partisan, alarmed at the peril of the protestant community, overcame his abhorrence for William sufficiently to offer his assistance in obtaining the allegiance of the Irish without bloodshed. The newly elected sovereigns treated the only honest statesman who came in contact with them with contumely, being enraged that the oath he had sworn to his royal brother-in-law prevented him from taking another to his niece on the throne, or to her husband. The advice of the gay deceiver, Hamilton, (although, if he had a religion, he was of the church of Rome,) was preferred, and off he went as plenipotentiary, to confer with Tyrconnel. The way in which he performed his mission was, by persuading Tyrconnel to hold out the kingdom for James II. When the news came of the part acted by Hamilton, the heir of Sir William Temple, who had accepted the office of secretary of state, and had advised the measure, drowned himself at London-bridge, and the court remained in consternation. Suicide had become hideously prevalent in England at the end of the seventeenth century.

While queen Mary was in London, endeavouring to revive the spirit of gayety which had for ever departed from Whitehall, her sister remained at Hampton-Court, where she awaited her accouchement. Whenever the princess Anne went abroad, her extraordinary figure excited astonishment. Evelyn seemed to behold her with no little consternation, and thus described her in June, 1689:—"The princess Anne of Denmark is so monstrously swollen that it is doubted that her state may prove only a violent tympany, so that the unhappy family of the Stuarts seems to be extinguishing. Then, what government is likely to be set up is unknown; whether regal or by election, the republicans and dissenters from the church of England looking that way."

Although the whole hopes of the country were fixed on the expected offspring of Anne, and she was thus rendered in some degree a person of more importance than either of the sovereigns, her pecuniary anxieties continued; and if the narrative of her favourite may be credited, she did not receive a single payment of money throughout the year 1689, or rather, from the time of the departure of her father from England.

The queen took up her residence at Hampton-Court permanently, for the summer, in the commencement of July. The manner of life led there by her and her spouse is dimly remembered by tradition. When the king used to walk with her across the halls and courts of that antique palace, he never gave the queen his arm, but hung on hers, and the difference of their size and stature almost provoked risibility. The king every day seemed to grow smaller and leaner beneath the pressure of the cares which his three crowns had brought him; while Mary, luxuriating in her native air, and the pleasures of her English palaces, seemed to increase in bulk every hour. She took a great deal of exercise, but did not try abstinence as a means of reducing her tendency to



obesity. She used to promenade, at a great pace, up and down the long straight walk, under the wall of Hampton-Court, nearly opposite to the Toy. As her majesty was attended by her Dutch maids of honour, or English ladies naturalized in Holland, the common people who gazed on their foreign garb and mien named this promenade "Frow" walk: it is now deeply shadowed with enormous elms and chesnuts, the frogs from the neighbouring Thames, to which it slants, occasionally choosing to recreate themselves there; and the name of Frow-walk is now lost in that of Frog-walk.

The pleasures of the Dutch monarch were not of a sociable kind; he neither loved the English nor English manners, but preferred Dutch smoking parties, with closed doors, guarded from all approach by foreign soldiers, with pipes in their mouths, and partisans grasped in their hands. The daily routine of the life of William and Mary is only preserved in squibs and lampoons; among these manuscripts, detestable as they are in construction and metre, some lost traits are found.

"HAMPTON COURT LIFE,<sup>1</sup> IN 1689.

"Man and wife are all one, in flesh and in bone,  
From hence you may guess what they mean,  
The queen drinks chocolat, to make the king fat,  
The king hunts to make the queen lean.

Mr. Dean says grace, with a reverend face,  
'Make room!' cries Sir Thomas Duppa,<sup>2</sup>  
Then Bentinck up-locks his king in a box,  
And you see him no more until supper."

This supper took place at half-past nine; by half-past ten, royalty and the royal household were snoring. If queen Mary had to write a letter or despatch at eleven at night, she could not keep her eyes open. The regal dinner-hour was half-past one, or two at the latest, and breakfast was at an hour virtuously early.

Queen Mary, like every one descended from lord-chancellor Clarendon, with the exception, perhaps, of her uncle, Henry, earl of Clarendon, indulged in eating rather more than did her good; her enemies accused her of liking strong potations. The elegance of her figure was injured by a tendency to rapid increase, on which the satires and lampoons of her political opponents did not fail to dwell; she was scarcely twenty-eight years of age when she became queen of England, but her nymph-like beauty of face and form was amplified into the comeliness of a tall, stout woman.

Among the valuable collections of colonel Braddyll, at Conishead Priory, Lancashire, was preserved a very fine miniature of William III., delicately executed in pen and ink etching. It is a small oval, laid on a back-ground of white satin, surrounded with a laurel embroidered in outline tracery in his royal consort's hair, surmounted with the crown-royal. The frame is of wood, curiously carved and gilded, and at the

<sup>1</sup> Inedited MS. from the earl of Oxford's Collection of State Poems: Lansdowne Papers, No. 852, p. 195.

<sup>2</sup> Sir T. Duppa's monument at Westminster Abbey, notices that he was gentle mar. usher to king William.

foot is a circular medallion, radiated and enclosed in the ribbon of the garter, containing also, under a fair crystal, queen Mary's hair, which is of a pale brown colour, and of an extremely fine and silky texture. At the back of the picture, queen Mary has inscribed, on a slip of vellum with her own hand—"My haire, cut off March ye 5th, 1688." Under the royal autograph is written, "Queen Mary's hair and writing."

The princess Anne was, at this time, living dependent on the bounty of her sister and brother-in-law, at Hampton-Court. Here she was treated, it is true, as princess, but was forced to owe to them the supply of the very bread she ate at their table. Her retirement from Whitehall to Hampton-Court, for her accouchement, must have taken place in June 1689, as the following historical events are recorded by the Gazette of that month:—

"Hampton-Court, June 30th.—On the 28th instant, the baron de Leyenberg, envoy extraordinary from the king of Sweden, had a public audience of the king, and on the 30th, of the queen, to notify the death of the queen Christina. He had afterwards audience, on the same occasion, of their royal highnesses the prince and princess of Denmark, being conducted by sir Charles Cotterel, master of the ceremonies."

The queen of Sweden, whose death was thus formally announced at the British court, was the eccentric Christina, who had long abdicated her throne, and lived as a Roman-catholic, under the protection of the pope at Rome. The Gazette announced—

"July 24th.—This morning, about four o'clock, her royal highness the princess Anne of Denmark was safely delivered of a son at Hampton-Court. Queen Mary was present the whole time, about three hours; and the king, with most of the persons of quality about the court, came into her royal highness's bed-chamber before she was delivered. Her royal highness and the young prince are very well, to the great satisfaction of their majesties and the joy of the whole court, as it will, doubtless, be of the whole kingdom."

The queen and the whole of the party who had effected the revolution, were, in fact, unfeignedly rejoiced at this event. The existence of an heir to the throne, who would be assuredly educated in protestant principles, was likely to be the best security against the restoration of the Roman-catholic line of Stuart. The infant was baptized William, in Hampton-Court chapel. The king and queen stood sponsors; they proclaimed him duke of Gloucester the same day, and were generally understood to regard him as their adopted son. He was not created duke of Gloucester, because his mother considered that title as dreadfully unlucky.<sup>1</sup> The king of Denmark was the other godfather, represented by the earl of Dorset.

The queen paid great attention to her sister during a long period of weakness and ill-health. Her majesty was, however, deeply incensed to find, before the princess was wholly recovered, that she was secretly making interest, by the agency of lady Marlborough, with some members of the House of Commons, to move that an independence might be settled on her according to promise.

<sup>1</sup> Hooper MSS.

The large sum of six hundred thousand pounds had been voted by the Commons, as the civil list of William and Mary, and it was then specified that the princess Anne was to be provided for out of it. It seems extraordinary, that either the king or the queen could expect that their sister would forego her undefined share of this provision; they must have known that she could not dispense with her income; and that if she derived all her funds from their caprice, incessant quarrels must have been the inevitable result. William's nature was harsh and tyrannical to every person related to him; he was never easy without they were from day to day dependent upon him.<sup>1</sup>

The queen, who had no feelings, but as they were reflected from the mind of her husband, was utterly exasperated when she found that a motion regarding the revenue for her sister was pending in the House of Commons. She deemed her sister deceitful and ungrateful in a remarkable degree, to carry on this measure in an underhand manner, at the very moment when she was cherishing her as her guest, and bestowing maternal care on her and her infant.<sup>2</sup> One night the queen took the princess severely to task for this offence, and began by asking her, "What was the meaning of the proceedings in the House of Commons?" Anne replied, "that she heard her friends there wished to move that she had some settlement." The queen replied hastily, with a most imperious air, "Friends? Pray, what friends have you but the king and me?"<sup>3</sup>

Lady Marlborough was not in attendance on the princess when this memorable dialogue took place. Anne, however, repeated it to her with more resentment than she had ever been known to express. The queen never mentioned this business again to her sister, although they met every night, but king William prorogued the parliament just as the motion was about to be made, "That his majesty would please to allow the princess Anne fifty thousand pounds out of the civil list lately granted to him." This matter the public agitated all the summer; meantime, the princess was burdened with debt and care, and other sorrows began to press heavily upon her.

During the first two months of the existence of the young prince, his death was frequently expected; his size was diminutive, and his constitution very weakly; a perpetual change of nurses was the remedy proposed; the poor infant seems to have been brought to the last gasp by this plan. All this time the princess and her child were at Hampton-Court. One day a fine-looking young quakeress, a Mrs. Pack, came from Kingston, with a baby of a month old at her breast; she wished to tell the princess Anne of a remedy that had done her children good; when the prince of Denmark saw her, he begged she would go to bed

<sup>1</sup> Nor was this exacting tyranny confined to his English relatives; his hatred was still more active towards his Dutch cousin, the prince of Nassau-Frise, who was both his godson and heir to his paternal line. The offence of the prince was, that he would not permit William's regiments to be recruited from the peaceful inhabitants of his territory.

<sup>2</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 29.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

to the pining and sickly heir of Great Britain, who was that evening expected to breathe his last. The young quakeress complied; the infanduke imbibed nourishment eagerly from her, and from that hour his mother felt hopes of rearing him.<sup>1</sup> The quakeress, it is said, was of a very haughty temper, and endeavoured to rule the whole of the princess's household.

The residence of the princess Anne and her husband at Hampton-Court, close to that of the king and queen, began to be excessively irksome to them, and, before the autumn was past, the princess sought for a place near London, the air of which was unexceptionable, for her delicate child. Lord Craven lent his fine house at Kensington Gravel Pits<sup>2</sup> for the prince's nursery; there he remained twelve months. Every day he went out in a miniature carriage, presented to him by the duchess of Ormond, nor was the severest cold suffered to detain him from the air. The horses, which were about the size of good-sized mastiffs, were guided by Dick Drury, the prince of Denmark's coachman.

King William went from Hampton-Court to Newmarket Oct. 1<sup>st</sup>, in one day; this was considered surprising expedition. He passed whole days on the race-ground, or in hunting; in the evenings he gambled. He lost four thousand guineas, at basset, at one sitting.<sup>3</sup> The next morning, being in a great state of exasperation, he gave a gentleman a stroke with his horsewhip, for riding before him on the race-ground. The English were not used to such manners; the proceeding was satirized by a bon-mot declaring "that it was the only blow he had struck for supremacy in his kingdoms." His majesty thought fit, in his homeward progress, to pay a visit to Cambridge. There he was received and harangued by the vice-chamberlain, who was the same Dr. Covel whose letter concerning the ill-treatment of queen Mary has already been quoted. While the king was absent, Lord Halifax represented to the queen, "how very inconvenient it was for the council to travel to Hampton-Court to meet the king there, and represented that a palace at Kensington would be a great convenience."<sup>4</sup>

In the first year of queen Mary's reign, most of her household were Dutch; a few of the higher offices were, perhaps, given to English. Her majesty's chamberlain was lord Wiltshire; her vice-chamberlain, "Jack Howe," (familiarily so called;) her equerry, Sir Edward Villiers; her first lady, and mistress of her robes, the countess of Derby; her ladies of honour, Mrs. Mordaunt and Mrs. Forster; these

<sup>1</sup> Memoirs of William Henry duke of Gloucester, by Lewis Jenkins, Tracts, British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> The memory of the residence of the old heroic earl of Craven, (who was supposed to have been privately married to the queen of Bohemia,) is preserved in the name of Craven Hill, Bayswater. The beauties of this spot are now marred by dense rows of brick houses. The house was destroyed by fire in the last century; its site may be guessed by a fine row of old elms near Mrs. Lou-don's house, Portchester Terrace.

<sup>3</sup> Lamberty. He was probably present, being in the service of Bentinok, earl of Portland.

<sup>4</sup> Lamberty.

seem to have been all the English of her household. Madame Stürm, who had accompanied her majesty from Holland, returned in great disgust, because she could not be her first lady in England.<sup>1</sup>

The princess Anne prudently withdrew her child and herself from the vicinity of her royal sister and brother-in-law, while the great cause of her own future provision was debated by parliament. The measure was made a trial of strength of party, and many intrigues were set at work to induce her royal highness to withdraw her appeal to the justice of the House of Commons. Lady Fitzharding, the household spy in the establishment of the princess Anne, was strongly in the interest of her own sister (Elizabeth Villiers) and of the king; she was, besides, considered to possess an extraordinary share of the queen's favour; this lady was instructed to persuade the princess to let the motion in parliament drop. But the earl of Marlborough had returned from the campaign in Holland, and both he and his wife carried on the measure, as if their dearest personal interests were concerned. Finally, on the 18th of December, 1689, the Commons signified to the king the propriety of allowing his sister-in-law 50,000*l.* out of the civil list.<sup>2</sup> From this moment queen Mary became the enemy of her sister, not openly and avowedly as yet, for the outward grimace of friendly intercourse continued more than two years. Meantime, Anne was considered not only as the heiress to the British throne, but in the more important light of mother to the future line of sovereigns, for her infant son grew and prospered. The circumstance of her bearing an heir at a very important political crisis, and that he should live, while three children she had previously borne had died, formed a parallel case to the birth and prolonged existence of her unfortunate brother.

One winter's night of 1689, the queen's apartment at Whitehall was entered by a scaling-ladder from the Thames, and the daring burglars carried off the plate of her majesty's toilet and the branches of a silver lustre—in all, prey to the amount of five or six hundred pounds. The apartment of the queen's Dutch official, Overkirk, was, at the same time, robbed of a large silver cup. This most daring act was generally supposed to have been committed under the auspices of captain Richardson, gaoler of Newgate, or rather, captain of the thieves put under his charge, to whom he was dreadfully cruel by day, but at night let the worst of them out to rob for his benefit. "The perpetrators of the Whitehall burglary were never discovered, although some of the booty was found, being a branch of one of the queen's toilet lustres, thrown into a darksome hole in Westminster, which had never before needed a lustre from a queen's table, to illumine its depths."<sup>3</sup>

It was one of the peculiar features of the era of the revolution, that English poetry, such as it was, consisted of hard, unpleasant facts. The above observation on the governor of Newgate presents the original from whence the satirist drew his well-known lines, called "London:"

<sup>1</sup> Lamberty, who gives this list of queen Mary's officials, calls "Jack Howe," "monsieur Jacques Howe."

<sup>2</sup> Ralph

<sup>3</sup> Lamberty, 696, vol. ii.

"The turnkey now his flock returning sees,  
Duly let out at night to steal for fees."

Gay, in his well-known drama, called the "Beggars' Opera," instead of giving an exaggerated picture of prisons in his day, showed a mere faint shadow of what they actually were, since the era of Henry VIII.

The foregoing stream of occurrences but brings us down to the Christmas of 1689-90; an epoch equally marked with infinite anxieties to the protestant branch of the royal family reigning in England, and to their exiled father reigning in Ireland. The saying went throughout the British realm, that if king James would give some proper pledge for the security of the established religion, he could not be kept out of the government a single day. In truth, every description of plunderer, high and low, had seized on the finances with such vigorous activity, that in one twelvemonth only, the revenue, which James II. had left perfectly clear and free from debt, was minus by three millions.<sup>1</sup> What was worse, the English navy, left by their sailor-king the ruler of the seas, had sustained a scandalous defeat at Bantry Bay, not for lack of skill or bravery, but because the infamous speculators, who had been kept at bay by king James, now embezzled all the funds provided for food and ammunition. The merchant-marine, which had been sedulously cherished by James, and carefully guarded in their voyages to his colonies and foreign factories, by efficient convoys, had been so fearfully plundered by pirates and privateers, since his deposition, that we care not to write down the enormous calculation. Dismal petitions were sent by the merchants, when the parliament of 1689-90 met, complaining of the cruel extortion of convoy-money, especially forbidden by king James. The most guilty of the naval commanders, was captain Churchill, the brother of lord Churchill, who had been the first to desert king James, and had made his market that same year of convoy-money to such an enormous amount, that, on proof, the House of Commons expelled him from his seat as a member, with infamy, and he was afterwards broken, and deprived of his ship.<sup>2</sup> Queen Mary exerted herself strenuously to prevent this act of justice, and we shall see her use her sovereign power to restore him; therefore it could not have been his punishment that aggravated the enmity borne to her by the Marlboroughs.

The war was carried on in Ireland, in the same spirit of peculation; the soldiers sent to oppose king James, perished with disease, because the contractors supplied them with rotten food, and damaged clothing. The duke of Schomberg wrote piteous despatches from Ireland, on the iniquity of the Englishmen in office, especially if they were leaders in the House of Commons. It is scarcely possible to withhold a smile at the naive pathos of some of the old veteran's complainings, or at the picture he draws of the peculations of the notorious general Kirke, and the patriotic Mr. Harbord, declaring, "that each knew the robberies of the other so well, they dared not audit any accounts." Harbord could not check Kirke's audacious robberies, he himself being paid every week for a regiment he had affected to raise; "and," wrote Schomberg

<sup>1</sup> See Dalrymple's Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

to William III., "I do assure your majesty that the existence of this fine regiment is limited to its standard, which leans in a corner of his dressing-room, and that is all that he can show of it." Almost every army commissioner drew pay for a fictitious regiment; some who had numerous connexions to pension, appointed the regular officers; but others, only the standard, like Mr. Harbord. "Never," groaned poor Schomberg, after relating these enormities, "never did I see a nation so willing to steal!"<sup>1</sup> William III. writhed under the consciousness that this corruption was sapping the foundations of his throne. One day he was discussing these troubles with his minister and confidant Bentinck, whom he had lately created earl of Portland; they observed, with consternation, the appalling public defalcations which had impaired the revenue since the deposition of king James. Portland asked his royal friend, "whether he believed that there was one honest man in the whole of Great Britain?" "Yes, there are many," replied king William with a sigh, "there are as many men of high honour in this country as in any other, perhaps more; but, my lord Portland, they are not *my* friends."<sup>2</sup>

This conviction did not prevent king William from disgracing himself by the patronage he afforded to the noxious wretch, Titus Oates. The parliament reversed the just sentence of the law against the perjurer; and William and Mary not only pensioned him with £400 per annum, but, what was far worse, rewarded him for his deeds with two rich livings in the church of England.<sup>3</sup> Titus likewise wrote a most libellous book against James II., and was impudent enough to present it in full levee to the king and queen! Evelyn mentions with disgust, that his work contrived to insult the grandfather as well as the father of the queen, being entitled, "Eikon Basilike, or a picture of the *late* king James." It was a vulgar parody on the beautiful work of Charles I. The patronage of this foul character occasioned horror, but king William was supposed to be in his power on account of former political intrigues.

The queen was observed by her courtiers to put on a statue-like coldness whenever she communed with her sister, who was glad to retreat to her old dwelling, the Cockpit, from the coveted Portsmouth apartments, which were in near vicinity to those of her majesty.<sup>4</sup> The queen's side of the ancient palace of Whitehall seems to have been on the site of the range of buildings now called Whitehall Terrace, while the residence of the princess, the Cockpit, was on the other side of the Holbein gateway, and opened into St. James's park. The Portsmouth

<sup>1</sup> Schomberg's Despatches from Lisborne, in Ireland, Dec. 30, 1689. Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 53. No history ever illustrated the corrupt spirit of the revolution like the whole tenour of these letters.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Dartmouth's Notes: Portland told the anecdote to Dartmouth's father.

<sup>3</sup> The parliament relieved Titus Oates from the cruel continuance of his punishment, but, at the same time, positively refused to remove from him the stigma of the murderous false-witness, by which he had earned those inflictions. (Parliamentary Journals.) What would be thought in these days of any clergyman being inducted into rich pluralities, whose oath was inadmissible as a convicted false-witness?

<sup>4</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

apartments were occupied by the infant duke of Gloucester as his nursery, whenever he was in town; and the queen could at times approach her adopted son without always meeting the mother, and assuming the austere frown with which she usually beheld her. This arrangement, though really contrived by Anne in an evident spirit of conciliation, was made the means of insults to her of a description as absurd as they were annoying. Of course, the princess, who was a tender mother, passed much of her time in the nursery of her heir. Whenever the queen heard that her sister was there, she forbore to enter the room, but would send an inquiry or a message to her infant nephew—"a compliment," as it was called, in the phraseology of the day. The set speech used to be delivered by the queen's official in formal terms to the unconscious infant, as he laid on his nurse's knee;<sup>1</sup> and then the courtly messenger would depart, without taking the slightest notice of the princess Anne, although she sat by her child. Sometimes, queen Mary sent her nephew rattles or balls, or other toys, all which were chronicled in the Gazette with great solemnity; but every attention shown to the little Gloucester was attended with some signal impertinence to his mother.<sup>2</sup>

Early in the spring of 1690, king William completed the purchase of lord Nottingham's lease<sup>3</sup> of Kensington house, and determined to build there a palace which would be conveniently contiguous to London for councils, and yet out of the reach of its smoky atmosphere, which often aggravated his constitutional disease of asthma to agony. The earl of Nottingham's ground at Kensington consisted of only twenty-five acres, being the angle between the present conservatory and Kensington-town, and the whole demesne in king William's occupation never exceeded it. Hyde Park then came up to the great walk,<sup>4</sup> which now reaches from Bayswater to Kensington, extending in front of the palace. A wild gravel-pit occupied the ground between the north of the palace and the Bayswater road,<sup>5</sup> afterwards enclosed by queen Anne. A straight avenue of trees and a formal carriage-drive led across the park to William III.'s suburban palace; the round pond did not then exist, therefore the present features of the scene are essentially different.

The king wished the buildings he planned at Kensington to be finished against he returned from his Irish campaign, as he meant to take the field against his uncle in the ensuing spring. Among the important avocations deputed to the queen's management, the superintendence of the erection of Kensington palace was not the least in her estimation, as will be presently shown by her letters.

It was in this spot that queen Mary displayed that extraordinary taste in gardening, which, twenty years afterwards, was mirthfully discussed by Addison and Steele in "The Spectator." Notwithstanding their

<sup>1</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Kensington, as the name implies, had always been a demesne of the crown, from the Saxon era. It was the nursery palace of the Tudors, when the court was at Chelsea, in the reign of Henry VIII.; it had been granted in leases from one courtier to another, until, from the Heneages, it had merged in their descendant, Daniel Finch, earl of Nottingham.

<sup>4</sup> Knight's "London."

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*



lively satire, the vegetable whimsies in which her majesty's Dutch predilections delighted, continued prevalent for a century. Let the reader give a glance at the black groups of yews and hollies which rear their odd outlines over the private garden wall at Kensington Palace, near the chapel: those queer contorted trees were once the cherished ornaments of queen Mary's private garden; they were then and there clipped into the forms of lions and unicorns, ducks and drakes, cocks and hens, dragons, tigers and basilisks, by the ingenious shears of her majesty's gardeners, London and Wise. These worthies and their royal mistress once effected the formation of the vegetable statues of Adam and Eve, and the Tree of Knowledge, but the serpent long defied the utmost efforts of their skill. There are some odd black, dwarfish yew-trees among the now delightful gardens at Hampton Court, on which her majesty and her favourite gardeners once exercised their peculiar taste.

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## MARY II.,

### QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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#### CHAPTER VI.

The reins of government consigned to queen Mary—Plan to seize her father—Departure of William III. to Ireland—With the husband of princess Anne—Series of the queen's letters—She describes to her husband her quarrel with the queen-dowager—Arrest of her uncle—Enmity against him—Her sabbath laws—Her want of money for building—Her regnal troubles—Her annoyance from lord Monmouth—She orders the fleet to fight—Loss of the battle of Beachy Head—Her letter on it—She writes to the Dutch admiral—Her affliction—Has not time to weep—Letter on the king's wound—On the battle of the Boyne—Mentions her father—Her meeting with lord Lincoln—Visit to the privy council—Her troubles concerning it—She is mentioned in Jacobite songs—She pleads for education in Ireland—Horror inflicted there by her husband—Queen reviews militia—Letters to the king—Her disgust at Burnet and his sermon—Unwilling to print it—Her discussions in council—Urged to seize power—Her fidelity to her spouse—Harassed with naval matters—Calmness in stormy debate—Offers command to admiral Russell—Tormented with cabinet factions—Expects the king home—Apologies regarding Kensington palace and Hampton Court—Cannot finish buildings—Dreads her husband's anger—Fears for his capture at sea—Plagued by factions—Beset by a mad lord—Harassed with regnal perplexities—Has the vapours.

QUEEN MARY was brought by William III. to council, June 3, 1690, an act of parliament having previously passed, investing her with full regnal powers of governing solely during the king's absence. William proceeded to appoint and declare, in her presence, the junta of nine

privy-councillors whom he had chosen to assist her.<sup>1</sup> The president of this cabinet-council was lord Danby, who first invented the black art of swaying the English senate by personal bribes from government. He was now pursuing his unrighteous career on a more extended scale, under the title of marquis of Carmarthen. His eight coadjutors were lord Pembroke, lord Devonshire, lord Nottingham, lord Godolphin, lord Marlborough, lord Monmouth,<sup>2</sup> admiral Russell, and sir John Lowther. The individuals composing this junta possessed the greatest offices at court. Six, at least, of them were in secret correspondence with her father: two or three, as Godolphin and Nottingham, are supposed to have been personally attached to him, but we believe they may be clearly acquitted of any attachment excepting to their own interest.

Such were the materials of Mary II.'s government, when, in the prime of life, in her nine-and-twentieth summer, the reins of a divided empire were placed in her inexperienced hands. A most extraordinary story was at the same time circulated concerning her, which was that she had suffered, since her coronation, great mental agony on account of her conduct to her father; and, in consequence, had had recourse to the spiritual aid of her friend, Dr. Tillotson. He, to comfort her, preached a sermon from Matt. xxx. 46, on hell-torments. It appears that Tillotson leaned to doubts as to their eternity, for furious comments were made on the sermon by his enemies, as a promulgation of the tenets of the Socinians. The most provoking comment was, that they were adopted to soothe the queen's despair.<sup>3</sup> In fact, Burnet thinks proper to affirm that Mary, and particularly her husband, gave some hints that they were conscious of the moral horror of their position when the latter was setting out for the campaign in Ireland.

The manner in which Burnet discusses this extraordinary passage in their lives is sufficiently remarkable even in the printed version he has given to the world, but it assumes a still stranger appearance when the incident is collated with his unprinted manuscript notations still extant.<sup>4</sup> "The day before the king set out for Ireland," says Burnet, "he called me into his closet; he seemed to have a great weight on his spirits from the state of his affairs, which was then very cloudy. He said, 'for his part he trusted in God, and would either go through with this business, or perish in it; only he pitied the poor queen—the poor queen!' repeating that twice, with great tenderness, and 'wished that those who loved him would wait much on her, and assist her;' adding, 'the going to a campaign was naturally no unpleasant thing to him: he was sure he understood *that* better than how to govern England; and though he had no mistrust or doubt of the cause he went on, yet, going against king

<sup>1</sup> Lord Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. p. 316. Sir J. Dalrymple's Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> This person is the same eccentric hero celebrated under the name of lord Peterborough, in the reign of queen Anne. It is a task to identify historical characters under the rapid changes of titular appellation assumed by the revolutionists.

<sup>3</sup> Life of Dr. Tillotson, by Dr. Birch. The sermon was preached, March 7, 1696. The uproar concerning it lasted some months.

<sup>4</sup> Harleian MSS., No. 6584. Brit. Museum.

James in person was hard upon him, since it would be a vast trouble, both to himself and the queen, if her father should be either killed or taken prisoner.' He [king William] *desired my prayers*, and dismissed me very deeply affected, with all he had said."<sup>1</sup>

Now, for a specimen of how the "prayers" worked and the fruits of the "deep affectedness" with which these filial patterns had inspired the revolutionary bishop, no words, excepting his own, shall be used; but his manuscript, instead of the printed copy familiar to every one, furnishes the narrative:<sup>2</sup> "I had a particular occasion to know how tender he [William III.] was of king James's person; for one<sup>3</sup> had *sent by me a proposition to him* [William], which seemed fair: that a first-rate ship, manned by men on whom the king [William] might depend, and commanded by one that the king [William] might trust, should be sent to Dublin, and had orders to declare 'for king James.' He [the commander of the ship] offered to be the person who should carry the message to king James, then at Dublin; for he had served him at sea, and was known to him. He knew the king's temper [James] so well, that, upon an invitation, he was sure he would come on board, and then they might sail away with him, either 'to some part of Spain or Italy.' For he [the betrayer] 'would not engage in it unless he was assured he [James II.] was not to be made a prisoner.'"

Very remarkable is the last clause, when compared with the result and consecutive circumstances.

"When I [Burnet] *carried this to the king* [William], he thought 'the thing might, probably enough, succeed;' but he would not hearken to it; 'he would have no hand in treachery; and besides, if king James should go on board with his guards, there might be some struggle with them and the seamen, and in it somewhat might happen to king James's person, in which he would have no hand.' So he would not entertain the notion. I told this afterwards to the queen, and saw in her a great tenderness for her father, and she seemed much touched at the answer the king had made."

Would, for the honour of human nature, that this passage were true but sternly is it gainsaid by existing documents. It seems that William and Mary took an immediate opportunity of privately acting on the hint which Burnet says he gave to them; yet, not by the agency of either this clerical plotter or his naval coadjutor. A warrant has been found among Herbert, earl of Torrington's papers,<sup>4</sup> written throughout by queen Mary's great confidant, the earl of Nottingham, and signed by the hand of king William, authorizing the same admiral [Torrington] who piloted William's Dutch navy through the Downs to Torbay, the year before, "to seize the person of James II., and to deliver him up, certainly not to Spain or Italy, but to the states of Holland, to be disposed of as they should think proper." The mercies of the Dutch to the admiral-

<sup>1</sup> Burnet's Own Times, which thus far varies little from the MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Harleian MSS., No. 6584. Brit. Museum.

<sup>3</sup> The author has some idea that this "one," unnamed by Burnet, was sir Cloudesley Shovel.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Dartmouth, Notes to Burnet, vol. iv., p. 82.

prince who had quelled their flag in so many tremendous conflicts were not likely to be very tender.

The new information gained by comparing Burnet's manuscript notation of current events with the printed version, given to the world in general, is worth attention. It has been shown, that he claims the introduction of the above plan for kidnapping king James II., by enticing him on board one of the ships that had formerly belonged to him, and asserts that he, the sea-captain who had formerly served James, refused to have anything to do with this first scheme, which Burnet "thought fair enough," if his old master was to be made prisoner. Therefore, king James, when entrapped, was to be set on shore in Spain or Italy.<sup>1</sup> Then ensued all the scene of filial tenderness for the bishop to put down in his book. But, lo! as soon as the garrulous contriver of the scheme is bowed out, with tears and pious ejaculating, and "desired prayers," the filial pair agree that neither conspirator have gone far enough—the fools dictate scruples; and finally, William, the nephew, and Mary, the daughter, executed the Torrington-warrant to act on the plan for betraying the old king; but, instead of sending him to be set on shore, endowed with "twenty thousand pounds," as Burnet has printed, the old admiral is to be surrendered to the Dutch sailors, whom he had so often defeated!

The real nature of William and Mary's intentions towards their unfortunate father is apparent from this consignment, which is in disgusting contrast with the qualms of remorse or apprehension, which their flatterer terms tenderness! In further illustration of their true feelings may

<sup>1</sup> The following is the transcript from Burnet's History of his Own Times, edition 1823, vol. iv., p. 82, as it runs in print, commencing where it varies from his original version of the event. Harleian MS., No. 6584.

"I had a particular occasion to know how tender be [William III.] was of king James's person, having learned an instance of it from the first hand. A proposition was made the king, that a third-rate ship, well manned by a faithful crew, and commanded by one who had been well with king James (but was such a one as the king [William] might trust), should sail to Dublin and declare for king James. The person who told me this offered to be the man that should carry the message to king James (for he was well known to him) to invite him to come on board, which he seemed to be sure he [king James] would accept of; and when he was on board, he would sail away with him, and land him either in Spain or Italy, as he [king William] should desire, and should have *twenty thousand pounds to give him* [king James] *when he should be set on shore.*"

The last audacious figment is in the printed history, but not in Burnet's own manuscript notations. On the other hand, the bishop, or his worthy executor, Mackay, "the spy," favours not the world with the intelligence that he himself was first the contriver and then the introducer of the whole scheme of betrayal "that seemed fair." The printed history then proceeds in unison with the manuscript, to describe the filial scene acted by William, the nephew, and Mary, the daughter. And, to do proper justice to the merits of their acting, they seemed to have induced credence in the bishop. For he knew not the secret tendency of their conduct, brought to light a century afterwards, when lord Dartmouth's Notes were printed; that nobleman having discovered, when he was lord privy seal to queen Anne, the cruel warrant, proving how William III. and his queen had privately adopted Burnet's scheme to kidnap James II., with those aggravations in his intended destination which must have led to the unhappy old king being murdered by his Dutch gaolers.

be seen, to this day, the "London Gazette" printed under Mary's regency, in which exultant mention is made "that the cannons of her husband, pointed against the tents of her father, had beat down many in close vicinity to him."<sup>1</sup>

The husband of the princess Anne shared in the campaign against her father, prince George being made available by William III. to obtain a large body of forces, chiefly heavy cavalry, from Denmark. He hired nearly 7000 of these troops. The consort of the princess Anne, although he volunteered to assist in the strife against his father-in-law, was not given the command of his countrymen. It was according to etiquette that prince George should ride in the same coach with the king, but William III. excluded him with undisguised disgust.

"So exact was the queen, that she would not enter on the government until the king was upon the seas," says Burnet in his manuscript, and likewise gives the following sketch of her majesty's demeanour: "She was regular in her private and public devotions to admiration. She was much in her closet, and read a great deal; she *wrought* much [*in handy-works*], and seemed to employ her thoughts on anything but business. All she did was natural and unaffected; her conversation was natural and obliging, and she was singular for her vast charities to the poor. A vast mass of people of quality had fled from Ireland, and drew from her great marks of her bounty and goodness; nor was she ever uneasy or angry with those who threw objects in her way. But all this was nothing to the public; if the king talked to her of affairs, it was in so private a way as nobody seemed to apprehend it. Only Shrewsbury told me [Burnet] that the king said to him, 'That though he could not hit the right way of pleasing the nation, he was sure she could, and that we should be all very happy under her.'"

Queen Mary bade adieu to her husband, June 4, 1690. He commenced his journey towards the coast of Cheshire<sup>2</sup> the same day, meaning to land in that part of Ireland which would enable him to effect a speedy junction of the great forces he brought, with the miserable and dispirited army commanded by Schomberg and Kirke. The day of his departure, the queen came to Whitehall palace, where she ostensibly took up her residence, and assumed the reins of government. In due time she received a letter from her husband, announcing his safe arrival at Carrickfergus, June 14.

Henceforth, the queen becomes the historian of that part of her own reign which is parallel with her husband's campaign in Ireland, in a most extraordinary series of letters addressed to him. The letters of William III. in reply unfortunately exist not; they were probably destroyed by the queen a few hours before her death. Her own were carefully preserved by him, and were found at Kensington-palace after his decease. Her first letter was written in answer to the announcement of his safe arrival in Ireland:

<sup>1</sup> London Gazette, July, 1690, which is further quoted in Ralph's History, p. 21

<sup>2</sup> Harleian Collection, Burnet's Original Autograph MSS., No. 6584.

Diary of lord Clarendon.

## "QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, June 18, 1690.

"You will be weary of seeing every day a letter from me, it may be, yet being apt to flatter myself, I will hope that you will be as willing to read as I to write. And, indeed, it is the only comfort I have in this world, besides that of trust in God. I have nothing to say to you, at present, that is worth writing, and I think it unreasonable to trouble you with my grief, which must continue while you are absent, though I trust, every post, to hear some good news of you; therefore, I shall make this very short, and only tell you I have got a swelled face, though not quite so bad as it was in Holland, five years ago. I believe it came by standing too near the window when I took the waters.

"I cannot thank God enough for your being so well past the dangers of the sea; I beseech him, in his mercy, still to preserve you so, and send us once more a happy meeting upon earth. I long to hear again from you how the air of Ireland agrees with you, for I must own, I am not without my fears for that, loving you so entirely as I do, and shall do till death."

This love-letter to her husband was followed by another, dated June 21, which shows Mary launched on the sea of troubles belonging to her exalted station. She details to her absent lord her refusal to sign the death-warrant of Macguire, the burglar, and her determination of commuting his sentence of death into transportation,<sup>1</sup> and then adds, "I shall not trouble you with everything the lords said to me at this time—the chief thing was that they had had the *parson* in examination."

Her majesty proceeds to relate, in diction rather too involved for direct quotation, why "this *parson*" was in trouble with the privy-council. A prayer had been ordered by her to be said in all church of England places of worship, for the success of king William's arms against her father in Ireland. Lord Feversham, chamberlain to the queen dowager, Catharine of Braganza, had taken upon him to stop this prayer from being said by "the *parson*" of the Savoy chapel, because it was under the jurisdiction of Somerset-house, the dower-palace of Catharine of Braganza, whereby king William was deprived of the benefit of the prayers of the protestant part of the dowager's household, conduct which Mary viewed with intense indignation.

The whole proceeding brings strongly to mind the rugged, but noble lines of Davenant on the political prayers of his day:—

"Still does the ambitious world rudely prefer,  
Their quarrels, which they call their prayers to heaven;  
Deeming the Almighty like themselves can err,  
Depriving some of what's to others given."

The bitterness which pervaded the mind of Mary against the forlorn queen-dowager, her uncle's widow, whose friendless state in a foreign land ought to have called forth better feeling, is apparent throughout the whole of this correspondence. She proceeds thus to describe to her wedded partner how she took lord Feversham to task for the offences of his royal mistress:—

"I was," she writes,<sup>2</sup> "*extreme angry*, which the lords (of the privy-

<sup>1</sup> It must be remembered that the West India Islands and North America were, at that time, the penal settlements for convicts.

<sup>2</sup> Letters of queen Mary to king William, printed in Dalrymple's Appendix. Part ii., from the Kensington box, pp. 115, 116.

council) saw, but I shall not trouble you with it. I told them *that I thought there was no more measures to be kept with the queen-dowager herself after this*—that is, if it were her order, which no doubt it is. First, lord Nottingham was to send for lord Feversham to him. I desired him 'to speak as angrily to him as possible,' which he promised to do. Lord Feversham was with him as soon as he got home, having heard of the *parson* being examined. When lord Nottingham told him all I said, he seemed much concerned, and desired to come *and throw himself at my feet*, and own all the matter as a very great fault in him, but done out of no ill design. To be short, he came yesterday to my bed-chamber, at the hour when there was a great deal of company (I mean just before dinner); he looked as pale as death, and spoke in great disorder."

Mary has been regarded by the world as the passionless idol of the glorious revolution, but, if her own account of her sayings and doings in the present series may be trusted, it must be owned that she could show vixenish vivacity enough on occasions. As lord Feversham had recently been a prisoner in the Round Tower at Windsor Castle,<sup>1</sup> on the committal of king William, perhaps his pallor proved his alarm lest the queen should send him back to his old place of durance.

Queen Mary's narrative proves that she gave her morning receptions in her bed-chamber. She thus continues to narrate the tribulations of poor lord Feversham, who, being a Frenchman, was, of course, rather hyperbolic in his mode of apology to the fair offended majesty of Great Britain :

"He said," continued the queen, "that he must own it was a very great fault, since I took it so, but he begged me to believe it was done not out of any ill intention, nor by agreement with anybody; he assured me the queen-dowager knew nothing of it. That it was a fault, a folly, an indiscretion, or anything I would call it! I told him 'that after doing a thing of that nature, the best way was not to go about excusing of it, for *that* was impossible, since, to call it by the most gentle name I could give it, 'twas an unpardonable folly, which I did not expect, after the protestations he had made;' upon which he said an abundance of words; I doubt whether he himself knew what he meant by them. At last he spoke *plain* enough. He said, 'God pardoned sinners when they repented, and so he hoped I would.' I told him, 'God saw hearts, and whether their repentance was sincere, which, since I could not do, he must not find it strange if I trusted only to actions,' and so I left him."

"I pity the poor man for being obliged thus to take the queen-dowager's faults upon him, yet I could not bring myself to forgive him. I remember, I did say more, 'that if it had been myself, I could have pardoned him, but when it immediately concerned your person, I would not, nor could not.'"

"The queen-dowager sent me a compliment, yesterday, on my swelled face. I do not know whether I have writ you word of it. Yesterday I

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Ellis's *Historical Letters*, 3d series, vol. iv. p. 184. His name was Louis Duras; he was nephew to the great Turenne.

had leeches set behind my ears, which has done but little good, so that it mends but slowly; and one of my eyes being again sore, I am fain to write this at so many times, that I fear you will make but ill sense of it.

"The queen-dowager will come to-day to see me, but desired an hour when there was least company, so I imagine she will speak something of herself, and that which inclines me the more to this opinion is, that she has sent for lord Halifax,<sup>1</sup> and was shut up in her chamber about business with him and others the whole morning; I shall give you an account of this before I seal up my letter."

Queen Mary was, however, disappointed. Catharine of Braganza came not as a suppliant at her levee, to receive a rating, like her lord-chamberlain, Feversham. As that nobleman had promised and vowed that *his* queen knew nothing of the offence, Catharine wisely resolved to appear as if she remained in utter ignorance of the whole affair. Nor could queen Mary insist that her dowager-aunt knew aught of what was going on in a Protestant place of worship, which she never attended. At the close of her letter, queen Mary says—

"The queen-dowager has been, but did not stay a moment or speak two words. Since she went, I have been in the garden, and find my face pretty well, but it is now candle-light, therefore I dare say no more. I have still the same complaint to make that I have not time to cry, which would a little ease my heart; but I hope in God I shall have such news from you as will give me no reason, yet your absence is enough; but since it pleases God, I must have patience. Do but continue to love me, and I can bear all things with ease."

The next day brought tidings of sufficient import to divert her mind from dwelling on her heart-burnings with the queen-dowager; it was, that a mighty French fleet, which had been long expected to invade England, was seen passing through the Channel. Queen Mary announced this event in two duplicate letters to her husband:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM."<sup>2</sup>

"Whitehall, June 22, half-past 11 at night.

"The news which is come to-night, of the French fleet being upon the coast, *makes it thought* necessary to write to you *both ways*,<sup>3</sup> and I (that you may see how matters stand in my heart) prepare a letter for each. I think lord Torrington<sup>4</sup> (admiral of the English fleet in the channel) has made no haste; and I cannot tell whether his being sick and staying for lord Pembroke's regiment will be a sufficient excuse; but I will not take up your time with my reasonings, I *shall* only tell you that I am so little afraid, that I begin to fear that I have not

<sup>1</sup> He was chancellor to the queen-dowager's (Catharine of Braganza) establishment.

<sup>2</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, Part II., p. 117, printed from king William's box, Kensington.

<sup>3</sup> By two different routes to Ireland; both of the queen's letters arrived safely.

<sup>4</sup> The same commander whom William and Mary had entrusted with carrying out the plan for betraying the old king, (contrived by Burnet and a nameless sea-captain,) and among whose papers the warrant previously quoted was found. Torrington was, perhaps, revolted with disgust, as he was, during the remainder of his days, suspected of Jacobitism; it is certain he never attempted to carry out this filial project.



sense enough to apprehend the danger; for whether it threatens Ireland or this place (England), to me 'tis much as one to the fear, for as much a coward as you think me, I fear me for your dear person more than my poor *carcase*. I know who is most necessary in the world. What I fear most at present is not hearing from you.

"Love me, whatever happens, and be assured I am ever entirely yours till death."

In the duplicate letter which she wrote at this exigence, the chief variation is in her pretty expressions of affection to her husband. She says to him—"As I was ready to go into my bed, lord Nott [ingham] came and brought me a letter of which he is going to give you an account; for my own part, I shall say nothing to it, but that I trust God will preserve us—you where you are, and *poor* I here."

She again repeats "that her insensibility to fear is so complete, that she attributes it to a defect of character." William, it seems, had formed no high idea of her valour, for she playfully alludes to his opinion of her cowardice. She nevertheless showed, at this awful crisis, as valiant and steady a spirit as her most renowned sires.

Left alone, or surrounded by those whose fidelity was doubtful, Mary II. acted with decision and vigour. While a victorious fleet threatened her coasts, she issued warrants for the capture of a large number of the discontented nobility, among whom her mother's brothers were numbered; and strong in her reliance on the middle-classes of England, who were the true supporters of the revolution, and the only disinterested ones, she reviewed in person the militia called "the London and Westminster trained-bands." Her next measure was to banish all the catholics from the vicinity of the metropolis, a step which met with the enthusiastic applause of her party. All Mary's apprehension was limited to the dread lest she should incur the displeasure of her absent partner in any of these measures. She devotes a whole letter to her husband on the subject of the arrests, and manifests as little natural affection at incarcerating, or, as she calls it, "clapping up" her uncle, lord Clarendon, in the Tower on suspicion, as she did when dispossessing her father of his throne and country. These are her words on the subject, dated Whitehall, June 24, [July 4, O.S.]

"Since I writ to you about the coming of the French fleet upon the coast, the lords have been very busy. I shall not go about to give you an account of all things, but shall tell you some particular passages. One happened to-day at the *great* council, [privy-council,] where I was by their advice. When they had resolved to seize on suspected persons, in naming them, sir H. Capel would have said something for lord Clarendon (whose first wife, you know, was sir H. C.'s sister.) Everybody stared at him, but nobody preparing to answer, I ventured to speak, and told sir H. Capel 'that I believed everybody knew, as I did, that there was too much against him [*lord Clarendon*] to leave him out of the list that was making.' I can't tell whether I ought to have said this; but when I knew your mind upon it, and had seen his [*lord Clarendon*]' letter, I believed it as necessary, that he should be *clapt up* as any, and therefore thought myself obliged to say so; but as I do not know when

I ought to speak and when not, I am as silent as can be, and if I have done it now *mal-à-propos*, I am sorry, but could not help it, though, at the same time, I must own, I am sorrier than it may be well believed for him, finding the Dutch proverb true, which you know, but I should spoil in writing."

It is to be regretted that queen Mary did not quote her Dutch proverb, since anything in illustration of her feeling towards her mother's family would be an historical curiosity. Mary knew that the manner in which her uncle treated her advancement, implied the severest blame on her conduct; and she never forgave him for viewing her queenship with grief and shame, instead of rushing to profit by her power. The sorrow she speaks of was somewhat singular in its effects.

At an early period of regnal labours, the queen requested her council to assist her in framing regulations for the better observance of the Sabbath. All hackney carriages and horses were forbidden to work on that day, and their drivers to ply for customers. The humanity of this regulation was, however, neutralized by the absurdity of other acts. She had constables stationed at the corners of the streets, who were charged to capture all puddings and pies on their progress to bakers' ovens on Sundays; and such ridiculous scenes in the streets took place, in consequence of the owners fighting fiercely for their dinners, that her laws were suspended amid universal laughter.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps some of her council, remembering her own Sunday evening gamblings, both in England and Holland, thought that she might have had mercy on the less culpable. Sunday puddings and pies of the hungry poor, belonging to persons too often destitute of fire and conveniences for preparing their humble meal.

The privy-council is often mentioned in the queen's letters, but it must not be confounded with the council more deserving that name, which consisted of the junta of nine, where all the real business was resolved on. Mary seldom appeared at the full privy-council board, and then only when there was some measure in agitation which required the weight of her personal influence and *viva voce* observations, such as the consignment of her eldest uncle to the Tower. Did she then cast a thought on his devoted attachment to her expatriated sire? or take shame that the love of the brother-in-law and the friend of early youth so far exceeded that of "Mary the daughter," as her Scottish subjects, in the utmost bitterness of satire, ironically termed her? No; for there was but one spot of tenderness in the marble of her heart, and that was exclusively devoted to her husband.

The queen continues her narrative, in the course of which the reiteration of her sneering phrase, "clapt up," proves that she had little pity for those whom her warrants had hurried into captivity. She says:—"I hope the easterly wind is the only cause I do not hear from you, which I am very impatient for now; and, when I consider that you may be got a great way, if you began to march last Thursday, I am in a million of fears, not knowing when you may be in danger. That alone is enough to make me the greatest pain imaginable, and in comparison of

<sup>1</sup> Somer's Tracts. Brit. Museum.

which all things else are not to be named. Yet, by a letter from lord Torrington,<sup>1</sup> dated three o'clock yesterday afternoon, I see he thought *this day* was like to decide a great deal there. I cannot but be in pain; it may be I do not reason *just* on the matter, but I fear, besides disheartening many people, the loss of a battle would be such an encouragement to the disaffected ones, that might put things here into disorder, which, in your absence, would be a terrible thing; but I thank God I trust in him, and that is really the only consolation I have!

"I was, last night, in Hyde park, for the first time since you went; it swarmed with those who are now ordered to be *clapt up*. Yesterday, lord Feversham [queen Catharine's lord-chamberlain] came to lord Nottingham [queen Mary's lord-chamberlain] and told him that he had put queen-dowager off the Hamburgh voyage, but she would go to the Bath; after which he came again, and said, 'that seeing it might be inconvenient to have guards there, she desired to go to Islington';<sup>2</sup> but lord Marlborough desired an answer might not be given for a day or two, till we heard something of the success of the fleet.

"Since I have writ this, I was called out to lord Nottingham, who brought me your dear letter, which is so welcome that I cannot express it, especially because you pity me, which I like, and desire from you and you only. As for the buildings, I fear there will be many obstacles, for I spoke to sir J. Lowther this very day, and hear of so much use for money, and find so little, that I cannot tell whether that of Hampton-Court will not be the *worst* for it, especially since the French are in the channel, and at present, between Portland and us, from whence the stone must come; but, in a day or two, I hope to give you a more certain account, this being only our conjecture. God be praised that you are so well; I hope in his mercy he will continue it. I have been obliged to write this evening to Schulemberg, to desire him to advance money for the six regiments to march, which they say is absolutely necessary for your service as well as honour. The lords of the treasury have made me pawn my word for it, and to-morrow 20,000*l.* will be paid to him.

"It is now candlelight, and I dare say no more but that I am ever and entirely yours."

The queen alludes, in this letter, to the quadrangle at Hampton-Court, which had been demolished by William III., and was then in course of reconstruction by sir Christopher Wren. It is apparent that the queen was fearful that her consort could not enjoy his tastes for war and building both at the same time. The sovereigns of England possessed, at that time, stately palaces than at the present day. Whitehall, as yet unscathed by the destroying flames, displayed all the glories lavished on it by the last of the ecclesiastical architects, by the magnificence of the Tudors, and by the elegance of the Stuarts. St. James's palace, the private residence of our kings, was of four times the extent of the present building. But nothing could satisfy king William till he possessed a

<sup>1</sup> From the fleet he was commanding, off Beachy Head.

<sup>2</sup> Probably to Canonbury House.

Dutch house and gardens, reminding him of home, situated where the smoke of London would not choke and poison him, as he complained it did at Whitehall and St. James's. His queen frequently alludes 'to his buildings, and his sanatory precautions against the smoke of London, in her letters. She wrote, two days after, to her absent king, dated Whitehall, [June 26, O. S.,] July 6, N. S., 1690, and in her narrative, the troubles of empire appear to thicken around her: "By this express I shall write freely, and tell you what great suspicions increase continually of major Wildman.<sup>1</sup> It would be too long to tell you all the reasons of suspicion, but this one instance I will give, that since your going from hence, there is not one word come from Scotland, neither from lord *Melvin*,<sup>2</sup> nor colonel Mackay to lord Marlborough, which methinks is unaccountable. Lord Nottingham desired I would sign letters to the governors of Berwick and Carlisle, not to let any persons go by who had not a pass, and that they should stop all the mails. This I have done, and the express is to be immediately sent away. I ever fear not doing well, and trust to what nobody says but you, therefore I hope it will have your approbation.

"It is a strange thing, that, last night, sir R. Holmes writ to lord Nottingham and Mr. Braithwait both, that the fleets were briskly engaged, which he could see from the hills, which letter was writ at six yesterday morning, since which we have not heard a word from him, but another [letter] from sir H. Goodricke, from Portsmouth, dated at three in the afternoon, assures that *then* there had been no engagement, but some shooting between the scouts. What to think of this, nobody knows; but it seems to me every one is mightily afraid of themselves, for sir R. Holmes desires some succours, or else the Isle of Wight is lost."

"Lord Bath is very backward in going down, but with much ado he sends his son, who only says 'he stays for a letter of mine,' which is signed this morning, to empower him to command at Plymouth in his father's absence, which he tells me you promised before you went; and it is upon your leave lord Bath pretends to stay here, till the term is over; but I told him 'I supposed you had not foreseen the French being so near.'"

The intense difficulty of the queen's position, surrounded as she was by secret enemies, petulant friends, or partisans solely devoted to their own interest, was really frightful; and if she had had no truer support from the English people than she had from the English court and aristocracy, her cause would have been a desperate one. Such as it was, it is best to be comprehended through the medium of her own pen, as she relates her troubles to her only friend and confidant:

"The duke of Bolton also tells me, last night, you had given him leave to raise some horse-volunteers, for which he should have had a commission, but that you went away, and therefore he would have *me*

<sup>1</sup> Wildman had been engaged in all the plots for the last forty years. He appears to have been secretary to lord Monmouth, afterwards so well known as the warlike and eccentric Charles Mordaunt, earl of Peterborough, heir of James II.'s friend, the old cavalier and Jacobite.

<sup>2</sup> The name means Melville, prime minister for Scotland.

give it. I put it off, and lord Marlborough advises me not to give it. Lord-president [Carmarthen], some time since, told me the same thing, but I will not give any positive answer till you send me your directions.

"I must also give you an account of what lord Nottingham told me yesterday; he says, 'lord Steward [the earl of Devonshire] was very angry at lord Torrington's deferring the fight, and proposed 'that somebody should be joined in commission with him.' But that, the other lords said, 'could not be done,' so lord Monmouth offered to take one whose name I have forgot, (he is newly made, I think, commissioner of the navy,) and (as lord Nottingham tells me, you had thoughts of having him command the fleet if lord Torrington had not,) this man lord Monmouth proposed 'to take and go together on board lord Torrington's ship, as volunteers, but with a commission about them to take the command in case he should be killed.' I told Nottingham 'I was not willing to grant any commission of that nature, not knowing whether you ever had any thoughts of that kind, so that I thought he was only to be thanked for his offer.' I added, 'that I could not think it proper, that he being one of the nine you had named [*as her council of regency*] should be sent away.' Upon which, lord Nottingham laughed and said, 'That was the greatest compliment I could make lord Monmouth, to say I could not make use of his arm, having need of his counsel.'

"I suppose they are not *very* good friends, but I said it really as I meant, and besides, to hinder propositions of this kind for Mr. Russell, for lord president [Carmarthen] has, upon several occasions, to me alone, mentioned sending Mr. Russell, and I believe it was only to be rid of him; for my part, after what you have told me of all the nine, I should be very sorry to have him from hence."

This Mr. Russell was the person called admiral Russell in history. Queen Mary seems to have placed the utmost reliance on his fidelity; though his rough and savage temper, together with his perpetual grasping after money and profit, made him by no means a practicable member of the regency council. Just at this time, he had taken some affront—a frequent case; and the queen was forced to court him back to her aid, at this awful crisis, by the assistance of his relative, the celebrated Rachel lady Russell. Her majesty continues—"And now I have named Mr. Russell, I must tell you that, at your first going, he did not come to me, nor I believe to this hour would not have asked to have spoke with me, had not I told lady Russell, one day, I desired it. When he came, I told him freely 'that I desired to see him sometimes, for being a stranger to business, I was afraid of being led or persuaded by one party.' He said, 'that he was very glad to find me of that mind, and assured me that since I gave him that liberty, he would come when he saw occasion, though he would not be troublesome.'

"I hope I did not do amiss in this, and indeed I saw, at that time, no one but lord-president Carmarthen, and I was afraid of myself. Lord Carmarthen is, on all occasions, afraid of giving me too much trouble, and thinks, by little and little, to do all. Every one sees how little I know of business, and therefore, I believe, will be apt to do as much as they can. Lord Marlborough advised me 'to resolve to be present as

often as was possible,' out of what intention I cannot judge, but I find they meet often at the secretary's office, and do not take much pains to give me an account; this I thought fit to tell you; pray be so kind to answer me as *particular* as you can.

"Queen-dowager has been to take her leave, in order to going to Hammersmith, where she will stay till she can go for Windsor. I have tired you with this long letter, and it is now staid [*waited*]<sup>1</sup> for. I shall say no more, but beg you to believe it is impossible to love more than I do—don't love me less."

This letter and the succeeding one were written during the period of anxiety which preceded the impending sea-fight off Beachy Head. Suspicion of lord Torrington, and an earnest desire to interfere in his business as admiral, were the prevalent feelings in the queen's cabinet. Just time enough had elapsed for the English navy to feel the want of the royal admiral; for the harpies of corruption, ever on the alert in an elective monarchy, had done their business so effectually with the well-appointed ships and stores he had left, that a discomfiture had been experienced by the English navy at Bantry bay the year before, and another disgraceful defeat awaited it.<sup>2</sup> Great jealousies existed between the Dutch admiral, Evertzen, and the English admiral, lord Torrington, who was desirous of avoiding an engagement; and, knowing the miserable state of his appointments, he wished to defend the English coast from invasion, and this opinion he communicated to the queen. Her proceedings may be gathered from her letter to her husband:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"June 28, N. S., 8 in the morning. July 8, O. S.

"Seeing I cannot always write when I will, I must do it when I can, and that upon something that happened yesterday.

"As for lord Torrington's letter, you will have an account of that, and the answer from lord Nottingham. I shall tell you, as far as I could judge, what the others did.

"Lord Carmarthen was with me," continues her majesty's narrative, "when lord Nottingham brought the letter; he was mightily hot upon sending Mr. Russell down to the fleet. I confess, I saw, as I thought, the ill consequence of that, having heard you say *they*<sup>3</sup> were not good friends, and believing lord Torrington being in the post he is in, and of his humour, ought not to be provoked; besides, I do believe lord president [Carmarthen] was willing to be rid of Mr. Russell, and I had no mind to *that*, so I said what I could against it, and found most of the

<sup>1</sup> In these letters all the author's explanatory interpolations are in square brackets, the round parenthetical enclosures are by the queen.

<sup>2</sup> The lamentable state into which the navy had fallen may be judged by the following piteous extract from lord Carmarthen's letter to king William, (June 13,) the same year. After mentioning the French naval force, he says, 'How ill a condition we are in to resist them, your majesty can judge; the fleet cannot be at sea for three weeks—I fear not so soon; and though vice-admiral Killigrew be arrived at Plymouth, yet his ships are so foul that he can't avoid the enemy if he should attempt to come up the channel.' It seems he was not even in condition to run away.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. Torrington and Russell.

lords of my mind when they met, but lord Monmouth was not with them."

"Mr. Russell drew up a pretty sharp letter<sup>1</sup> for me to sign, but it was softened, and the only dispute was, 'whether he [lord Torrington] should have a positive order to fight?' At last, it was wrote in such terms as you will see, to which all agreed but lord-steward [Devonshire], who said, 'it was his duty to tell his thoughts upon a subject of this consequence,' which *was*, 'that he believed it very dangerous to trust lord Torrington with the fate of three kingdoms'—this was his expression—'and that he was absolutely of opinion that some other should be joined in commission with him.' To which Mr. Russell answered, 'You must send for him prisoner, then?' and all the rest concluded it would breed too much disturbance in the sight of the enemy. So the letter was signed, and lord Nottingham writ another letter, in which he told him our other accounts received of the fleets from the Isle of Wight.

"I was no sooner a-bed but lord Nottingham came to me from the lords, who were most of them still at his office, where lord Monmouth was come, very late, but time enough to know all. He offered his service immediately to go down post to Portsmouth (so that the admiralty would give him the commission of a captain), and fit out the best ship there, which he believes he can do with more speed than another, with which he will join lord Torrington, and, being in a great passion, swears 'he will never come back again if they do not fight.' Upon his earnest desire, and the approbation of the lords who were present, lord Nottingham came up to ask my consent. I asked 'who was there?' and finding few besides lord Monmouth and lord Nottingham—I remember but the names of three of them, which were the lord president, lord steward [Devonshire], and sir John Lowther, but the fourth was either lord Pembroke or lord Marlborough,—I thought, in myself, they were two-thirds of the committee, so would carry it if put to the vote; therefore, seeing they were as earnest as he for it, I thought I might consent."

Monmouth's absence was welcome to Mary and her council, on account of the tormenting suspicions with which they were beset; yet it seems that his absence was dearly purchased by trusting him with a ship of war. The wheels within wheels of treachery and secret dealing were portentously revolving in the royal council. Every post day, lord Monmouth brought to the queen and her junta, letters written in lemon-juice, which he declared his friend, major Wildman, had intercepted. He began to show these letters, about four days before king William sailed for Ireland. They contained an abstract of everything that was done by either the sovereigns or their ministers in the cabinet council, of which lord Monmouth was one. They were directed to "M. Conwenay, Amsterdam." The marquis of Carmarthen<sup>2</sup> expressed his opinion

<sup>1</sup> To Herbert, lord Torrington; the letter was addressed to him, commanding the English fleet.

<sup>2</sup> Carmarthen's letter to king William, June 16, (O. S.) 1690. Dalrymple's Appendix.

to king William that the letters were fabricated by lord Monmouth himself, with the aid of major Wildman, in order to breed doubts and strife in the queen's council.

Mary intimates her own suspicions on the subject to her absent consort in the following guarded terms:—"I own to you, that I had a thought which I would not own, though I did find some of the lords have the same, about the *lemon letters* (which I suppose you have heard of) which *comes* so constantly, and are so very exact—the last of which told even the debates of the committee, as well as if one of the lords themselves had writ them—this, I think, looks somewhat odd, and I believe makes many forward for this expedition, and for my own part I believe he [Monmouth] may be best spared of the company, though I think it a little irregularity, yet I hope you will excuse it, and nobody else can find fault.

"*Ten at night.*—Since my writing this, there has come a great deal of news. As I was going to cabinet-council, sir William Lockhart came with a letter from the committee there. Lord Monmouth was there, after having been in the city, where he has found one major Born (I think his name is) who has the commission of captain, and not himself, he desiring his intentions may be kept a secret as may be, lest he should come too late, in the mean time, his regiment's being at Portsmouth is the pretence. He [lord Monmouth] made great professions at parting, and desired me to believe there are some great designs."

This passage reveals remarkable differences in the customs of England scarcely one century beyond the memory of man in the present time. The professions of naval and military warfare were not separated. Lord Monmouth, whose regiment laid at Portsmouth, demanded of the queen the command of a ship of the line. Although many of these land-officers had greatly distinguished themselves in the mighty naval battles which made James II. sovereign of the seas, (Monmouth being one among them,) yet James, in his famous naval regulations, forbade any one to command ships, without such person had, to use his own term, "*served a proper apprenticeship to a naval life.*" His daughter did not observe this excellent rule, and a disgraceful naval defeat was the consequence. Monmouth was desirous of taking the whole command of the navy from the admiral who had possession of it, a measure queen Mary demurred upon, not because soldiers ought not to command fleets,<sup>1</sup> but because she doubted of Monmouth's fidelity.

Her majesty proceeds thus:—"We had another *lemon letter* with things so particular that none but some of the nine lords could know them, especially things that were done at our office late last night; upon which all sides are of the same mind. Before I went out of the room, I received your dear letter from Lough Bricklin, but I cannot express

<sup>1</sup> Among the causes of the decrepitude of the French monarchy in the last century, even so lately as the reign of Louis XVI., it was the custom to appoint an courtier of high rank, albeit utterly unused to naval affairs, (who had, perhaps, never seen a ship,) to command the French navy. See the autobiography of that execrable concomb, the last duke of Lauzun, of his doings in 1773



what I then felt, and still feel, at the thoughts that *now* you may be ready to give battle, or have done it. My heart is ready to burst. I can say nothing, but pray to God for you. This has waked me, who was almost asleep, and almost put out of the possibility of saying anything more, yet must I strive with my heart to tell you that this afternoon the ill news of the battle of Fleury came; I had a letter from the prince of Waldeck with a copy of the account he sent you, so that I can say nothing but that God, in whose hands we only are, knows best why he has ordered it so, and to Him we must submit.

"This evening there has been a person with me, from whom you heard at Chester, [probably earl of Breadalbane,]<sup>1</sup> and whom you there ordered to come to me, as he says, 'he believes you will know him by this,' and will by no means be named, and what is worse, will name nobody, so I fear there is not much good to be done, yet I wont give over so.

"I must end my letter, for my eyes are at present in somewhat a worse condition than before I received your letter. My impatience for another is as great as my love, which will not end but with my life, which is very uneasy to me at present; but I trust in God, who can alone preserve and comfort me."

The disastrous news of the naval defeat at Beachy Head followed fast on this interesting letter, and queen Mary had again "to strive with her heart," as she poetically expresses herself, and communicate to her royal lord the most signal naval overthrow that England had ever experienced

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, (June 29, N. S.), July 7, O. S., 1690.

"Seven in the morning.

"I am sorry there is not as pleasing news to send you from hence as what I had last from you. I would not write last by the post being assured the messenger this morning *should* overtake him before they came to Highlake. Here has been great things done, but so unanimously, that I hope when you have an exact account from lord Nottingham, you will approve of it. I must confess I think they were in the right; but if I had not, I should have submitted my judgment when I saw all of a mind.

"What lord Torrington can say for himself I know not, but I believe he will never be forgiven here; the letters from the fleet, before and since the engagement, show, sufficiently, he was the only man there who had no mind to fight, and his not doing it, was attributed to orders from hence—[i. e., *from the council*.] Those (orders) which were sent and obeyed, have had but very ill success, the news of which is come this morning.

"I will not stop the messenger with staying for my letter, and 'tis unnecessary for me to say much, only as to the part of sending Mr. Russell away; I believe it was a great irregularity, and for my own part I was sorry to miss him here, after what you had told me, and the fear I am in of being imposed upon, but all were for it, and I could say nothing against it. I confess I was as sorry lord Monmouth came so soon back, for all agree in the same opinion of him."

The above letter was in answer to one which king William had sent,

<sup>1</sup> Lord Breadalbane was one of the leaders of the first Scotch plot against William; his coadjutor, lord Annandale, came to confess the matter to Mary afterwards, "on her birth-day."

in remonstrance against Russell being transferred from his post in her council, to superintend the disabled fleet; for the queen had evidently sent to recall him, since she resumes—"Mr. Russell was overtaken before he came to Canterbury, so the nine are again together. As to the ill success at sea, I am more concerned for the honour of the nation than for anything else, but I think it has pleased God to punish them justly, for they really *talkt* as if it were impossible they should be beaten, which looks too much like trusting to the arm of flesh; I pray God we may no more deserve the punishment; the same God who has done so much, can tell what is best, and I trust he will do more than we deserve.

"This afternoon I am to go to the great council, [privy council] to *take order* about the prorogation of parliament, according to your orders. I long again to hear from you, which is my only comfort; I fear this news may give courage to those who retired before, but God can disappoint them all, and I hope will take care of his own cause. He of his mercy send us a happy meeting again, that will be a happiness to me beyond all others, loving you more than my life!"

It will be observed that the queen says she knows not what lord Torrington can say for himself; but he had a great deal to say for himself in his letter to the lord-president [Carmarthen], dated off Beachy Head, July 1st.<sup>1</sup> In her next letter, she continued the painful subject of the defeat, to king William, who was daily expecting to give battle to her father in Ireland:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July  $\frac{3}{13}$ ,

"If you knew in what fear I am that my letter I writ yesterday morning did not overtake the post, you would pity me, for though it is but one day's difference, yet I would not for anything seem to have missed an opportunity of writing to you, and indeed, as sleepy as I was a-Tuesday night, I would have writ, had not lord Nottingham assured me the message should follow the next morning early, and so he was certain it would come time enough, but when the letter came in from lord Torrington, and, what was to be done, being thought necessary to acquaint you with, he stopt the messenger without telling me."

The queen then describes to her husband<sup>2</sup> the proceedings of her nine assistants, among whom she wished to choose two, to send down to take charge of the remains of the fleet, while lord Torrington was displaced and brought to trial.<sup>3</sup> Lord Monmouth and Mr. Russell, the two

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., pp. 112, 113.

<sup>2</sup> In the same letter, printed from king William's Kensington box, by Sir John Dalrymple. See his Appendix, pp. 126, 127.

<sup>3</sup> He was not tried till the succeeding December, when a court-martial was held upon him at Sheerness, and he was unanimously acquitted. He was the man who led the Dutch fleet through the Downs at William's invasion. He was most unjustly treated in regard to all this odium, as the ships were utterly out of condition, and the men in want of every necessary, as food, ammunition, &c. He withdrew into obscurity and disgrace. Dalrymple's Appendix. On his death, the title of Torrington was speedily granted to admiral Byng, a commander whom James II. had drawn from obscurity. The similarity of title and profession in these two admirals, who were contemporaneous, causes great confusion in the history of the revolution.

professed seamen of the junta, both excused themselves to the queen, from the ungracious office; Monmouth, because he was related to the delinquent, and was not to *command* the fleet. Russell declined, because he had served for many years under Torrington as his officer; "Therefore," pursues queen Mary, in the phraseology of the times, "it would seem something indecent in him to be forward in offering his service in this particular."

Queen Mary, in this dilemma, turned to her lord-chamberlain, and then to lord Marlborough, who both told her, very truly, "that they should make themselves ridiculous if they interfered in sea matters." On this, the queen herself named lord Devonshire and lord Pembroke; but at the same time, she observed lord-president Carmarthen "look very black, and found that he wished to undertake the commission himself." She drew him aside, after her consultation broke up, and told him "she could not spare him from his post, as king William had informed her he was the person whose advice she was most to rely upon." He replied, "he did not look upon himself as so tied." As earl of Danby, he had been deep in the Popish plot: he had assisted in the calumny which stigmatized the birth of the queen's unfortunate brother, and altogether had been the enemy of the queen's father in a sufficient degree to make her majesty confident that he would not subvert her government, as such a measure was thoroughly against his own safety. Carmarthen had a son, who was one of the amphibious warriors of that age, willing alike to command on sea or shore.

Her majesty says—"There is another thing that I must acquaint you with, by-the-bye, that I believe will anger him [Carmarthen], which is, that neither Mr. Hampden nor Mr. Pelham will sign the docket for lady Plymouth's £8000; he complained to me—I promised to ask them about it, which I have done, and both of them asunder have told me 'the sum was too great to be spared at present, when money was so much wanted,' and, indeed, I think they are in the right. I hope you will let me know your mind about it; but they say sir Stephen Fox signed it by surprise, and is of their mind. The only thing I could say to this, was, 'that *you* had signed the warrant before you went, which I thought was enough.'"

Thus this mysterious order for so large a mass from the public money is proved to have originated wholly from king William. It was equally distasteful to his wife and his ministers. The queen proceeded to say—"By advice, I writ a letter to admiral Evertzen, but I forgot to tell you so, and not knowing he spoke English, with much a-do, I writ it in Dutch, so as, I believe, he could have understood me; but '*tis* come back to be burnt.'" What a literary curiosity this Dutch letter of English Mary would have proved, if it had not, very provokingly to autograph collectors, "come back to be burnt!"

The next paragraph of Mary's narrative touches on a point calculated to awaken curiosity. It mentions interviews with her reputed lover, lord Shrewsbury, who might be considered (when all his advantages were computed) the mightiest power among the aristocracy of Great

tain. He was, at this juncture, a displaced prime-minister, yet displaced by his own obstinate renunciation of office :

"Lord Shrewsbury was at my dinner; I told him 'I was glad to see him so well, again;' he said, 'he had been at Epsom for the air, or else he would have been here sooner.' He stayed not long, but went away with Mr. Wharton, who I have not seen once at council, and but seldom anywhere. Lord Shrewsbury was here again at my supper, and as *I thought took pains to talk, which I did to him, as formerly, by your directions.* Though by my letter, it may be, you would not think me in so much pain as I am, yet I must tell you, I am very much so, but not for what lord Monmouth would have me be. He daily tells me of the great dangers we are in, and now has a mind to be sent to Holland, (of which you will hear either this, or the next post,) I see every one is inclined to it, for a reason I mentioned before; and, indeed, things have but a melancholy prospect."

It seems ambiguous whether Mary means that all her political assistants proved alarmists, and endeavoured to intimidate her like lord Monmouth, or whether, as he did, they all wished to seek refuge in Holland. In whichever way the sense is taken, it affords strong proof that Mary's courage was firm, when the leading spirits of England quailed before the expected storm :

"I am fully persuaded," she continues, "that God will do some great thing or other, and it may be when human means fail, he will show his power; this makes me, that I cannot be so much afraid as it may be I have reason for, but that which makes me in pain is for fear what is done may not please you. I am sure it is my chief desire, but you know I must do what the others think fit, and I think they all desire, as much as may be, to act according to your mind."

"I long to hear from you, and know in what we have failed; for my own part, if I do, in anything, what you don't like, 'tis my misfortune, and not my fault, for I love you more than my life, and desire only to please you."

The queen's next letter is a hurried one, written under the influence of sadness. She was suffering from disease in her eyes, and is perforce obliged to confine the limits of her despatch to affectionate expressions :

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July 1<sup>st</sup>, 1690.

"This is only to tell you I have received yours of the 28th of June, Old Style, which puts me in so many troubles that I shall not trouble you with at present.

"To-morrow night, an express shall go to you, that cannot possibly be despatched to-night, and I am not sorry, for at this time I dare say but little by candlelight, and 'tis to-morrow the first Sunday of the month.<sup>1</sup> I have really hardly time to say my prayers, and was fain to run away to Kensington where I had three hours of quiet, which is more than I have had together since I saw you. That place made me think how happy I was there, when I had your dear company, but now—I will say no more, for I shall hurt my own eyes, which I want more than ever.

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<sup>1</sup> She means to intimate that she was to receive the sacrament then.

"Adieu, think of me, and love me as much as I shall you, who I love more than my life. I should have sent this last post, but not seeing madame Nieuhuy, hindered me then, and makes me send it now, which I hope you will excuse."

Thus it is evident that the queen dared not give vent to her overcharged heart by tears, because weeping would injure her eyes. Her anxiety was increased the next day, by the tidings that her husband had been wounded in one of the skirmishes that preceded the hourly expected battle in Ireland:<sup>1</sup>

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July 1<sup>st</sup>, 1690.

"I can never give God thanks enough as long as I live for your preservation: I hope in his mercy, that this is a sign he preserves you to finish the work he has begun by you; but I hope it may be a warning to you, to let you see you are exposed to as many accidents as others; and though it has pleased God to keep you once in so visible a manner, yet you must forgive me if I tell you that I should think it *a-ttempting* God to venture again without a great necessity. I know what I say of this kind will be attributed to fear. I own I have a great deal for your dear person, yet I hope I am not unreasonable upon the subject, for I do trust in God, and he is pleased every day to confirm me more and more in the confidence I have in him, yet my fears are not less, since I cannot tell if it should be his will to suffer you to come to harm for our sins, for though God is able, yet many times he punishes the sins of a nation as it seems good in his sight.

"Your writing me word how soon you hoped to send me good news, shows me how soon you thought there might be some action, and this thought puts me in perpetual pain. This morning, when I heard the express was come, before lord Nottingham came up, I was taken with a trembling for fear, which has hardly left me yet, and I really don't know what to do. Your letter came just before I went to chapel, and though the first thing that lord Nottingham told me was that you were very well, yet the thoughts that you expose yourself thus to danger fright me out of my wits, and make me not able to keep my trouble to myself. For God's sake, let me beg you to take more care for the time to come—consider what depends upon your safety, there are so many more important things than myself, that I think I am not worthy naming among them—but, it may be, the worst may be over before this time, so that I will say no more.

"I did not answer your letter by the post last night, because the express could not be despatched; I can say little on any subject at present, for really I had my head and heart so full of you, I could mind nothing else.

"It is now past 10 o'clock; I don't tell it you for an excuse, for I am not sleepy."

The expectation of a battle between her father and her husband's forces in Ireland, and the alarm regarding the wound the latter had received, had the effect of keeping her majesty queen Mary wide awake at the hour of past ten o'clock, which was evidently the time usual for their high mightinesses in Holland to go to bed, or to *roost*, according to the Dutch language; for, in the course of this correspondence, she often mentions "that it is ten o'clock, and that she is so sleepy she cannot write." Such were the customs of royal domesticity in the seventeenth century; a king and queen retired to rest, just at the hour when modern belles set out to their evening parties.

<sup>1</sup> A brief sketch of the war in Ireland had place in the 9th volume. *Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.*

It may be observed that, in the commencement of this letter, her majesty dwells with much spiritual unction on the possibility that her husband's wound was sent as a visitation for the sins of the British nation. She proceeds to ask the king's directions for the command of the fleet, which remained still unsettled. Lord Monmouth claimed the command, of which Torrington had been deprived; but Mary was fully aware of his Jacobite tendencies, and suspecting that his confidant, major Wildman, was author of the letters written in lemon-juice, she declined his services. She wished to appoint Russell, but he positively refused. Sir Richard Haddick and sir John Ashby were proposed by the council; but sir Richard Haddick wished the office might be put in commission, with two seamen and one man of quality. And the queen adds, she thought that person might be the duke of Grafton; first, because he had "behaved lately 'very brave' in this last business," [i. e., *the defeat at Beachy Head*], and also "that he might learn, and so in time prove good for something"—a plain indication that she did not consider this illegitimate cousin good for aught without improvement. While discussing the difficult matter of naval command, she observes to the king "that Shovell was considered the best officer of his age." He had just taken her father's only remaining frigate.

The news of the long-expected battle arrived the next day. The victory at Boyne Water obliterated from the public mind the recent defeat of the British navy. The disastrous naval defeat occurred on the 30th of June;<sup>1</sup> the land victory took place the very day after, July 1st, but, as may be perceived by this correspondence, the queen did not receive the news until a week had elapsed.

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July 7, 1690.

"How to begin this letter I don't know, or how ever to render to God thanks enough for his mercies; indeed, they are too great, if we look on our deserts, but as you say 'tis his own cause, and since 'tis for the glory of his great name, we have no reason to fear, but he will perfect what he has begun; for myself, in particular, my heart is so full of joy and acknowledgment to that great God who has preserved you, and given you such a victory, that I am unable to explain it. I beseech him to give me grace to be ever sensible, as I ought, and that I and all may live suitable to such a mercy as this is. I am sorry the fleet has done no better, but 'tis God's providence, and we must not murmur, but wait with patience to see the event. I was yesterday out of my senses with trouble. I am now almost so with joy, so that I can't, really, as yet, tell what I have to say to you by this bearer, who is impatient to return. I hope in God, by the afternoon, to be in a condition of sense enough to say much more, but for the present I am not."

If novelists or dramatists had been describing the situation of queen Mary, they would, according to the natural feelings of humanity, have

<sup>1</sup> Grafton had but a short time left "to learn and prove good for something," for he was killed a few months afterwards at the siege of Cork, under Marlborough, fighting as a land soldier.

<sup>2</sup> Old style, by which all English history is dated till the middle of the last century.

painted her as distracted between tenderness for her father and her love for her husband ; mourning, amidst victory, for her sire, and alive only to the grief that such unhallowed contests should awaken in the bosom of the woman, who had been the indulged daughter of the one antagonist, and was the wife of the other. Such feelings were attributed by the Greek tragedians to virtuous heathens of old, and by Shakespeare to the royal heroines of England's earlier day ; but no trace of them is to be discerned in Mary's actual letters. Unmixed joy and exulting thanksgiving, are the first emotions which burst from her heart in this epistolary *Te Deum*. Towards the end of the letter, however, she recollects herself sufficiently to express her satisfaction that the "late king," as she calls her father, was not among the slain, a passage which will be read with intense interest by those who know Mary's situation, but who are utterly in the dark regarding her own opinion of her extraordinary position in the world.

The queen resumes, after she has given vent to her joy : "When I writ the foregoing part of this, it was in the morning, soon after I had received yours, and 'tis now four in the afternoon, but I am not yet come to myself, and fear I shall lose this opportunity of writing all my mind, for I am still in such a confusion of thought that I *scarce* know not what to say, but I hope in God, you will more readily consent to what lord-president wrote last, for methinks you have nothing more for you to do.

"I will hasten Kensington as much as it's possible, and I will also get ready for you here, for I will hope you may come before that is done. I must put you in mind of one thing, believing it is now the season, which is, that you would take care of the church in Ireland. *Everybody agrees 'tis the worst in Christendom* ; there are now bishoprics vacant, and other things ; I beg you will take time to think who you will fill them with. You will forgive me that I trouble you with this now, but I hope you will take care of these things, which are of so great consequence as to religion, which I am sure will be more your care every day, now it has pleased God still to bless you with success.

"I think I have told you before how impatient I am to hear how you approve what has been done here. I have but little part in it myself, but I long to hear how others have pleased you. I am very uneasy in one thing, which is, want of somebody to speak my mind freely to, for, 'tis a great restraint to think and be silent, and there is so much matter, that I am one of king Solomon's fools, *who am* ready to burst. I believe lord-president and lord Nottingham agree very well, though I believe the first pretends to govern all, and I see the other (lord Nottingham) is always ready to yield to him, and seems to me to have a great deal of deference for him ; whether they always agree or not, I cannot tell. Lord Marlborough is much with them, and loses no opportunity of coming upon all occasions with the others. As yet I have not found them differ, or at least so little, that I was surprised to find it so (I mean the whole nine) ; for it has never come to put anything to the vote ; but I attribute that to the great danger, I believe all have apprehended, which has made them all of a mind."

Great natural sagacity is shown by the queen in her remarks on the unwonted unanimity of her councillors. The whole of her cabinet had so far committed themselves with king James, that they were obliged to unite in one common purpose to prevent his return, which they knew would ruin them. Mary likewise adopted a very rational idea of the origin of the intercepted letters, written in lemon-juice, which was suggested to her by Mr. Russell, that they were written on purpose to be intercepted, and to raise vain suspicions and doubts in the councillors towards each other. While lord Monmouth and his colleague, Wildman, were away at the fleet, these letters ceased, but directly they returned, the correspondence recommenced. But, totally unconscious of the conclusions the queen had drawn, lord Monmouth sedulously seized the opportunity of every conference he held with her, to insinuate distrusts of his colleagues, which her majesty thus detailed to her partner in regality :

"I had a conversation with lord Monmouth, t'other morning, in which he said, 'What a misfortune it was that things thus went ill, which was certainly by the faults of those that were in trust; that it was a melancholy thing to the nation to see themselves thus thrown away. And, to speak plain,' said he, 'do not you see how all you do is known, that what is said one day in the cabinet-council, is wrote next day to France. For my part,' added he, 'I must speak plainly, I have a great deal of reason to esteem lord Nottingham; I don't believe 'tis he, but 'tis some in his office'—and then he fell on Mr. Blaithwit.

"I owned 'I wondered why you would let him serve here, since he would not go with you,' but I said, 'I suppose you knew why you did it.' And when he, lord Monmouth, began to talk high of ill-administration, I told him in the same freedom that he seemed to speak to me 'that I found it very strange you were not thought fit to choose your own ministers; that they had already removed lord Halifax, the same endeavours were used for lord Carmarthen, and would they now begin to have a *bout* at lord Nottingham, too? I would show they would pretend even to control the king in his choice, which, if I were he, I would not suffer, but would make use of whom I pleased.'

"I can't tell if I did well or no in this, but in the free way we were speaking I could not help it. Upon this, he [lord Monmouth] said, 'He had, indeed, been an enemy to lord Halifax, but he had done what he could do to save lord Carmarthen, out of personal friendship, as well as because he believed him firm to our interest.' Upon which, I took occasion to remember my obligations to him [lord Carmarthen] 'upon account of our marriage; *from which* he [lord Monmouth] still went on, 'That he thought it necessary the nation should be satisfied.' I asked him, 'If he thought *that* possible?' He said, he could tell me much on that subject. But we were called to council, and so our discourse ended for that time."

The reader will observe, in this colloquy, how fiercely the queen resented the shadow of an attack on her friend and lord-chamberlain, lord

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<sup>1</sup> When he was lord Danby, one of the ministers of Charles II.



Nottingham. She shows, too, resentment because lord Halifax had been displaced from the ministry, and her expressions are in thorough contradiction to the resentment king William affirmed she bore that lord for his personal ridicule of her father. Queen Mary proceeds to give her absent husband a rapid sketch of the characteristics and conduct of the chief of her councillors.

"As for lord Pembroke, I never see him but in council; lord Cham [Shrewsbury<sup>1</sup>] comes as little as he can with decency, and seldom speaks, but he never comes to the cabinet-council. Lord Stuard, [Devonshire,] you know, will be a courtier among ladies—speaking of him puts me in mind that M. Sesak, before we went to cards, came and made me a very handsome compliment on your victory and wound, and assured me, 'no man living wished us a longer and happier reign.' But to return to *that* lord, who<sup>2</sup>—I think I have named all—I must say once my opinion, that lord Nottingham seems to be very hearty in all affairs; and, to my thinking, appears to be sincere, though he does not take much pains to persuade me of it upon all occasions, as others do, for he never spoke but once of himself, yet I confess I incline to have a good opinion of him. It may be, his formal grave look deceives me. He brought me your letter yesterday, and I could not hold; so he saw me cry, which I have hindered myself before everybody till then—then it was impossible.

"And this morning, when I heard the joyful news from Mr. Butler, I was in pain to know what was become of the late king, [*meaning her father, James II.,*] and durst not ask him, but when lord Nottingham came, I *did* venture to do it, and had the satisfaction to hear he was safe. I know I need not beg you to let him be taken care of, for I am confident you will, for *your own sake*; yet add that to all your kindness, and, for my sake, let people know you would have no hurt come to his person. *Forgive me this.*"

In this last paragraph is comprised all that can, with truth, be urged in Mary's vindication regarding the reports of her alleged parricidal instigations against the life of her father, which had been previously brought to that hapless parent's ears. Her sole defence rests on the passage above mentioned, in which, nevertheless, she can find no kinder name than "the late king" for the author of her being; and withal asks "forgiveness," as if such cold and unnatural expressions were *too* kind towards her unfortunate sire.

"I have writ this," resumes Mary, in her letter, "at so many times, that I fear you will hardly make sense of it. I long to hear what you will say to the proposition that will be sent you this night by the lords, and I do flatter myself mightily with the hopes to see you, for which I

<sup>1</sup> Great chamberlain; the double regality, made a perplexing duplication of state offices and officers; for instance, lord Nottingham was not Mary's lord chamberlain as queen-consort, but held a place of more responsibility as lord chamberlain to her as a queen-regnant.

<sup>2</sup> This is as the queen wrote it; she has, through some interruption, left the construction of the sentence defective. By *that* lord, she means Monmouth, and recurs to his insinuations against her friend, lord Nottingham.

am more impatient than can be expressed, loving you with a passion which cannot end but with my life!"

The "proposition" on which the queen dwells with such fond interest, was that the king, having broken the Jacobite army, should return instantly to England. William was too good a general not to be aware that the battle of the Boyne, if attention had been fixed solely on its physical advantages, was far from decisive of the contest. The praises of William III.'s great valour in this battle have resounded throughout Europe, but he had in Ireland 30,000 regular and disciplined troops: he had the most formidable train of artillery in the world at his command: surely, the very act of looking such a formidable force in the face, as opponents, was one of superior valour in the ill-armed and undisciplined, and unpaid militia who fought for James. That unfortunate king has been called a coward on account of its loss, which, indeed, made good his own representations in his naval regulations, "that a wholly different genius is required for marine and land warfare." Every one to his profession. The battle of the Boyne was won by a furious charge of cavalry, and we never heard that English sailors were particularly skilful in equestrian evolutions,<sup>1</sup> or that a British admiral ought to be called a coward, because he was not an adroit general of horse. When the sailor-king met the Dutch on his own element, history gave a different account of him. The cavalry tactics of William would have availed him as little on the seas. That most mysterious politician, Defoe, although a Dutchman by descent, in his "Memoirs of Captain Carlton," first called on Englishmen to notice this point, and remarks the injustice and ingratitude of condemning their greatest admiral as a coward, because he was not equally skilful in a cavalry-skirmish.

Charles Montague, earl of Halifax, wrote a long poem on the battle, in heroic verse; it consists of the most lofty eulogiums on William, without either naming or alluding to his antagonist. After lauding his valour and generosity, he leaves it in complete mystery against whom he fought; and but for the word "Boyne," no one could ever guess the subject. He sums up with the presumption, that if William had been a Frenchman, France would have said and done more to his honour and glory than ungrateful Englishmen deemed necessary:—

"Their plays, their songs, would dwell upon his wound,<sup>2</sup>  
And operas repeat no other sound;  
Boyne would for ages be the painter's theme,  
The *Goblin's* labour,<sup>3</sup> and the poet's dream;

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<sup>1</sup> Lord Dartmouth, a favourite naval pupil of James, observes that the king had made him renounce the land-service for ever; saying, "If he serves not out his naval apprenticeship, and forgets not his land-fashions, I will trust him with no ship of mine." Lord Dartmouth, in one of his interesting letters to James II., when admiral of the fleet at the crisis of the revolution, writes, "I have sent your majesty a despatch by a Scotch sailor on horseback, but what has become of either man or horse I know not, for you well know, sire, that we sailors are not quite so skilful with horses as with ships."

<sup>2</sup> In allusion to the scratch which William received in the commencement of the action.

<sup>3</sup> Probably meaning the name of Gobelin, the tapestry-worker.

The wounded arm would furnish all their rooms,  
And bleed for ever scarlet in their looms.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The queen, the charming queen herself, should grace  
The noble piece, and in an artful place,  
Softened war's horrors with her lovely face;  
Who can omit the queen's auspicious smile,  
The pride of the fair sex, the goddess of our Isle?  
Who can forget what all admired of late,  
Her fears for him, her prudence for the state?  
Dissembling cares, she smooth'd her looks with grace,  
Doubts in her heart, and pleasure in her face;  
As danger did approach, her courage rose,  
And putting on the king, dismay'd his foes."

The last couplets present a true picture of the queen's personal demeanour at this tremendous crisis, and it is satisfactory to be able to produce contemporary evidence that the self-portraits drawn in her letters, of her efforts "to grin when her heart was bursting," were seen by by-standers in the light she wished:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July 1<sup>st</sup>, 1690.

"Being resolved never to miss a post, I write now to let you know I have received yours by Mr. Grey, who came at nine in the morning, and was dressing till one, before he brought it; to-morrow I think to write again by him.

"Now I shall only tell you," says the queen, resuming her historical narrative, "that I have been satisfied with the sight of lord Lincoln, which I have so often wished for in vain. I met him as I came from prayers, with a hundred people at least after him. I can't represent to you my surprise at so unexpected an object, and so strange a one; but what he said was as much so, if it were possible. He called lord-president [Carmarthen] by name, (and all in general who are in trust) 'rogues;' told me 'I must go back with him to council [*privy-council*]' to hear his complaint,' which I think was against lord Torrington; he talked so like a madman, that I answered him as calmly as I could, looking on him as such, and so, with much ado, got from him.

"I shall say no more now, but that I am so sleepy I can't see; but I shall live and die entirely yours."

The unfortunate noble, who was thus met by queen Mary, with a rabble at his heels, to whom he was addressing his wayward ideas on politics, was Edward, the last earl of Lincoln, of the elder line of Clinton. It is plain, by this amusing little letter of the queen, that her curiosity had been excited by the reported eccentricities of that peer; but that she did not expect so strange an encounter in her progress to Whitehall-chapel. The earl of Lincoln<sup>1</sup> then seated himself in Whitehall-gallery,<sup>2</sup> bawling out to every one, "that the queen was shut up by

<sup>1</sup> The earl of Lincoln died a few months afterwards. His title reverted to his cousin, sir Francis Fiennes Clinton, whose descendant, having married, in 1744, the heiress of the dukes of Newcastle, added the name of Pelham to his own ancient surname, and became duke of Newcastle, in 1768.

<sup>2</sup> The reader must remember that the great palace of Whitehall, the seat of royalty and government, was not yet burnt down.

three or four lords, who would not let her appear at the privy-council, or suffer her nobles to have access to her." "Although," as the queen herself observed, "he never asked it all the while." He was evidently incited to torment the whig junta of nine, by whose councils her majesty was implicitly guided, instead of having recourse to the privy-council.

The troubles in which the queen was involved with these inimical councils, are best described by her own pen. (Whitehall, July  $\frac{1}{2}$ , 1690.) "I wrote to you a Tuesday night by the post, only to show that I would miss no opportunity of doing it, and have kept Mr. Grey ever since, having nothing worth writing or troubling you with. I shall now begin with answering your letter to him by him, and thank God with all my soul, for the continuance of your good success, and hope you will have no more to do, but come back here, where you are wished for by all that love you or themselves; I need not say most by me—it would be a wrong of me to suppose you doubt it."

"If the first part of your letter was *extreme* welcome, the next was not less so, for next to knowing of your health and success, that of your being satisfied with what has been done here, is the best news, and till then I was very much in pain. You will see, also, that we have had the good fortune here to have done just as you would have had it yourself, in sending Mr. Russell down to the fleet; but that was prevented as you will know before this. I told Mr. Russell what your design was there, and asked 'what I might write on it now?' He told me, 'he should be always ready to serve you any way;' and seemed mightily pleased at what I had told him. I did not say it openly at the *committee*, [the council of nine,] because I know how much lord Monmouth would have been troubled, but I told lord-president as you writ him word, and lord Nottingham, and lord Marlborough. It seems he [Russell] still wishes for a commission to other people, and not to be alone.

"The day that I received yours by Mr. Grey, which was on Tuesday noon, the *great council* was called extraordinarily, being thought fit to acquaint them with the good news:" this was the tidings of the recent victory at the Boyne. By the "*great council*," the queen means to designate the privy-council, which the king and his ministers had warned her from attending often. The members conceived their functions were unconstitutionally superseded by a body bearing some resemblance, at least in name, to the Venetian "Council of Ten;" they were enraged, and almost in a state of insurrection, because the queen's presence was denied them.

Mary was, indeed, placed in a situation of the most exquisite difficulty, which no person could have passed through without imminent danger, excepting one who possessed her peculiar concentrativeness of purpose. Had she felt an atom of kindness to father, sister, brother, nephew, or friend, or even a particle of egotism or personal ambition, which was not centred in that second self, her ungracious and ungraceful little partner, she could not have steered the vessel of state steadily enough to have avoided the shoals of the oligarch faction on the one side, and the rocks of Jacobitism on the other. She likewise had to dread the political

jealousy of her spouse, however well she might govern, if she put herself too forward in her function of queen-regnant. This dread is apparent in the continuation of her narrative, where she expresses her reluctance to attend the privy-council, and describes the stormy scene raised therein because she had hitherto denied her presence, according to her husband's orders:—"Seeing you had left me to the advice of the committee of nine when to go, [*to the privy-council,*] I asked them in the morning 'if they thought it necessary? that, for *my part, I did not.*' Lord-president Carmarthen said 'No.' In the afternoon, when the privy-council met, all began, it seems, to ask 'If I came?' The lord-president Carmarthen said, 'No.' Upon which, there were some who grumbled. Sir R. Howard made a formal speech, wherein he hinted many things, as if he thought it not reasonable that I did not come to privy-council. He was seconded by the duke of Bolton."

That afternoon, faction ran very high in the privy-council. In the midst of the murmurs on account of her majesty's absence, lord Monmouth and the lord-steward [Devonshire], thought proper to leave their seats at the council-board, and enter her private apartments, where they began to entreat her to accompany them back, to appease the malcontents. The queen, who shrewdly suspected lord Monmouth to be the secret mover of the storm, and dreading the displeasure of her husband, if she appeared too often at the more public council, thus expresses herself, in the dilemma:—"I was surprised at it, for they sent for me out of my closet. I will not trouble you with all they said, but they were very pressing; and lord-steward [Devonshire] told me there were many there who absolutely told him 'they would not speak but before me, that they were privy-councillors established by law, and did not know why they should be denied my presence?'"

"I answered *them* [*i. e.* Devonshire and Monmouth] at first as civilly as I could, and as calmly, but being much pressed, I grew a little peevish, and told them 'that, between us, I must own I thought it a *humour* (caprice) in some there, [*of the privy-council,*] which I did not think myself bound to please, for, should I come now for this, I should at last be sent for when any body had a mind to it, and that I wondered they, who had heard me in the morning say, *I would not come*, should now be so importunate?'"

"But all I could say would not satisfy them, and had not lord Nottingham come in, I believe they would not have left me so soon. I cannot tell if I did well or no, but I think I did. This was the same day lord Lincoln was here, as I wrote you word before, and he sat in the gallery, crying aloud 'that five or six lords shut me up, and would let nobody else come near me,' yet never asked it all the time."

"Lord Nottingham will give you an account of lord-Mayor's being called next day to the *great council* [*privy-council*] where I was, but I must needs observe that he came with his answer ready wrote, and pulled out his paper and read it! Upon which, many of those who came with him looked upon one another as amazed, and the more because the lord-president did not desire it till Friday."

Thus it is plain that queen Mary was obliged, in order to appease the

discontents of the privy-council, to call the whole of that body together, and preside over their deliberations on the ensuing day. Lord Monmouth, who had fomented a faction, and gained a partizan among the junta of nine, of which he was a member, was now very active among the malcontents of the privy-council. The queen suspected some treachery in the singular circumstance that the "*lord-mayor*" brought his speech, ready written, in his pocket, and pulled it out, and read it to her. Her majesty was not quite so familiar with speeches ready cut and dried, as her successors have been: this was one of the first experiments of the kind, and queen Mary confessed herself amazed at the proceeding. Neither could she comprehend how this ready written speech could suit a council suddenly called on the Thursday, when my lord-mayor did not expect it till the day after. The speech was assuredly provided by the cunning Carmarthen.

The queen found that the noble members of the privy-council were bent on showing their displeasure, by protecting the Jacobite lords who had been marked down by herself and council for imprisonment and prosecution. A plot was maturing in Scotland which gave great uneasiness to William and Mary, and, in conjunction with the French invasion, might have wrecked their government, if the leaders, lord Annandale and lord Breadalbane, had not severally visited the king and queen, and made their confessions, to the discomfiture of their colleagues. Lord Ross, then in London, was one of those betrayed; queen Mary thus expresses herself, regarding his apprehension:—"Another thing happened that I must tell: lord Nottingham had secured lord Rosse, and now desired the [privy] council that he might be sent to the Tower as well as so many others. All consented. Duke of Bolton asked 'Why?' Lord Nottingham said 'There *was* informations against him, and more his own letters to sir John Cochrane;' upon which all said a warrant should be drawn. But when it came to be signed, duke of Bolton would not; he hindered lord Devon<sup>1</sup> by a whisper and his son by a nod. Lord Montague would not sign it *neither*; if this be usual, I cannot tell, but methinks it ought not to be so."

Her majesty continues, in her letter, to discuss, in no very perspicuous terms, the half-revealed Jacobite plot in Scotland, and mentioned the opinion of her "junta of nine," that sir James Montgomery,<sup>2</sup> a whig lately turned Jacobite, who was deeply concerned in the plot, "ought to be arrested and sent from Scotland, for he was crafty and malicious,

<sup>1</sup> Lord Ross seems to have married a daughter of Rachel, lady Russell, and was in consequence closely connected with the family of Cavendish and their powerful alliances. He is frequently mentioned familiarly in the manuscript letters in the Devonshire Papers.

<sup>2</sup> Sir James Montgomery had been in strong opposition to James II. during his reign; he had been one of the principal deputies who had brought the offer of the Scottish crown to William and Mary. He became malcontent as well as the other revolutionist leaders, Breadalbane, Annandale, and Ross, because his desire of gain was not sufficiently satisfied. He had therefore joined the Jacobite plot of 1689, which was disorganized by the death of Dundee at Killierankie. (See Dalrymple's Memoirs and Appendix.)

and his confessions, if listened to, would implicate *honest* persons,"—meaning, doubtless, by honest persons, not only various members of the now discontented oligarchy, who had aided in the revolution, but most of themselves—the queen's assistant junta.

Many traces are to be found in Mary's letters of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act; and if we may judge by the glee with which she mentions persons being now "clapt up," who were fluttering in the park but a few hours before, she had some satisfaction in the exertion of this despotism.

Jacobitism was, in the year 1690, so frequent in every-day life, that it was a common occurrence to see a messenger enter a house, a theatre, or Hyde-park, show a privy-council warrant to some gallant, all embroidery, cravat, and ruffle, and march him off, bewigged and befringed as he was, from among a circle of belles, to the Tower. If not seriously implicated in any of the numerous plots then in active concoction, either in Scotland or England, the prisoner was let out, after some weeks' detention, much impoverished in purse by his visit to the grim fortress; for no one, in the seventeenth century, was freed from the Tower at less than the cost of 200*l.* in fees and other expenses. So common was this manœuvre in the reign of William and Mary, that the matter-of-fact comedies of the day make these arrests, either feigned or real, incidents for the purpose of removing rivals, or furnishing adventures to the hero of the piece. In illustration of these traits of the times may be quoted a passage from an original letter of sir George Rooke,<sup>1</sup> who seems not a little scandalized at the conduct of one of queen Mary's captives, when her majesty was pleased to sign a privy-council warrant for his liberation. "I could easily believe that my lord Falkland was very much transported with his release from the Tower, but did not think that he would leap from thence into a ball."

Jacobite poetry now began to form a powerful means of offence against the government of Mary. It had originated in opposition to the faction which strove to exclude James II., when duke of York, from the throne. The first of these songs, "York, our great admiral," and "We'll stand to our landlord as long as we've breath," were decidedly of English composition. But the subject was caught up in the more musical and poetical land beyond the Tweed. Numerous Jacobite lyrics were adapted to the rhythm of the exquisite melodies of Scotland. Some were tender in pathos; others bold and biting in satire. There was one of the latter, written by the heir of Lothian, which dashed at the points on which the four persons of the royal family in England were most liable to censure, and combined them in one fierce couplet:—

"There's Mary *the daughter*, there's Willy *the cheater*,  
There's Geordie *the drinker*, there's Annie *the eater*."

Another party song took its rise within a few months of the accession of William and Mary: it was hummed by every voice, and being set to a bold original air, haunted every ear, although it was but a burst of audacious doggerel:—

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<sup>1</sup> In the MS. collection of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

"Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?"

Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?

King James the Seventh had ae daughter,  
And he gave her to an Oranger.

"Ken ye how he requited him?"

Ken ye how he requited him?

The dog has into England come,  
And ta'en the crown in spite of him!

"The rogue he sal na keep it lang,  
To budge we'll make him fain again:

We'll hang him high upon a tree,  
King James shall hae his ain again!"

The plaintive and elegant Jacobite songs of this period are not numerous. The exquisite one, both in words and melody, by Ogilvie of Inquharairty, written after the loss of the battle of the Boyne, "It was a' for our rightful king," has previously been quoted. Perhaps the following beautiful song, which is the only one in which queen Mary is alluded to, was composed by the same brave exile. It is the lament of a Jacobite lady for the absence of her lover at St. Germain's:

"I ha'e nae kith, I ha'e nae kin,  
Nor ane that's dear to me;  
For the bonny lad that I lo'e best,  
He's far ayont the sea:

"He's gane with ane<sup>3</sup> that was our ain,  
And we may rub the day  
When our king's ae<sup>3</sup> daughter came,  
To play sae foul a play.

"O, gin I were a bonny bird,  
Wi' wings that I might flee,  
Then I wad travel o'er the main,  
My ain true love to see.

"Then wad I tell a joyful tale  
To ane that's dear to me,  
And sit upon a king's window,  
And sing my melody."—

At St. Germain's, the window of the room once tenanted by king James, juts boldly over a commanding view, as if to invite such winged minstrels;—and strongly did it recall this exquisite old melody to the mind of the writer, when standing, in musing mood, within it. The concluding verses allude to the plots of the period, regarding which, the Jacobites were high in hope: by "the crow," or "corbie," is meant William III. and his party.

"The adder lies i' th' corbie's nest,  
Beneath the corbie's wame,  
And the blast that reaves the corbie's  
nest  
Shall blaw our good king hame."<sup>4</sup>

"Then blaw ye east or blaw ye west,  
Or blaw ye o'er the faem,  
Oh, bring the lad that I lo'e best,  
And ane I dare na name."

The queen, in full expectation that king William would return speedily from Ireland, found it requisite to apologize to him that his Kensington villa was not ready for his reception. She concludes her letter, dated July 18, with these words:

"You don't know how I please myself with the hopes of seeing you here very soon, but I must tell you that it is impossible to be at Ken

<sup>1</sup> *Foreigner* is the answer to this quaint question.

<sup>2</sup> James II. Ogilvie, the sweetest Jacobite poet of his day, was in the Scottish brigade, being one of the officers of the Dumbarton regiments broke by William III. for refusing to take the oaths to him. He fought at the Boyne for James II. and fell at the battle of the Rhine.

<sup>3</sup> Mary: *ae* daughter is eldest daughter.

<sup>4</sup> James II



sington. Your closets here are also not in order, but there is no smoke, in the summer, and the air much better than in another season. Pray let me have your orders, if not by yourself, then tell lord Portland, and let him write. I see I can hardly end this, but I must force myself, without saying a word more but that I am ever yours—more than ever, if that be possible—and shall be so till death.”

The next letter was written by the queen from her bed, at eleven at night, at which hour she was too sleepy to write a long one, having fatigued herself by a visit to Hampton-Court, to superintend the Dutch devices disfiguring that ancient palace. The grand apartments, where the English-born sovereigns held their state, had been demolished; and had it not been for a felicitous lack of money and Portland stone, not a fragment of their noble country-palace would have been left:

“QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.”<sup>1</sup>

“Whitehall, 1690, July 1<sup>st</sup>, N. S., at eleven at night.

“You will excuse me from answering your letter I received yesterday morning, (which was writ on Sunday last,) when you know I have been this morning to Hampton-Court and back again by noon, and ever since have had one or other to speak to me, of which I will give you an account when I have more time.”

“Now,” says the queen, resuming her narrative of incidents, “I shall only tell you that things go on there [at Hampton-Court] very slowly; want of money and Portland stone are the hindrances, and indeed, in a time when there are such pressing *necessitys*, I am almost ashamed to speak about it, and yet it is become so just a debt, that it ought to be paid. I mean the privy-seal which you passed long ago.

“Sir Charles Littleton has sent to me to offer to give up his commission, which I expect now, and am glad of, for reasons too long to tell now. Pray send word who shall have the government, for ’tis judged necessary to be filled up as soon as may be.

“I fancy the joy at St. Patrick’s church was greater than can be expressed, and wish I had been with you; but though at a distance, none ever praised God so heartily for many reasons, chiefly that of your wonderful deliverance;—upon which, the queen-dowager sent lady Arlington to compliment me. I am now in my bed, having bathed, and am so sleepy I can say no more, but that I am ever and entirely yours.”

In the three succeeding days, she wrote two more letters to her husband, full of hopes of seeing him quickly, mingled with fears that the French ships—which then rode victors both in the English and Irish channels, in a manner unprecedented for centuries—should intercept him on his return:—“All my fears,” observes the queen,<sup>2</sup> “is” the French ships, which are going to St. George’s Channel, and are already at Kinsale; if those should hinder you, what will become of me? I think the fright would take away my reason. But I hope the express, which goes this evening to sir Cloudesley Shovel, will come time enough to prevent any surprise. I am the most impatient creature in the world, for an answer about your coming, which I do hope may be a good one,

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple’s Appendix, Part ii. p. 138.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. p. 141.

<sup>3</sup> So written

and that I shall see you, and endeavour myself to let you see, if it be possible, that my heart is more yours than my own."

The queen, in continuation, gives more laudable proofs of her sincerity in religion, than can previously be discovered in her conduct: "I have been desired," she says to her husband, "to beg you not to be too quick in parting with the confiscated estates, but consider whether you will not keep some for public schools, to instruct the poor Irish. For my part, I must needs say that I think you would do very well if you would consider what care can be taken of the poor souls there, and indeed, if you would give me leave, I must tell you, I think the wonderful deliverance and success you have had, should oblige you to think upon doing what you can for the advancement of true religion, and promoting the Gospel."<sup>1</sup>

Alas, king William, like all mere military sovereigns, had no endowments to bestow on the Gospel, or on Christian civilization of any kind!

The property she mentions was the private inheritance of her father from the earls of Clare and Ulster. It was given by her husband to his mistress, Elizabeth Villiers. Probably it was some intimation of its infamous destination that prompted Mary to make the request that it might be destined to the above virtuous use. But her regal partner little thought of any atonement for the excessive miseries that wretched Ireland groaned under during his reign. Far from that, it is to be feared that he was the cause of many atrocities being perpetrated by his cruel troops, the slightest mention of one of which thrills the nerves with horror. When William was compelled to raise the siege of Waterford, he was asked, "In what manner he should dispose of the sick and wounded prisoners?" "Burn them!" was his ill-tempered reply. There is too much reason to believe that this peevish expletive was literally obeyed; for one thousand of these unfortunates were destroyed in this inhuman manner, by the place in which they were penned directly afterwards bursting into flames, in which they miserably perished.<sup>2</sup>

Towards the end of July, it was found necessary that queen Mary should in person review the militia, which had been called out for the defence of the country, then threatened with invasion by the victorious fleets of France. This was trenching very closely on the office of her military lord and master; and she evidently deemed it proper to apologize for playing the general, as well as the sovereign, in his absence:—"I go," she says in her next letter, "to Hyde Park, to see the militia drawn out there, next Monday; you may believe *I go against my will*."

"I still must come back to my first saying, which is, that I do hope and flatter myself that you will be come back, if it can be with safety. I'm sure if that can't be, I shall wish you may rather stay where you are, though I long never so much to see you, than that you should ven-

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii. p. 141.

<sup>2</sup> Porter's History of Ireland. It is cited by the author of "Ireland as a Kingdom and Colony." At the siege of Waterford was killed captain Carlisle, a player, who had found his account in turning Williamite; his principal service was an abusive ballad, which he had written and set to music, commencing, "King James, with his rascally rabble of rogues." (Tindal's Continuator.)

ture your dear person, which is a thousand times *more so* to me than my own self, and ever will be so while I breathe."

All that has been hitherto known of Mary II. has been imbibed by the public from Burnet's panegyric. But with what promptitude would the revolutionary bishop have demolished his own work, could he, like us, have read her majesty's letter to the king, of July 14, and seen the contemptuous reluctance with which she acceded to his desire of having his "thundering long sermon" on the Boyne victory, printed!

Many passages in these letters, written with unstudied grace and simplicity, prove that Mary's tastes in composition were elegant and unaffected, consequently Burnet's style must have been odious to her. How differently did the man himself, and the world, believe he was rated in her majesty's estimation! Let her speak for herself, as follows: "I will say no more at present, but that the bishop of Salisbury made a *thundering long sermon* this morning, which he has been with *me to desire me to print*, which I could not refuse, *though* I should not have ordered it, for reasons which I told him."

"I am *extreme* impatient of *hearing* from you, which I hope in God will be before I sleep this night—if not, I think I shall not rest: but, if I should meet with a disappointment of your not coming, I don't know what I shall do, for my desire of seeing you, is equal to my love, which cannot end but with my life."

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, July 17, 1690.

"Every hour makes me more impatient to hear from you, and everything I hear stir, I think brings me a letter. I shall not go about to excuse myself; I know 'tis folly to a great degree to be so uneasy as I am, at present, when I have no reason to apprehend any ill cause, but only might attribute your silence to your marching farther from Dublin, which makes the way longer. I have stayed till I am almost asleep, in hopes; but they are vain; and I must once more go to bed, in hopes of being waked with a letter from you, which I shall get at last, I hope."

By the conclusion of this letter may be gathered that her majesty's councillors were much agitated with quarrelsome divisions, and that stormy discussions constantly sprang up, to her great uneasiness. In truth, the immediate danger of her father's restoration had frightened them into something like unanimity while the queen presided over them; but, after the battle of the Boyne, they deemed that danger passed, and they relapsed, in consequence, into their usual state of factious animosity. Their tempers had previously greatly annoyed her liege lord, who had prepared her for their troublesome behaviour; she had secretly imagined that he found fault from his own cynical spirit. She thus owns that he knew them better than she did:

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<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii. 142. A panegyrist of the queen has published some of her letters, but has carefully omitted this passage, the editor being an admirer of Burnet. No one ought to touch documents in such a spirit. Letters and diaries ought to speak honestly for themselves; then let readers draw their own deductions, if they are not satisfied with those of the biographer.

"I cannot resolve to write you all that has past at council this day, till which time, I thought you had given me wrong characters of men, but I now see they answer my expectation of being as little of a mind as of a body."

"Adieu, do but love me, and I can bear all."

As the king was still detained in Ireland, Mary's next despatch brought details more particular of the quarrels which pervaded both the cabinet and the privy-council, and had for their object the appointment of commanders of the shattered and fugitive navy, then skulking dishonourably in the ports of the Thames.

The queen mentions that she had had vapours in the evening of the 27th of July, having been worried by the mad lord Lincoln that morning. The term "vapours" requires explanation, as much as any other historical antiquity of a bygone day; we believe it is synonymous with an "attack on the nerves" in the present century. But nervous complaints were classed by queen Mary's court into three separate maladies. These were vapours, megrims, and spleen. Vapours, we believe, veered in symptoms towards hysterics, megrims to nervous headache, while the spleen simply meant a pain in the temper. Pope, in his brilliant court poem, the "Rape of the Lock," represents all three keeping watch round his fainting Belinda, a fair belle of the courts of queen Mary and queen Anne, Mrs. Arabella Fermor by name, from whom the lord Petre of that day had contumaciously, and against her consent, stolen a curl. Queen Mary may be excused, then, for having had one of these feminine afflictions; especially when she had been agitated by conflicting feelings that day,—plagued by the council, and beset by a madman, withal, according to her own description in the following letter:

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.<sup>1</sup>

"Whitehall, July 21.

"Could you but guess at my impatience for a letter, you would be able to judge of my joy at receiving yours from Timolin. At present I shall say nothing to you, but that I have, at last, seen the council in a great heat, but shall stay till I see you to tell you my mind upon it. Lord Nottingham will send you the account the commissioners have brought from sea, of the assurance of the fleet being ready Wednesday next."

"Lord Lincoln," pursues her majesty's historical narrative, "was with me this afternoon no less than an hour and a half, reforming the fleet, correcting abuses, and not shy, either, of naming persons. He talked so perfectly like a madman, as I never heard anything more in my life; he made the *most extravagantest* compliments in the world, but was by no means satisfied that I would do nothing he desired me. He had an expression that I have heard often within this few days, which is, 'that I have the power in my hand, and they wonder I do not make use of it,' and 'why should I stay for your return?' and 'whether I *should* [ought to] lose so much time as to write you word or no, is doubted, that is, when *they* must stay till an answer come.'"

<sup>1</sup> The queen means that her councillors are no more "*one in mind, than they are one in body.*"

<sup>2</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii. p. 143.

"I shall tell you more of this, when I shall be so happy once more to see you, or when I can write you a long letter, *for I have taken the vapours*, and dare not to-night; but you know, whatever my letters are, my heart is more yours than my own."

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## MARY II.,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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### CHAPTER VII.

Queen Mary urged to assume sovereignty independently of her husband—Dialogues with Sir Thomas Lee—Affronted by him—Dialogue with lord Devonshire—Her perplexities—Her arrangements for the king's return—Laments the unfinished state of Kensington palace—His angry reproof—Her humble apologies—Preparations at Kensington—General style of her writing—Proceedings of the princess Anne—Queen goes to look at Campden house—Young duke of Gloucester settled there—William III.'s letter concerning the queen—Her celebration-ball at Whitehall deferred—The queen disappointed of her husband's return—Continuation of her letters—Her difficulties increase—Her troubles with naval matters—Listens to Dutch cabals—Joy at the king's approval—Announces that Kensington palace is ready—Intercedes for Hamilton—Her interviews with informers—Detects a plot—Urges the king's return—State of England under her sway—Her aversion to Whitehall—Receives Zulestein—Communes with Jacobite traitors—Sends their secret confessions to William III.—Mentions Nevill Payne—Her fondness for Holland—Sends cannon and money to her husband—Mentions its loss—Her dialogue with Russell—Her tender expression to the king—Gossip about his relatives—Her anguish of mind—Dread of the king's campaign in Flanders—Receives an amber cabinet—Hears news of the king's landing—Enmity to Catharine of Braganza—Meets King William—Their residence at Kensington—King's jealousy of his wife's government—Traits of costume, &c. &c.

WHETHER for the purpose of breaking the unanimity of purpose between the king and queen, or really from motives of personal preference to herself as the native-born monarch, it is certain that a strong party existed, eager to urge her majesty to acts of independent sovereignty. It is no slight amplification of her conjugal virtue, to find her strenuously resisting every temptation to her own separate aggrandizement

A long historical despatch from the queen to her absent partner, opens, according to custom, like a love-letter, as follows :

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. 1, N. S., (July 21, O. S.,) 1690.<sup>1</sup>

"Last night I received your letter with so much joy, that it was seen by my face, by those who knew the secret of it, that you were coming. I will not take more of your time with endeavouring to tell you what is impossible to be expressed; but you know how much I love you, and therefore you will not doubt of my delight to think I shall soon see you. I will not, at this time, tell you anything that can be writ by others."

The gist of the political part of the epistle is the detail of the feuds in the two councils, founded on the facts that the king and queen wished Mr. Russell to take the command of the fleet; subsequent events proved they were perfectly right; but Russell would not take the responsibility, after the disastrous defeats which had succeeded each other since the revolution. He chose to have two partners, one a nobleman—his friend, lord Shrewsbury, the ex-minister—the other a seaman. The queen did not object to the appointment of Shrewsbury, but she always named him with a mysterious degree of prudery. Both herself and the king insisted on the third admiral being sir Richard Haddick. But Russell remained obstinate, for he hated Haddick. The lords of the admiralty, too, thought fit to place themselves in strong opposition to the queen, and, in her next letter, appear positively disobedient and contumacious to her authority; ostensibly out of hatred to sir Richard Haddick, between whom and sir Thomas Lee (a leading man in the admiralty) there was a violent enmity. The queen concluded her letter with these words:

"'Tis impossible for Kensington to be ready for your coming, though I will do my best that you shall not stay long for it. When you are come, I will make my apology for the matter when I see you; I shall now only tell you I am in great pain to know if I have done well in this business, or no. Pardon all my faults, and believe that I commit none willingly; and that I love you more than my life."

Two days afterwards, the queen describes, with some animation, a dialogue between herself and sir Thomas Lee:<sup>1</sup> "So the commissioners of the admiralty were sent for, and lord-president Carmarthen told them what the resolution was [viz., *that Russell and Haddick should have the command of the fleet with some great noble as partner with them.*] Sir Thomas grew as pale as death, and told me, 'that the custom was that they [*the lords of the admiralty*] used to recommend, and that they were to answer for the persons, since they were to give them the commissions, and did not know but what they might be called to account in parliament.' Lord-president answered and argued with them. At last, sir Thomas Lee came to say plainly, 'Haddick was the man they did not like.' He added, afterwards, 'I might give a commission if I liked, but they could not.' When I saw he *talkt* long, and insisted upon their privilege, I said, 'I perceived, then, that the king had given away his own power, and could not make an admiral, which the admiralty did not like!' Sir Thomas Lee answered, 'No; no more he can't!' I was ready to say, 'Then the king should give the commission to such as

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 146.

would not dispute with him,' but I did not, though I must confess I was heartily angry.

"It may be, I am in the wrong; but, as yet, I cannot think so. Lord-president, after more discourse, desired them to retire."

The blunt answer of sir Thomas Lee could not be digested by the queen, who soon found that he was set on by her friend Russell, whose hatred to sir Richard Haddick was equal to that of sir Thomas Lee. The next step taken by the lords of the admiralty was a downright refusal to sign the commission. Carmarthen, the lord-president, brought this intelligence to the queen. He was, or pretended to be, in a very great rage. The observations her majesty made<sup>1</sup> on his angry demeanour, display good sense, and command of temper: "I *askt* lord-president what answer was to be sent; he was very angry, and *talkt* at a great rate; but I stopped him, and told him, 'I was angry enough, and desired he would not be *too* much so, for I did not believe it a proper time.' Lord-president answered, 'The best answer he could give from me was, that they, the lords of the admiralty, would do well to consider of it.' I desired he would add, 'That I could not change my mind, if it were proper to say so much.' He said, 'It was rather too little.'

I saw Mr. Russell this morning, and I found him very much out of humour; *he excused Sir Thomas Lee*, and would not believe he had said such a thing as I told you. I said, 'Indeed that he had angered me very much,' but he [Russell] endeavoured to talk it over. He said, 'that Haddick was not acceptable to them, because they believed lord Nottingham had recommended him, and they did not like that.' I saw Russell shifted off signing the commission, and indeed, I never saw him out of humour before. There was company by, so I had not a fair opportunity of saying more to him; only he prest naming lord Shrewsbury for a third, [*as joint admiral of the fleet,*] as the best means to allay all these things. But as I had not time or convenience to say more to him then, I was fain to leave off at a place I would have said more upon. This I had the opportunity of doing this morning to lord Marlborough, who came to me about the same thing. I told him why I should be unwilling to name Shrewsbury myself, 'for I thought it would not be proper for me, by any means, to name a person who had quitted [*i. e., resigned office*] just upon your going away, though I was persuaded you would trust him, and had a good opinion of him; yet for *me* to take upon me alone, (for we concluded none would be for it, but those only who are trusted with the secret,<sup>2</sup> I mean lord Marl and Mr. Russell, and lord Cham,) for me, I say, now so to name him, [Shrewsbury,] without being assured from yourself of your approbation, I thought not proper."

The queen's pique that Shrewsbury should have resigned office, just at the time when he had an opportunity of assisting her in reigning, is,

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 148.

<sup>2</sup> What the secret was is not very clear; in all probability it was that king William was exceedingly desirous for Shrewsbury again to take office, let that office be whatsoever he chose. It seems very odd that a courtier of rank not bred to the naval profession, should be solicited to command a fleet, but such were the customs of that day.

perhaps, apparent here. The rest of her detail of passing events is full of interesting individual particulars of her thoughts and feelings at this trying epoch :

"I pray God send you here quickly, for besides the desire I have to see you for my own sake, (which is not now to be named,) I see all breaking out into flames. Lord Steward [Devonshire] was with me this afternoon from sir Thomas Lee, to excuse himself to me. He said, 'The reason was because he saw this [the appointment of Haddick] was a business between two or three—a concerted thing—and that *made him*, he could not consent.' I told him [Devonshire] 'he himself could have assured sir Thomas Lee it was your own orders, in your letter from you to me.' At which he shook his head."

"I *askt*, 'if he, or sir Thomas Lee, did not believe me?' He said, 'Sir Thomas Lee thought that Haddick was imposed on the king;' I said, 'I did not believe *that* was so easy!' 'I mean'—said lord (*Devonshire*)—'recommended by persons they don't much like.' 'Indeed, my lord, if they only dislike sir R. Haddick because he is recommended by such as they don't approve, it will only confirm me in the belief that he is a fit man, since they make no other objection against him. I confess,' said I, 'my lord, I was very angry at what sir Thomas Lee said yesterday; but this is to make me more so, since I see 'tis not reason but passion makes sir T. Lee speak thus.' Upon which, *we [the queen and lord Devonshire]* fell into discourse of the divisions [*quarrels in council*], which we both lamented, and I think we were both angry, though not with one another. He complained 'that people were too much *believed that ought* not to be so, and we could not agree.' I should never have done, should I *say* [repeat] all I hear on such matters, but what I have said I think absolutely necessary for you to know. If I have been too angry, I am sorry for it. I don't believe I am easily provoked, but I think I had reason. If I may say so, I do not think people should be humoured to this degree. Mr. Russell again desired the duke of Grafton should not be in [*i. e., in the command of the fleet*], and lord Nottingham, who was one of those who mentioned him before, desired me to let you know he is concerned at having mentioned him, having since been informed how unfit he is."

On account of his rude and brutal manners, which exasperated every one with whom he came in contact, the queen, who had wished this illegitimate cousin of hers to be employed, that he might "become good for something," now shrank from the responsibility of her recommendation. She continues thus: "One thing more I must desire to know positively, which is about Kensington, whether you will go there, though my chamber is not ready. Your own apartment, lord Portland's, Mr. Overkirk's, and lady *Darby's* are done; but mine impossible to be used, and nobody else's lodgings ready. The air there is now free from smoke. but your closet as yet smells of paint, for which I *will ask pardon* when I see you. This is the true state of your two houses, but if you will go *lye* only at Kensington, for I suppose your business will keep you here [*i. e., at Whitehall*] all day, pray let me know. You may be sure I shall be very willing to suffer any inconvenience for the sake of your



dear company, and I wish I could suffer it all, for I deserve it, being something in fault, though I have excuses which are not lies."

"I hope," concludes the queen, "this long letter may meet you so near that you may bring your own answer; if not, if you love me, either write me a particular answer yourself, or let lord Portland do it for you. You see the necessity of it for the public; do a little also for my private satisfaction, who love you much more than my own life."

The succeeding letter is wholly devoted to the personal and private arrangements of the royal pair:

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.<sup>1</sup>

"Whitehall, Aug. 5, N. S., (July 25, O. S.) 1690.

"Last night I received yours from Benit Bridge, by which I find you designed to summon Waterford again last Monday, I beseech God give you good success, and send you safe and quickly home. There was an order taken yesterday in council for the proroguing the parliament for three weeks. I have been this evening at Kensington, for though I did believe you would not be willing to stay at Whitehall, yet what you write me word, makes me in a million of fears, especially since I must needs confess my fault that I have not been pressing enough till it was too late."

King William had certainly written a sharp reproof to his loving spouse on the subject of Kensington Palace not being ready for his reception. How humbly she asked pardon for his closet at Kensington smelling of paint, has been shown in the preceding letter. It was rather unreasonable of the king, who only left her in the middle of June, to expect that, with an exhausted treasury, his queen could prepare his palace for his reception in the first days of August; therefore her apology and extreme humiliation for the non-performance of impossibilities—especially in asking pardon for smells for which the house-painter and his painting-pots were alone accountable—seem somewhat slavish. The rest of her letter is couched in the same prostration of spirit:

"The outside of the house (at Kensington) is the *fiddling* work, which takes up more time than one can imagine; and while the *scaffolds* are up, the windows must be boarded up, but as soon as that is done, your own apartments may be furnished; and though mine cannot possibly be ready yet awhile, I have found out a way, if you please, which is, that I may make use of lord Portland's and he *ly* in some other rooms; we [*i. e.*, she and the king] may *ly* in your chamber, and I *go throw* the *councill*-room down, or *els* dress me there; and as I suppose your business will bring you often to town, so I must take such time to see company here; and that part of the family which can't *come* there, must stay here; for 'tis no matter what inconveniencys any *els* suffers for your dear sake: I think this way the only one yourself will have, will be my lying in your chamber, which you know I can make as easy to you as may be. Our being there (at Kensington) will certainly forward the work. I hope this letter will not come to your hands, but that you will be on your way hither before this. My greatest fear is for your closets here, but if you consider how much sooner you come back than any

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 150.

one durst have hoped, you will forgive me, and I can't but be *extreme* glad to be so deceived.

"God in his mercy send us a happy meeting, and a quick one, for which I am more impatient than I can possibly express!"

Although extremely interesting as a transcript of queen Mary's private feelings, and affording an amusing view of her domestic arrangements and expedients, the foregoing narrative presents us with the most faulty specimen of her orthography and phraseology which has been as yet discovered. Those of our readers who are familiar with the epistolary literature of the seventeenth century, will consider Mary's letters in general as wonderful productions, not only on account of the good sense and graphic power of expressing what she has to say, whether in dialogue or narrative, but as presenting occasionally good specimens of the familiar English of her era. It may be observed, that her majesty was in advance of Steele and Addison, and of the dramatists of her day who wrote *you was*, instead of *you were*. She generally uses her sub-junctives correctly; and her sentences, however hurriedly written, have a logical connexion in their divisions.

Throughout this mass of voluminous correspondence, not a word occurs regarding the princess Anne, nor does the queen ever allude to her nephew and heir-presumptive, the infant duke of Gloucester, then twelve months of age. The hatred that was brooding in the minds of queen Mary and her sister had not yet burst into open flame; they still observed the decencies of dislike, had ceremonious meetings and formal leave-takings, when courtly etiquette required them. The princess having discovered that Craven-house was too small for her son's nursery, the queen condescended to accompany her to look at Campden-house,<sup>1</sup> situated (as the remains of it are at present) behind Kensington palace. The princess considered that its vicinity would be convenient for the queen to see her godson and nephew at pleasure, when her majesty took up her abode at the new-built palace; she therefore hired Campden-house for her nursery, at an enormous rental, of Mr. Bertie, the guardian of young Noel to whom the house belonged. Here the infant duke of Gloucester was established,<sup>2</sup> and his improved health showed the salubrity of the site the queen and his mother had chosen.

The queen continued to devote a large portion of her time to epistolary communication with her absent husband; his replies have been vainly sought, yet from the remaining specimens of his letters, their absence is perhaps no great historical loss, as it is doubtful whether his majesty ever wrote a narrative letter in his life. His enormous handwriting spreads far and wide over his paper, as if to prevent the introduction of much matter, and this habit was acquired as an adult; for his hand in his boyish letters to his uncle Charles, in the State Paper Office,

<sup>1</sup> Like most ancient seats near London, this relic (it is said) has been doomed by the building mania to destruction. Indeed, the old gateway, surmounted by the supporters of the Noel family, has been demolished while these sheets were in progress.

<sup>2</sup> Memoirs of the young duke of Gloucester, by Lewis Jenkins.

is not quite so large as children's writing in general. Few of his notes consist of more than two or three prettily turned French sentences, from which it is scarcely possible to extract any individual information; in consequence, it may be observed that her majesty was often in great perplexity to know his wishes and intentions. The following letter from the king, written throughout by his own hand, to the earl of Devonshire, then one of the council of nine, belongs to this period. The original is in French: it contains more matter than any other extant, from William's pen, excepting the wrathful one relating to Dr. Covell's transgressions.<sup>1</sup> The present document, hitherto inedited, is in answer to "a compliment" on the king's wound, previously sent to Ireland, by the lord-steward of the household, the earl of Devonshire:

"WILLIAM III. TO THE EARL OF DEVONSHIRE."<sup>2</sup>

"At the Camp of Welles, this July 17.

"I am very much obliged by the part that you take in what concerns my person, and the advantage<sup>3</sup> that I have gained over my enemies.<sup>4</sup> The misfortune that has befallen my fleet<sup>5</sup> has sensibly touched me, but I hope that it will soon be in a state to put to sea. It will be necessary to chastise severely those who have not done their duty.<sup>6</sup>

"If it had been possible without abandoning all here, I should have set out as soon as yesterday morning when I received your despatches, but without losing all the advantages I have gained, I cannot leave the army for five or six days. Of this, I have written to the queen and to the lords of the committee, to whom I refer you, and hope very soon to have the satisfaction of seeing you, and of assuring you of my constant friendship and esteem, on which you may entirely rely.

"WILLIAM R."

The absence of nomenclature is a curious feature in this epistle of the royal diplomatist. No one is named in it but the queen, although he refers to several persons. No place is mentioned, yet he alludes to the battle of the Boyne, the defeat at La Hogue, and the court-martial pending at Sheerness on lord Torrington.

From the contents of the royal missive from the seat of war, lord Devonshire concluded that queen Mary would be forced to postpone a grand ball for which the palace was in preparation. Her majesty meant, by this festival, to celebrate the king's victory of the Boyne, and his return to England. For purposes either of her royal pleasure or policy, the queen had been indefatigable in giving balls at Whitehall, during the king's absence. The earl of Devonshire, her high-steward, notwithstanding his known taste for these diversions, required a respite. Other troubles annoyed the lord-steward—the ladies of the queen's court danced awkwardly, and there were more ladies than gentlemen. Some of the young nobles were fighting in Ireland against the queen's

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in vol. ix., in Mary's Life, as princess of Orange.

<sup>2</sup> Holograph Letter from William III. to the first duke of Devonshire, (then earl,) lord-steward of the household. From the family papers of his grace the Duke of Devonshire.

<sup>3</sup> Battle of the Boyne.

Loss of the battle off Beachy Head.

<sup>4</sup> King James II. and the French.

<sup>5</sup> Court-martial on lord Torrington.

father, some were fighting for him, others were exiled for maintaining his cause, and not a few of the best beaux were incarcerated by the queen's warrants in the Tower. However, her majesty had expressed her particular wish that the daughter-in-law of the earl of Devonshire might be present at her grand celebration-ball. The royal pleasure was thus notified to that lady by her mother-in-law, lady Devonshire.<sup>1</sup>

THE COUNTESS OF DEVONSHIRE TO LADY CAVENDISH,<sup>2</sup> (DAUGHTER TO RACHEL, LADY RUSSELL.)

(Saturday.)

"I am very glad to hear by Mr. Woolman, not only of your good health, but that I shall see you sooner than you seemed to intend I should. You may still be in time, as the queen desires, for the ball, for nobody can tell when it will be, the king's coming not being so soon as was expected. I hope there will be a respite too in the dancings at Whitehall, till it be for the great ball—yet there is more ladies than men, and worse dancers than them they have found, can hardly be met with. Mrs. Moone danced rather worse than better than she did last year. My lord is come from Newmarket; my head aches, so I leave Betty,<sup>3</sup> dear daughter, to end my letter with what news she knows."

[Betty's conclusion.]

"I hope you will pardon my not answering yours at this present, but you may believe that I am very full of business when I fail it. We have danced very often at Whitehall, where you are wanting extremely, there being not above one or two tolerable dancers, and as for myself, I am worse at it than last year. We are just going to supper. I believe this would hardly pass with you for a letter if I should say more, so I will only desire you to give my humble service to my lady Ross. I am very sorry to hear by Mr. Belman that she does not come with you to town."

Endorsed, "To the lady Hartington, at Woburn Abbey, in Bedfordshire."

The husband of "lady Ross" here mentioned is the same lord Ross who, it will be remembered, was then the object of queen Mary's particular displeasure. Her majesty, in a letter quoted a few pages back, we have seen express her lively displeasure that the powerful families of Devonshire and Bolton had successfully prevented her from incarcerating lord Ross in the Tower, on her mere privy-council warrant.

The queen's hopes of the return of her husband, which had been lively at the beginning of July, were now deferred from week to week. Success had turned in Ireland against the protestant party. The defence of Limerick by the Jacobite general, Sarsfield, rivalled in desperation that of Londonderry, in the preceding year, by the Calvinist minister, Walker; an equal number of William's highly-disciplined soldiers fell in the siege as king James had lost of the half-armed Irish militia at the passage of the Boyne. The protestants of Ireland had been discouraged by the speech that broke from the ungrateful lips of the Orange king. When one of them told him, in a tone of lamentation, "that parson Walker was among the slain in the *melée* at the Boyne," "Why did the fool go there?" was the best tribute king William gave to the memory of the valiant partisan to whom he owed Ireland. The reverend gentleman

<sup>1</sup> The hand is very large and masculine, but, as the letter is signed E. Devonshire, and *her lord* is mentioned, it must be written by the countess.

<sup>2</sup> Family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

<sup>3</sup> Probably lady Elizabeth Cavendish, youngest daughter to the earl and countess of Devonshire.

had given his aid at the Boyne, in the expectation of gaining further renown in regular warfare, and the regimental king scorned all glory that had not been at drill.

William remained unwillingly in Ireland, witnessing the waste of his army in the fatal trenches of Limerick. His passage home was by no means an easy matter; for the victorious French fleets not only rode triumphantly in the English channel, but in that of St. George, rendering dangerous the communication between England and Ireland.

The queen's letters continued to describe the difficulties which beset her at the helm of government. Her next epistle details the feuds and factions regarding the command of the fleet:

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. 9, N. S., (July 30, O. S.) 1690.

"You will not wonder that I did not write last night, when you know that at noon I received yours, by Mr. Butler, whose face I shall love to see ever hereafter, since he has come twice with such good news. That he brought yesterday was so welcome to me, that I won't go about expressing it, since 't is impossible. But (for my misfortune), I have now another reason to be glad of your coming, and a very strong one (if compared to anything but the kindness I have for your dear self, and that is the divisions, which, to my thinking, increase here daily, or at least appear more and more to me. The business of the commission is again put off by Mr. Russell."

Points of precedence had to be settled between the admirals, Killigrew and sir John Ashby, before sir R. Haddick could accept the promotion the queen designed him. Her majesty, in discussing the affair with Russell, again mentioned her displeasure against sir T. Lee:—

"Russell went to excuse him (Lee)," she continues. "I said, 'that I must own to him, that were I in your place, I would not have borne his (sir Thomas Lee's) answer, but when he had in a manner refused to sign the commission, I should have put it into such hands as would have done it.' Mr. Russell said, 'He hoped I would not think of doing it now.' I told him, 'No, he might be sure in your absence I would not think of anything of that nature, especially not without your orders for it.' At my coming from council, I was told of Mr. Butler's being come; [*this was the messenger with king William's letters*]; he soon brought me your letters, and though I was in hourly expectation, yet being sure you were coming did really transport me so, that I have hardly recovered it yet; and there's such a joy everywhere, that 't is not to be exprest."

"I went, last night, to Kensington, and will go again by-and-by. They promise me all shall be ready by Tuesday next, and this is Wednesday. That is the night, [*the ensuing Tuesday*], by Mr. Butler's reckoning, that, with a fair wind, you may be here,<sup>2</sup> though I think, by your dear letter, it is possible you may come a day sooner. At most, if you lye here [i. e., at *Whitehall*] two nights, the third you may certainly, if it please God, be at Kensington. I will do my endeavour that it may be sooner, but one night, I reckon, you will be content to lie here I

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 151.

<sup>2</sup> The king delayed his return till a month afterwards.

writ you word in my last, how I thought you might shift at Kensington, without my chamber, but I have thought since to set up a bed (which is already ordered) in the council-chamber, and that I can dress me in lord Portland's, and use his closet. M. Neinburg is gone to get other rooms for him; thus I think we may shift for a fortnight, in which time I hope my own [*chamber*] will be ready; they promise it sooner.

"This letter will, I hope, meet you at Chester; it shall stay for you there, so that if there be anything else you would have done, do but let me know it by one word, and you shall find it so, if it be in my power.

"I have one thing to beg, which is, that if it be possible, I may come and meet you on the road, either where you desire, or anywhere else; for I do so long to see you, that *I am sure, had you as much mind to see your poor wife again, you would propose it*; but do as you please, I will say no more, but that I love you so much it cannot increase, else I am sure it would."

There is a little tender reproach implied in the concluding sentence; perhaps Mary thought of Elizabeth Villiers, and wished to prevent her from holding a first conference with her husband. However, neither the queen nor her rival were to meet William so soon as was expected. His next letter declared that his return was delayed; on which intelligence her majesty thus expresses herself in her next letter,<sup>1</sup> dated "Whitehall, Aug. 1<sup>st</sup>, 1690.—Unless I could express the joy I had at the thoughts of your coming, it will be vain to undertake telling you of the disappointment 'tis to me, you do not come so soon."

"I begin to be in great pain lest you should be in the storm a Thursday night, which I am told was great, though its being a *pothor* side of the house hindered my hearing of it, but was soon delivered by your letter of the 29th from Ch.<sup>2</sup> I confess I deserve such a stop to my joy, [*i. e., the delay of the king's return,*] since may be it was too great, and I not thankful enough to God, and we are here apt to be too vain upon so quick a success. But I have mortification enough to think that your dear person may be again exposed at the passage of the Shannon, as it was at that of the Boyne: this is what goes to my heart; but yet I see the reasons for it so good, that I will not murmur; for certainly the glory would be greater to terminate the war this summer, and the people here are much better pleased than if they must furnish next year for the same thing again. Upon these considerations I ought to be satisfied, and I will endeavour, as much as may be, to submit to the will of God and your judgment; *but you must forgive a poor wife, who loves you so dearly, if I can't do it with dry eyes.*

"Since it has pleased God so wonderfully to preserve you all your life, and so miraculously now, I need not doubt but he will still preserve you; yet let me beg of you not to expose yourself unnecessarily—that

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 153.

<sup>2</sup> Chapelford, where William's head-quarters were at that instant, is probably the place indicated by this contraction. The queen usually contracts proper names; thus, lord Nottingham is always lord Nott; Pembroke, lord Pein. Marlborough, Marl.; Feversham, Fev.; lord-chamberlain, Cham., &c.

will be too much tempting that Providence which I hope will still watch over you."

"Mr. Russell is gone down to the fleet last Thursday, to hasten, as much as may be, all things there, and will be back a *Monday*, when there is a great council appointed. I don't doubt but this commission will find many obstacles, and this (naming Killigrew) among such as don't like him, will be called in question, as well as the other two (i. e., *Ashby and Haddick*); and I shall hear again 'tis a thing agreed among two or three."

"I will not write, now, *no more than I used to do what others can*; <sup>1</sup> and indeed I am fit for nothing this day, my heart is so opprest, I don't know what to do."

"I have been at Kensington for some hours' quiet, to-morrow being the first Sunday of the month, and have made use of lord Portland's closet, as I told you in my last I would. The house [Kensington Palace] would have been ready by Tuesday night, and I hope will be in better order now; at least, it shall not be my fault if it is not. I shall be very impatient to hear again from you, till when, I shall be in perpetual pain and trouble, which I think you can't wonder at, knowing that you are dearer to me than my life."

The cabals in the two councils, relative to the command of the beaten and disgraced fleet of England, continued to harass the queen. The fine navy her father had formed for his destroyers was at the command of Mary—at least, all that remained of it from the two disastrous defeats that had followed her accession. But the harpies of corruption had rushed in; the vigilant eye, which watched over the proper appointment of stores and necessaries, was distant; the elective sovereigns durst not complain of the peculations which had become systematic. The English fleet was degraded, not for want of brave hearts and hands, and fine ships, but because all the civilians concerned in finding stores, ammunition, provision, and pay, pilfered daringly; the consequence was, that none of James's former sea-captains could be induced to take a command, which must perforce end in disgrace, when the British navy came in collision with the well-appointed ships which Louis XIV. had been raising for the last twenty years.

Queen Mary was fully justified by her husband in the displeasure she had expressed at the insolence of sir Thomas Lee. She expresses her satisfaction at finding that the king viewed the affront in the same light as herself in the following manner:—

QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. 1<sup>st</sup>, 1690.

"Last night I received yours of the 3d of July, and with great satisfaction that it was plain, you approving of my anger is a great ease to me, and I hope may make things go on the better, if it be possible, though great pains are taken to hinder the persons named from serving at all,<sup>2</sup> or from agreeing, but I hope to 'little purpose"

<sup>1</sup> So written by the queen. In her hurry and trouble of mind, she has failed to express her meaning clearly, which is, "I will not now write to you anything which can be written by others, for, indeed, I am fit for nothing to-day," &c. &c.

<sup>2</sup> The four were Russell, Haddick, Killigrew, and Ashby—all, excepting Had-

In order to deprive sir Richard Haddick of the royal favour, a Dutchman, of the queen's household, was employed to tell her sir Richard railed furiously at everything Dutch. The queen had him called to account for it; and afterwards wrote to the king, that she considered he had cleared himself. She mentioned, that lord Torrington had very earnestly demanded his trial, but doubted whether his acquittal would not greatly incense the Dutch at that time.<sup>1</sup> A scheme she alludes to for the delay of his trial, comes the nearest to unrighteous diplomacy of any portion of these letters; for if the Englishman deserved his acquittal, he had a right to it, whether the Dutch approved of it or not.

"I should not write you this thought of mine, if I did not find several (of the council) of my mind, which makes me apt to believe I am not quite in the wrong; but *that* you know better; and you may believe I shall do as much as lies in my power to follow your directions in that and all things whatever, and am never so easy as when I have them. Judge, then, what a joy it was for me to have your approbation of my behaviour; the kind way you express it in, is the only comfort I can possibly have in your absence. What other people say I ever suspect, but when *you* tell me I have done well, I could be almost vain upon it."

It was this intimate union of purpose and of interest between these two sovereigns, and the entire confidence in each other, that produced their great worldly prosperity. The same result is usually the case where unanimity prevails between a married pair, in whatever rank of life their lot may be cast; for never was a prophecy, or proverb, more divinely true than that pronounced by the Saviour: "A house divided against itself shall not stand."

"I am sure," continues the queen's narrative of events, "I have all the reason in the world to praise God, who has sustained me in things so difficult to flesh and blood; and has given me more courage than I could have hoped for. I am sure 'tis so great a mercy I can never forget it; we have received many—God send us grace to value them as we ought!—but nothing touches people's hearts here enough to make them agree; that would be too much happiness."

"Lord Nottingham will give you an account of all things, and of some letters, which by great luck are fallen into our hands. I have been at Kensington this evening, and made it, now, so late, that I am very sleepy, and so can't say much more; I shall only assure you that I shall take all the pains I can. Kensington is ready; had you come this night, as

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dick, were extremely unwilling to take the command the queen offered them, and thus to risk the fate of lord Torrington. The historical result of all the queen's anxious deliberations, was, that Torrington was sent to the Tower on the 9th of August, and Haddick, Killigrew, and Ashby appointed joint admirals of the fleet. Russell positively refused serving with Haddick, having an intrigue on foot to advance Marlborough's brother, captain Churchill, over the heads of the veterans, as will be shown in the queen's succeeding letters.

<sup>1</sup> The Dutch navy was most severely handled by the French; the Dutch accused Torrington of remaining passive, and seeing with pleasure the French contest the day with them. But the bad state of the English fleet is most evident by Carmarthen's letter to king William, already mentioned.



I did flatter myself you would have done, you could have lain there; that is to say, in the council-chamber, and there I fear you must lie when you do come, which God grant may be soon. I must needs tell you on the subject, that when it was first known you intended to come back, 'twas then said, 'What! leave Ireland unconquered—the work unfinished?' Now upon your not coming, 'tis wondered whose council this is, and why leave us thus to ourselves in our danger?"

"Thus people are never satisfied; but I must not begin upon the subject, which would take up volumes, and, as much as I was prepared, surprises me to a degree that is beyond expression. I have so many *several* (different) things to say to you, if I live to see you, that I fear you will never have patience to hear half; but you will not wonder if I am surprised at things, which, though you are used to, are quite new to me."

"I am very impatient to hear if you are over the Shannon; that passage frights me. You must excuse me telling my fears; I love you too much to hide them, and that makes all dangers seem greater, it may be, than they are. I pray God, in his mercy, keep you, and send us a happy meeting here on earth first, before we meet in heaven. If I could take more pains to deserve your kindness, that which you write would make me do it; but that has been ever so much my desire, that I can't do more for you, nor love you better."

Similar expressions of tenderness pervade her letter, dated August 17, intermixed with state information and council disputes, relative to calling a new parliament, and of the bankrupt state of the treasury, of which "sad stories are told," the queen says, "by Mr. Hampden," which I fear will prove true."

#### QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. 1<sup>st</sup>, 1690.

"I have had no letter from you since that of the 31<sup>st</sup>, from Chapelford; what I suffer by it you cannot imagine. I don't say this by way of complaint, for I really believe you write as often as 'tis convenient or necessary, but yet I cannot help being extremely desirous of hearing again from you. This passage of the river Shannon runs much in my mind, and gives me no quiet, night nor day; I have a million of fears, which are caused by what you can't be angry at, and if I were less sensible I should hate myself, though I wish I were not so *fearful*, and yet one can hardly go without t'other—but 'tis not reasonable I should torment you with any of this.

"Lord Steward [Devonshire] desires me to let you know he has had a letter from monsieur et madame de Grammon, about her brother, Mr. Ham[ilton]; they earnestly desire he may be exchanged for lord Mountjoy."

<sup>1</sup> This gentleman was as much concerned in the Revolution of 1688, as his more celebrated ancestor had been in that of 1640, who declared death to be peculiarly welcome when it came on the battle-field at Chalgrave; but it came not speedily enough to his descendant, whose own desperate hand committed suicide. His name, as a bribed tool of France, at the time of the agitation of the Popish Plot, is disgustingly apparent on Barillon's black list.—See Dalrymple's copy of the document. Appendix, Part i., p. 316; the whole of Barillon's Despatches should be read, likewise, p. 286. The originals are under the care of M. Dumont, a learned contemporary, at *Les Affaires Etrangères*, at Paris.

The celebrated family group thus named by queen Mary were all individuals intimately known to her in her youth. Madame de *Grammont* was the beautiful Miss Hamilton, who married the profligate fop, count de Grammont. He resided some time at the court of Charles II., which (if possible) he made worse than he found it. Mr. Hamilton,<sup>1</sup> mentioned by the queen, was the brother of the lady; he is better known as the witty count Antony Hamilton, the author whose pen embodied the scandalous reminiscences of his brother-in-law, under the title of *Memoires de Grammont*. Count Antony Hamilton was now a prisoner from the battle of the Boyne. He had greatly incensed king William by undertaking to induce lord lieutenant Tyrconnel to yield up Ireland to him; and when he had obtained all the confidence with which the Whigs could trust him, he posted over to Ireland, and did all in his power, by pen, interest, or sword, in the cause of his master, king James. A man of delicate honour could not, would not, have accepted the confidence of William, or acted thus; but a few falsehoods more or less broke no squares with the author of the scandalous chronicle aforesaid; yet it is strange to find count Antony Hamilton risking at once his life and his honour in the service of James II., whom he had libelled so viciously, and after his ruin, too!

When Hamilton was brought into the presence of William, a prisoner at the Boyne, he was questioned as to the forces still maintaining the contest, his answer was doubted, when he maintained it by the asseveration, "On my honour." At this, William turned contemptuously away, muttering "Honour—on *your* honour!" History leaves the literary soldier in this very bad predicament; no one has ever noticed that queen Mary interested herself so deeply for him, and she continued her letter, excusing herself, however, for interfering in the behalf of a man so thoroughly on her husband's black list, by her sympathy for the sufferings of lord Montjoy's family, lord Montjoy being then a prisoner in the Bastile, but Louis XIV. offered to exchange him for Hamilton.<sup>2</sup>

"I told lord Devonshire that I knew nothing of Ham[il]ton's faults, which I see he is very apprehensive the parliament will take into consideration if *he* [Hamilton] be not out of their power, but that upon *his* [lord Devonshire's] earnest desire I would let you know it. I would have had him [Devonshire] write it you yourself, but he begs me to do it."

"As for lord Montjoy, I hope you will consider if anything can be done for him. I can never forget that I promised his son's wife to speak to you—and she really died of grief, which makes me pity her case; his family is in a miserable way, and I am daily solicited by his eldest

<sup>1</sup> The queen has throughout written his name according to her usual abbreviations, *Ham*; but his description as the countess de Grammont's brother clearly identifies him.

<sup>2</sup> Montjoy, who was considered the head of the protestants in Ireland, went to France to demonstrate to James II. how impossible it was for Ireland to resist William and Mary; he had been seized and sent to the Bastile by Louis XIV., as a punishment for undertaking this mission; therefore queen Mary had every right to interest herself in his behalf.

daughter about him. If you would let lord Portland give me some answer to this, I should be very glad, for I can't wonder at people's desiring an answer, though I am tormented myself."

There is little doubt but that the united interest of the queen and the earl of Devonshire, to say nothing of that of the fair Grammont, obtained the release of Hamilton, for he soon after re-appeared at the court of St. Germain's.

"I have staid," continues the queen, "till I am ready to go to bed, and can now put off the sealing of my letter no longer. I pray God to give me patience and submission! I want the first exceedingly, but I hope all is well—especially your dear self, *who* I love much better than life."

The queen was about the same time deeply occupied in receiving the confessions of the lords Annandale, Breadalbane, and Ross; these men were not originally the friends of her father, but his enemies, who, with Sir James Montgomery, had headed the deputation sent to offer her and her husband the crown of Scotland, and to receive their oaths. These worthies deemed they had not been rewarded commensurate with their merits, and therefore joined the widely ramified plot against the government, which the death of the great Dundee had disorganized in the preceding year. According to what might be expected from the treachery of their characters, there was a race between these persons as to who should first betray the devoted Jacobites, who had unfortunately trusted them. The titled informers made a bargain that they were not to be brought in personal evidence against their victims. Breadalbane incognito waylaid the king<sup>1</sup> at Chester, to tell his tale; Annandale came in disguise to the queen for the same purpose, and, it is said, had an interview with her on the evening of her birth-day.<sup>2</sup> Ross, (regarding whose imprisonment the queen has described a contest between herself and the privy-council,) now offered to confess to her all he knew; but, as he refused to reiterate his confessions as a witness against those he had accused, the queen finally committed him to the Tower.

#### "QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. 23, 1690.

"You cannot imagine the miserable condition I was in last night: I think if your letter had not come as it did, I should have fallen sick with fear for your dear person; but all that trouble made your news of the French having left *Limmerick* the more welcome, I will not say your letters, for those are ever so. I am sure this news affords new reason of praising God, since I hope it will prevent any more fighting. You speak of your coming back now in a way which makes me hope not only that it will be quickly, but that you will come willingly, and that is a double joy to me, for before, I confess, I was afraid to have seen you dissatisfied when you were here, and that would have been very unpleasant, but now, I hope in God to see you soon, and see you as well pleased as this place will suffer you to be, for I fancy you will find people really worse and worse.

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Memoirs.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. It could not have been this year, as her birthday, April 30, had occurred before the king went to Ireland.

"Lord Steward [the earl of Devonshire]" continues Mary, falling into her usual style of narrative, "was with me this afternoon, with whom I had a long conversation, which will be worth your while knowing when you come, but he has made me promise to write you word, *now*, some part of it, which is, that he begs you 'to consider if you will not have a new parliament, for this,' he is sure, 'will do no good; this,' he says, 'is his opinion.' I see it is a thing they are mightily set upon. Lord-president, methinks, has very good arguments to try this [parliament] first, but of all this you will judge best when you come."

"I can't imagine how it comes to pass that you have not received my letter of the 26th July; I am sure I writ,<sup>1</sup> and that you will have had it by this time, or else there must be some carelessness in it which must be *lookt* after."

"I have had, this evening, lord Annandale, who is to *tell all*, and then I am to procure a pardon from you, but I think I shall not be so easily deceived by him, as I fear lord Melvill has been by sir James Montgomery; but these are things to talk of when you come back, which I pray God may be very soon. 'Tis the greatest joy in the world to hear you are so well. I pray God continue it!"

"I hope this will meet you upon your way back, so it goes by express that it may not miss you. I can't express my impatience to see you; there is nothing greater than that which it proceeds from, which will not end but with my life."

The arrival of two Dutchmen in the mean time caused her majesty to add, as postscript—

"I have seen Mr. Hop and Mr. Olderson, but have to say no more. You will have an account of the business of the admiralty from lord Nott."

Mr. Hop was ambassador from the *Hogan Mogans*, the states-general: the utmost jealousy was excited among the other diplomatists, because he had been received with a greater number of bows than any of them. Queen Mary likewise sent her best coach and horses, with their gayest trappings, attended by forty running footmen and pages, to fetch Mr. Hop to Whitehall, when he brought his credentials.<sup>2</sup>

#### "QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. 23, 1690.

"Though I have nothing to say to you worth writing, yet I cannot let any express go without doing it, and Mr. Hop, it seems, believes this business of the Swedish ship too considerable to stay till to-morrow. The commissioners of the admiralty have resolved to come to me to-morrow, with some names for flags. Mr. Russell recommends Churchill and Ellmor, because, he says, nothing has been done for them, though they were both trusted when you came over, and have ever been very true to your interest; but I think if it be possible to let them alone till you come, though Mr. Russell seems to think it cannot be delayed. I shall hear (if it must be so) what the other commissioners think, and do as well as I can."

<sup>1</sup> She did write, and the reader on looking back will see it is a hurried, ill-spelled letter, on which some comment has been made. Mary reckons here by the New Style.

<sup>2</sup> Lamberty.

Had the queen possessed the smallest germ of political justice, she would have recoiled from appointing captain Churchill to a place of trust. He had, in the succeeding year, been expelled from the House of Commons for his peculations, by receiving convoy-money, and had at the same time been deprived of the naval command he abused. Taking convoy-money of merchant ships, had been sternly forbidden by the sea-king, James II., but among the evils of William and Mary's government, was a most injurious one, that convoys were seldom provided, and when they were, the captains of the ships of war impoverished the merchant by the extortion of convoy-money.<sup>1</sup> Churchill was brother to lord Marlborough, and worthy of the brotherhood; his ship had been the first that deserted king James. Queen Mary seems to have considered, that Churchill's service to her party, by thus leading the race of treachery, covered a multitude of sins.

At first, king William stood aghast at the rapacity with which such men as the Churchills and other patriots of the same stamp, flew on the quarry of the public money, which had been carefully guarded by the frugality of king James; it seemed as if the Revolution had been only effected for liberty of theft!

At that very moment queen Mary had suspended the Habeas Corpus law; the Tower and other prisons were full of captives, seized on her mere signature. The summer circuits of the itinerary justices were delayed at her dictum. English soldiers and seamen were subjected to the horrors of the lash, and many millions of debt, besides enormous outlays had been incurred since her father's deposition. All this was submitted to by the well-meaning people, supposing these portentous measures were effected by the united wisdom of parliament.

The present system of military punishments can be traced no farther back than the era of William and Mary. Two Scotch regiments, commanded by lord Dumbarton at the revolution, refused to submit to William after James II. had dismissed them, and unfurling their standards, commenced a bold march to Scotland; but, unfortunately for themselves, encumbered their progress home with four cannons, because these instruments of destruction had originally belonged to Edinburgh-castle. William III. caused the regiments to be pursued and to be surrounded. To make vengeance legal on these soldiers, the Mutiny Bill was brought into parliament by the ministers of William and Mary;<sup>2</sup> the result was, that British soldiers were, whether serving in these islands or abroad, subjected to the punishments which prevailed among William's foreign mercenaries—the wickedest and cruellest troops that England had ever seen, as Ireland knew full well.

When king William was armed with the terrific power given by the

<sup>1</sup> A petition to the House of Commons from the London merchants, presented Nov 14th, 1689, proves that in the first year of the revolution, one hundred merchant ships, worth 600,000*l.*, were lost for want of convoys, or by the corruption of the naval captains. Captain Churchill's conduct appeared in such a light, that he was expelled the house four days after.—See Journals of the House of Commons, 1689.

<sup>2</sup> Dalrymple's History of the Revolution.

Mutiny Bill, he broke the loyal Scotch regiments, gave the officers leave to go wheresoever they pleased, and distributed the unfortunate common soldiers among his troops; the most resolute he sent to Flanders, where if they were not flogged to death, it was no fault of the Mutiny Bill and the Dutch code which had superseded that of St. George.<sup>1</sup> Stranger innovations than these took place in this free country. Among the Somers Tracts in the British Museum, there is a complaint that the government in 1690, not content with instituting a sharp press of men for both army and navy, actually forced women into the service of the camp and into the navy, at the rate of ten for every ship of war, as nurses, seamstresses, and laundresses. The atrocities to which such a system naturally gave rise need no comment, but lead at least to the conclusion, that if the Dutch prince were a liberator, it was not over every class of the British people that his blessings were diffused.

Queen Mary, in her next letter, flattered her husband's known tastes by depreciating Whitehall, the palace of her ancestors:—

"I have been this day to Kensington, which looks really very well, at least to a poor body like me, who have been so long condemned to *this place*, and see nothing but wall and water. I have received a letter from lord Dursley, who I suppose will write of the same thing to yourself, and therefore I shall not do it. I am very impatient for another letter, hoping that will bring me the news of your coming back; 'tis impossible to believe how impatient I am for that, nor how much I love you, which will not end but with my life."

The succeeding letter is wholly personal:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. 14, 1690.

"I only write for fashion's sake, for I really have nothing in the world to say, yet I am resolved never to miss an opportunity of doing it while I live. Tomorrow, I am to go to the great council [privy-council,] where my lord mayor and aldermen are to come to be thanked for their two regiments and released of them; when that is over, I go, if it please God, to Hampton Court, which I fear will not be much advanced.

"It has been such a storm of rain and wind this whole day, that I *thank* God with my whole heart that you could not be near the sea. I hope the ill weather will spend itself now, that when you do come, you may have a quick passage.

"I have seen Mr. Zulstein to-day, who is so tanned that he frights me."

Zulstein is the same person whose marriage with Mary Worth caused queen Mary so much trouble in her youth; he was the beau of the Dutch

<sup>1</sup> It is acknowledged by the government, in a MS. requisition to the council of Scotland, that "these regiments having lost all their men by *death* and *desertion* in Flanders, more recruits must be sent." The Scotch tradition is, that resisting these new laws, the soldiers were all tortured to death with the lash. The extract, with other valuable matter, was obtained through the courteous permission of W. Pitt Dundas, Esq., from the Royal Records of Scotland. Privy Council Books MS., Edinburgh. The code of St. George is in intelligible language; it may be seen in the *Fœdera*, that there was no flogging in the days of the Plantagenets. Captain Marryat, in one of his brilliant naval sketches, is the first person who has ever traced this anti-national cruelty to the Dutch king.

court, and having made the Irish campaign with the king, had injured his fine complexion, which is rather affectingly mentioned by the queen. He was inseparable from the king, unless despatched on some mission wherein his diplomatic cunning was indispensable :

"I was heartily glad to see him," continues the queen, "believing you would not have sent him here, but that you resolved soon to follow Adieu! continue to love me, and I shall be happy, and 'tis the only thing that can make me so."

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug. 28, 1690.

"This time I write with a better heart than the last, because it goes by an express which must find you out,—may be the common post will not. I have a paper to send you, which lord Nottingham is to copy, which is what lord Annandale has made sir William *Lochart* (Lockhart) write, because he was not willing it should be seen in his own hand."

"I think I writ you word," continues her majesty's narrative of current events, "or should have done, that he (lord Annandale) sent by his wife to sir William that he would surrender himself, if he might be sure not to be made an evidence of. Upon which, sir William drew up conditions that *he should tell all, and then he should be made no evidence*, and has my word to get your pardon; I think I writ you this before; but to be short, he is come in, and I have spoke twice with him."

"Lord Annandale told me, that after the time the papers were burnt, (wherewith this ends,) sir James Montgomery proposed sending a second message by the same, Simson, but he [Annandale] rejected it as much as he durst, but was afraid to tell him plainly he would not. So having a mind to get out of this, he [Annandale] pretended business at his own house in the country, but his coldness made sir James Montgomery the warmer in it, and assure him that he would spend his life and fortune in *that interest*." Meaning the interest of her father.

The result of these private conferences with the queen was, that Neal, or Nevill Payne, a Jacobite of low degree, should be forced to take upon himself the infamy of legal informer regarding the secrets of this Jacobite conspiracy, from which detestable task Montgomery, Annandale, Breadalbane, and the rest of the real betrayers, had bargained with the queen to be excused. The queen and these double traitors, deeming Nevill Payne a plebeian "fellow of no reckoning," had not the most distant idea of the high-spirited scorn with which he resisted both bribes and torture, and showed to high-born informers how a man of the people could keep his oath and his word. The dreadful scenes that ensued certainly belong to this portion of the queen's government, although they actually occurred some days after king William's return to England. The queen's letters are worded with such guarded mystery, that it is difficult to elicit her part in the work of darkness; but as the prime minister of Scotland, lord Melville, was at her court in England, co-operating with her in guiding the whole affair, and her personal conferences with the real informers were frequent, it is utterly impossible to acquit her of pre-knowledge of the atrocities that ensued.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 161.

In the paper enclosed by the queen to the king, as the confession of lord Annandale to the queen, written by the hand of sir W. Lockhart, according to the words of her letter above, Nevill Payne is thrice mentioned as being present at the Jacobite meeting at the Globe tavern, near Northumberland-house, Strand; they were likewise convened under the Piazzas, Covent Garden. The paper is too long and heavy to be inserted here; we must be content with giving our readers the gist of the queen's part in the affair, as briefly as the records of a conspiracy which fill a large quarto, will permit.

Mary again alluded to the mysterious man who encountered her spouse at Chester, whom she distinctly named as lord Breadalbin. And she thus continues lord Annandale's revelations:—

"Lord Breadalbin came to see lord Annandale on his way to Chester, where he went to *meet you*; he told him that sir James Montgomery had certainly sent another message [*i. e., to king James, her father*] but he [Breadalbin] was not engaged in it, and he believed nobody was but lord Arran, though he could not be positive that lord Ross was not likewise in. This he told me last night, and desires 'to be *askit* more questions, not knowing but he might remember more than he can yet think of.'"

"Thus he seems to deal sincerely, but, to say the truth, I think one does not know what to believe, but this I am certain *off* [of] that lord Ross did not keep his word with me, much less has sir James Montgomery with lord Melville, for he has been in town ever since this day was seven-night, and I have heard nothing of him—a plain breach of the conditions."

"I hope in God I shall soon hear from you, 'tis a long while since I have, but I am not so *uneasie* as I was the last time, yet enough to make me wish extremely for a letter."

"*D'Lone*<sup>2</sup> is to send lord Portland, by this post, a copy of a letter from Mr. Priestman, in which you will see what need you have of that divine protection, which has hitherto so watched over you, and which only can make me easy for your dear sake. The same God who has hitherto so preserved you, will, I hope, continue, and grant us a happy meeting here, and a blessed one hereafter."

"Farewell; 'tis too late for me to say any more, but that I am ever and *intirely* yours, and shall be so till death."

The queen, in the continuation of her narrative, affected to regret her former days passed in Holland. In a remarkable passage, dated Whitehall, August 22, 1690, she says: "Last night, when it was just a week since I had heard from you, I received yours of the 22, after I was *a-bed*. I was extremely glad to find by it you had passed the Shannon, but cannot be without fears, since the *enemys* have still an army together,

<sup>1</sup> Printed in Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 103, and is the same paper, the copy of which the queen mentions here as enclosed to the king; for it is dated the 14th of August, 1690, and endorsed as given by sir William Lockhart to "her most excellent majesty the queen."

<sup>2</sup> Meaning the queen's French secretary D'Alonne.



which, though it has once more run away from you, may yet grow desperate for aught I know, and fight at last. These are the things I cannot help fearing, and as long as I have these fears, you may believe I *can't* be easy, yet I must look over them, if possible, or presently everybody thinks *all lost*."

Thus, the royal countenance was viewed by those who habitually studied it as a species of political barometer, from which might be learned news of the fate of the Irish campaign, or the Jacobite plots. Hence arose the imperturbable demeanour which Mary assumed, designedly, as a diplomatic mask.

"This is no small part of *my penance*, but all must be endured as long as it please God, and I have still abundant cause to praise him who has given you this new advantage. I pray God to continue to bless you, and make us all as thankful as we ought, but I must own that the thoughts of your staying longer is very uneasy to me. God give me patience!"

"I hope you will be so kind as to write oftener, while you are away, it is really the only comfort this world affords, and if you knew what a joy it is to receive such a kind one as your last, you would, by that, better than anything else, be able to judge of *mine* for you, and the belief that what you say on that subject is true, is able to make me bear anything."

"When I writ last, I was *extream* sleepy, and so full of my Scotch business, that I really forgot Mr. Harbord."

The queen had sent this worthy (who was the hero of the anecdote of the standard), to apologize to the Dutch for the defeat of their fleet off Beachy Head. Her message of condolence was not very complimentary to the seamen of her country, who, under the flag of her father, had so often beaten the Dutch. Indeed, English Mary, in this whole affair, comported herself much like a Dutchwoman, for, in her condolence, she directly accused her countrymen of cowardice, and said, withal, she had sent lord Torrington to the Tower.<sup>1</sup> She likewise had the Dutch sailors taken care of in the hospitals, in preference to the English, which, to be sure, was only right in a strange country. The States, in return, sent most affectionate answers, and a supply of ships. She continues—

"Harbord wrote to sir R. Southwell, as he told me, but he has a great deal to say; he pleased me extremely to hear how much people love me *there*. When I think of that, and see what folk do here, it grieves me too much, for Holland has really spoiled me in being so kind to me—that they are so to you, 'tis no wonder. I wish to God it was the same here! but I ask your pardon for this—if I once begin upon this subject, I can never have done!"

"To put it out of my head, I must put you once more in mind of the *custos rotolorum* for lord Fitzharding; he thinks his honour depends on it, since it has been so long in his family."

The rest of her letter is taken up with the solicitations of Marlbo-

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 163.

rough, that his peculating brother might be made an admiral, and for that purpose be put over the head of a veteran officer, despite of the protestations of the lord-president Carmarthen.

"Marlborough says," continues the queen, "that lord-president may write to you about one Carter. 'Tis like enough he will, for he tells me *he is a much older officer, and will quit if others come over his head*, and says, 'all goes by partiality and faction'—as indeed I think 'tis but too plain in other things; how it is in this, you are best able to judge. I writ you word before, what Mr. Russell said; you will do in it as you please, for I told the commissioners myself, that 'I hoped you would be here soon, and that I did not see why this matter should not stay for your coming.' And so I resolve to leave it, if 'tis possible, but could not refuse my lord Marlborough, nor indeed myself, the writing you the matter as it is, though he expects I should write in his favour, which, though I would not promise, yet I did make him a sort of compliment, *after my fashion*."<sup>1</sup>

What fashion this was, both biographer and reader would equally like to know; but, if we may judge by the preceding words, it was not a very sincere one. Queen Mary, however, had evidently a hankering to appoint Churchill, broken as he was for dishonesty, both by parliament and navy, in preference to the brave Carter, who died a few months afterwards on the deck of his ship in her cause. The confession of sir John Fenwick, made after her death, names Carter as one of her father's warmest friends; and, at the same time, implicates Marlborough, Russell, and Churchill, as in correspondence with the Jacobites. It is a strange task to compare the letters extant of all these personages; it is like looking into a series of windows, which betray to the observer all that passed in those treacherous bosoms, until death revealed to them the uselessness of their toils and deceits.

The queen, before she wrote again, was alarmed by the vague rumour of one of the daring actions performed by Sarsfield, her father's partisan in Ireland, who intercepted the supplies of cannons, provisions, and money, which she had sent from England for the aid of her husband's troops then besieging Limerick:—

#### QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Aug.  $\frac{3}{4}$ , 1690.

"This is only to let you know that I have received your duplicate of the 14th, which came by Waterford, and got hither last night by nine o'clock. There was no time lost in obeying your orders, but I have several remarks to make another time.

"Sir Robert Southwell's letter speaks of a misfortune to the artillery (which he refers to your letter) that is coming<sup>a</sup> by Dublin; I cannot imagine the reason 'tis not come yet, nor can I help being very impatient *for it* [about it.] The messenger tells an imperfect story, which makes a great noise in the town [ir London], and does not lessen the desire for knowing the truth; besides, 'tis such a comfort to hear from you, that I can't be blamed for wishing it.

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 163.

<sup>a</sup> The queen's ideas are confused between the artillery and her expected letter. We find by her succeeding letters, that this "*cross*," as she calls it, delayed the taking of Limerick.

"This is all I will say to-night, for should I begin to tell my fears that you will not be back so soon as I could wish, I should trouble you, and write myself asleep, it being late. You know my heart; I need say nothing of that, 'tis so entirely yours."

The next day brought the confirmation of the bad news. The event was briefly as follows:—William had advanced to Limerick on August 8th, O.S. Three days after the siege commenced, colonel Sarsfield having got intelligence that the battering cannon and ammunition were expected to arrive in William's camp next morning, went secretly out of Limerick, with his forces, and laid an ambush among the mountains. When the convoy arrived, he made a sudden attack, spiked the cannon, and exploded the ammunition; the Irish, in their eagerness, blew up with it three barrels of money, which the queen had sent her husband. The uproar alarmed the English camp; but Sarsfield returned safely back to Limerick.<sup>1</sup>

The queen alludes to this defeat in her despatch,<sup>2</sup> dated "Whitehall, Sep. 1, (Aug. 22,) 1690.—This day at noon, I received yours, which came by the way of Dublin, and am sorry to see the messenger's news confirmed; but it has pleased God to bless you with such continued success, that it may be necessary to have *some little cross*. I hope in God this will not prove a main one to the main business,<sup>3</sup> though it is a terrible thought to me, that your coming is put off again for so long time; I think it so, I'm sure, and have great reason every manner of way. I will say nothing of what my *poor* heart suffers, but must tell you, that I am now in great pain about the naming of the flags. Mr. Russell came to me last night, and said, it would now be absolutely necessary. I insisted upon staying till I heard from you. He desired to know, 'if I had any particular reason?' I told him plainly, 'that since I could not pretend to know myself, who were the fittest, it troubled me to see all were not of a mind; that I was told by several persons, that there were ancient officers in the fleet, who had behaved themselves very well this last time [*battle of Beachy Head*], and would certainly quit if these were preferred, so he [Russell] could not blame me if I desired in this difficulty to stay for your answer.

"To this, Russell answered in more passion than I ever saw him, 'That Carter and Davis [*the senior officers alluded to*] were too pitiful fellows, and very mean seamen, though he knew lord president and lord Nottingham had spoken for them, and that next summer he would not command the fleet if they had flags."

"After a long dispute about this matter, I have put him off till the last moment comes, when they are to sail. He [Russell] says, 'then he must speak of it to the commissioners, and hear who will speak against it, by which I may judge.'"

The matter was for the promotion of the disgraced brother of Marlborough to a flag. How strange it is that queen Mary did not urge the

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Mems., p. 447, collated with Kelly's Contemporary History, published by the Camden Society.

<sup>2</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, Part ii., p. 164.

<sup>3</sup> The siege of Limerick: see Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 164.

impossibility of placing a man, branded as Churchill was, in such a situation! In these days, the public press would have thundered their anathemas against such a measure, wheresoever the English language was read or spoken.

"I see lord Marlborough's heart is very much set on this matter, and Mr. Russell, as you may see by what I write. On t'other side," adds her majesty, "lord-president says, 'If Churchill have a flag, it will be called *the flag by favour*, as his brother [Marlborough] is called *the general by favour*.'"

Marlborough had, as yet, done little to justify, even in the eyes of his party, the extraordinary course of prosperity he had enjoyed, except by his services as revolutionist. Few persons, at this period, gave him credit for his skill in military tactics, on which his fame was founded in the reign of Anne. As for his personal prowess, *that* was never greatly boasted, even by his warmest admirers. Queen Mary mentions above the precise value at which he was rated by the revolutionary party, his compeers in 1690; and as she avowedly leant to the appointment of his speculating brother to an admiral's flag, as shown in her letter of August 22, she certainly does not speak with the bitterness of opposition. Neither does queen Mary ever manifest the slightest enmity to Marlborough himself in this correspondence. Far from it; she always mentions him with complacency, though she owns her dislike to his wife. She continues on the subject of the navy:—

"Lord-president says, 'If Churchill have a flag, that absolutely this Carter will quit; he commends him highly; but I must tell you another thing, which is, that he (lord-president) is mightily dissatisfied with the business of Kinsale.' I see he does not oppose it, for he says, 'it is your order, and therefore must be obeyed,' but I find he raises many difficulties to me; what he does to others, I cannot tell, but among other things, he endeavours to fright me by the danger there is of being so exposed, when the fleet and 5000 men are gone, which he reckons all the force, and tells me how easy it will be then for the French to come with only transport ships, and do what they will."

The victorious French fleet, which had for some weeks kept William from returning from Ireland, now began to find their rendezvous of Kinsale dangerous, and left the Irish coast, and consequently the passage, free for William III. to slip over to England, which he now prepared to do, having accepted lord Marlborough's offer, made to the queen,<sup>2</sup> that he would reduce Cork and Kinsale before winter.

"You will have an account from lord Nottingham," proceeds the queen's narrative, "of what has been done this day and yesterday. I know you will pity me, and I hope will believe that had your letter been less kind, I don't know what had become of me. 'Tis that only makes me bear all that now so torments me, and I give God thanks, every day, for your kindness. 'Tis such a satisfaction to me, to find you are satisfied with me, that I cannot express it, and I do so flatter

<sup>1</sup> Kinsale and Cork still held out for her father.

<sup>2</sup> Dalrymple's Memoirs, p. 448.

myself with the hopes of being once more happy with you, that that thought alone in this world makes me bear all with patience. I pray God preserve you from the dangers I hear you daily expose yourself to, which *puts* me in continual pain. A battle, I fancy, is soon over; but the perpetual shooting you are now in, is an intolerable thing to think on. For God's sake, take care of yourself! you owe it to your own [Holland] and this country, and to all in general. I must not name myself where church and state are equally concerned, yet I must say you owe a little care for my sake, who I am sure loves you more than you can do me, and the little care you take of your dear person I take to be a sign of it, but I must still love you more than life."

This tender strain pervades the letter she wrote five days after, in which she unveils still more of her feelings, and gives withal some amusing family gossip of the affairs of king William's relatives:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.<sup>1</sup>

"Whitehall, Sep. 5, Aug. 26, 1690.

"Yesterday I was very much disappointed when lord Nottingham brought me a letter from you, to find it was only a duplicate of a former, which brought your orders to lord Marlborough, so that I have now received three of yours of one date; you may be sure they are all *extreme* welcome, but I confess that which came yesterday, would have been more so had it been of a fresher date.

"I have been just now writing to your aunt, the princess of Nassau, in answer to one which she wrote, to let me know of her daughter being about to marry the prince of Saxenschnach. I believe you will be glad, for your cousin's sake, that she will be disposed of before her mother dies, and I ever heard *it* at the Hague, that this young man was good-natured, which will make him use her well, though she is so much older. And for his good fortune, she has enough [good nature], I believe, to govern him more *gently* than *another* cousin of yours *does her spouse*."

Meaning herself and William; with playful irony, she contrasts her own utter submission and devotion to her master with the airs of a governing wife. She then opens her own heart to the object of her love, while her ostensible purpose of sending cannon, and the use to be made of them, are mingled strangely with her honeyed sentences:—

"I can't help laughing at this wedding, though my poor heart is ready to break every time I think in what perpetual danger you are. I am in greater fears than can be imagined by any who loves less than myself. I count the hours and the moments, and have only reason enough to think, as long as I have no letters, all is well.

"I believe, by what you write, that you got your cannon Friday at farthest, and then Saturday, I suppose you began *to make use of them*. Judge then what cruel thoughts they are to me, to think what you may be exposed to all this while. I never do anything without thinking now, it may be, you are in the greatest dangers, and yet I must see company upon my *sett* days. I must play twice a-week; nay, I must laugh and talk, though never so much against my will. I believe I *dissemble* very ill to those who know me—at least, 'tis a great constraint to myself, yet I must endure it. All my motions are so watched, and

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Memoirs, p. 166.

all I do so observed, that if I eat less, or speak less, or look more grave, all is lost in the opinion of the world! So that I have this misery added to that of your absence and my fears for your dear person, that I must *grin when my heart is ready to break*, and talk when it is so oppressed I can scarce breathe!"<sup>1</sup>

Such was the result of the fruition of her ambition! Surely, Danté in all his descriptions of torture, whether ludicrous or pathetic, or both combined, does not surpass Mary's "grin when her heart was ready tourst!" Queen Mary, like all the royal race of Stuart, excepting her sister Anne, was born with literary abilities; happily for herself, she was unconscious of those powers; for the excitability of the brain devoted to literary pursuits is by no means likely to soothe the thorns interwoven in every regnal diadem. The calamities of authors are as proverbial as those of kings, and both had been united in her hapless race. It would be difficult for any professional pen to have given a more forcible or beautiful transcript of human feeling than this which sprang, in unstudied simplicity, from the queen's mind, written, as it avowedly is against her inclination, in order to unburden her over-charged heart to its only confidant. She continues:—

"I don't know what I should do, were it not for the grace of God, which supports me; I am sure I have great reason to praise the Lord while I live, for his great mercy, that I don't sink under this affliction; nay, that I keep my health; for I can neither sleep nor eat. I go to Kensington as often as I can for air, but then I can never be quite alone; neither can I complain—that would be some ease; but I have nobody whose humour and circumstances agree with mine enough to speak my mind freely. Besides, I must hear of business, which, being a thing I am so new in, and so unfit for, does but *break my brains the more*, and not ease my heart."

"I see I have insensibly made my letter too long upon my own self, but I am confident you love enough to bear it for once. I don't remember I have been guilty of the like fault before, since you went; and that is now three months, for which time of almost perpetual fear and trouble, this is but a short account, and so I hope may pass."

It is apparent from this passage that Mary had been chidden by her spouse, on account of the length of these letters.

She resumes: "'Tis some ease to me to write my pain, and 'tis some satisfaction to believe you will pity me; it will be yet more when I hear it from yourself in a letter, as I am sure you must, if it be but out of common good-nature, how much more, then, out of kindness, *if you love me as well as you make me believe*, and as I endeavour to deserve a little by that sincere and lasting kindness I have for you."

"But by making excuses, I do but take up more of your time, and therefore must tell you that this morning lord Marlborough went away; as little reason as I have to care for his wife, yet I must pity her condition, having lain in but eight days; and I have great compassion for wives when their husbands go to fight."

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 167.

This is a paragraph which does some honour to Mary's feelings. It is singular, that the only person, besides her husband, for whom, in her correspondence, she manifests a human sympathy, should be the woman whose pen was most active in vituperating her. Lord Marlborough set off for Ireland on an expedition, to reduce Cork and Kinsale, which, it is as well to mention here, fell in the course of six weeks, and were the first fruits of his genius in battle and siege. The queen says of this undertaking:—

"I hope this business will succeed; I find if it do not, those who have advised it will have an ill time, all, except lord Nottingham, being very much against it. Lord-president only complying because it was your order, but not liking it, and wondering England should be left so exposed, thinking it too great a hazard. There would be no end should I tell you all I hear upon this subject, but I thank God I am not afraid, nor do I doubt of the thing since it is by your order. I pray God the weather does not change with you as it does here; it has rained all the last night and this day, and looks as if it were set in for it. Everything frights me now, but were I once more so happy as to see you here, I fancy I should fear nothing."

"I have always forgot to tell you that in the Utrecht Courant, they have printed a letter of yours to the States of Holland, in which you promise to be soon with them; I can't tell you how many ill hours I have had about that, in the midst of my joy, when I thought you were coming home, for it troubled me to think you would go over and fight again there."

And what was worse, indulge at Loo in the society of her rival, Elizabeth Villiers, the companion of his coarse relaxations in Holland; which consisted of schnaps, smoking, and more vulgarity than could be ventured upon in the presence of the English court and his stately queen, who, whatsoever were her deficiencies in family benevolence, these letters will prove was a lady of refined mind; yet, like her ancestress the wife of the Conqueror, and Matilda Atheling, she was often left to sway a lonely sceptre, while her husband was absent prosecuting his continental wars and soothing the discontents of his transmarine subjects. The Dutch, in fact, soon began to murmur at the pains and penalties of absenteeism, which is, sooth to say, the curse of pluralities, whether they be possessions temporal or spiritual.

The next paragraph in the queen's letter alludes to an eccentric character, whom we suppose to be the elector of Brandenburg. From her description, his letter to her must have been a real curiosity, and we regret in vain that a copy was not enclosed to her spouse.

"I must tell you that Mr. Johnson writes that Mr. Drankleman has writ the elector word that you received the news very coldly, that he, the elector, was come to the army, which they say *next* him. I have writ to him ('tis already some time ago) in answer to a letter I had from him, which I wish you had seen, it was full of so many extraordinary things, but *so like him*. I have had a present from him of an amber cabinet, for which I think it is not necessary to write."

The amber cabinet seems to indicate, that the queen's eccentric correspondent was the sovereign of Prussia.<sup>1</sup>

"Now," concludes queen Mary, "my letter is so long, 'tis as if I were bewitched to-night; I can't end for my life, but will force myself now, beseeching God to bless you, and keep you from all dangers whatsoever! And to send us a happy meeting again here upon earth, and at last, a joyful and blessed one in heaven, in his good time!"

"Farewell—do but continue to love me, and forgive the taking up so much of your time by your poor wife, who deserves more pity than ever any creature did, and who loves you a great deal too much for her own ease, though it can't be more than you deserve."

King William was defeated in an attempt to storm Limerick, August 26, owing to the desperate resistance of the governor, col. Sarsfield. After leaving 1200 regular soldiers dead in the trenches, he raised the siege of Limerick, August 30, and embarked September 5th for England. His brother-in-law, Prince George of Denmark, was permitted to sail in the same ship with him, though not to enter his coach. So prosperous was his voyage, that they arrived in King's Road, near Bristol, September 7<sup>th</sup>, driven by the equinoctial winds, before which the French ships had prudently retired from the dangerous British channels; and the king of Great Britain, finding the coast clear, got safely to the other side of the water: the news of his landing drew from the queen the following letter:—

"QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

"Whitehall, Sep. 1<sup>st</sup>, 1690.

"Lord Winchester is desirous to go meet you, which you may believe I will never hinder any one. Whether I ought to send him out of form sake I can't tell, but it may pass for what it ought to the world; and to your dear self, at least, I suppose it is indifferent. Nothing can express the impatience I have to see you, nor my joy to think it is so near. I have not *sleep't* all this night for it, though I had but five hours rest the night before, for a reason I shall tell you. I am now going to Kensington to put things in order there, and intend to dine there to-morrow, and expect to hear when I shall *sett* out to meet you.

"I had a compliment, last night, from the queen-dowager, who came to town *a-Friday* (on Friday). She sent, I believe, with a better heart, because *Limericke* is not taken—for my part I don't think of that or anything but you.

"God send you a good journey home, and make me thankful as I ought for all his mercies."

So closes this regnal correspondence; it concludes as it began, with the expression of ill-will against the unfortunate Catharine of Braganza.

King William arrived at Kensington, September 2<sup>nd</sup>; how affectionately he was received by his adoring consort, may be supposed from her preceding love-letters. The queen went to meet her husband at Windsor, from whence they went to Hampton-Court, and from thence in two days to Kensington Palace, where they settled for the remainder of the autumn.

Again does that remarkable feature in this reign press on the attention of observers, that the queen was never permitted to approach her parlia-

<sup>1</sup> He was made knight of the Garter about a month after, at the same time with the duke of Zelle, another friend and ally of William III. the father of George I.'s unfortunate wife, Sophia Dorothea.



ment, not even at its solemn opening in the autumn of 1690; the first which was legally elected in their reign. After the meeting of which, the queen's youngest uncle, Laurence Hyde, took the oaths with many other nobles, gentlemen, and clergymen who had previously refused them when William and Mary were governing merely by means of the convention that had elected them to the throne. How deeply the jealousy was seated of the king to his partner, may be considered, when it is remembered that she never invested with her regal robes and state-crown to accept the acts, and give her personal assent to any bill passed by parliament, like the queens regnant, her predecessors, not even when she was governing alone. King William had interdicted her from meeting the privy-council, a fact which is evident by her own assertion in her letters, and previously quoted. When forced so to do at critical exigencies, her apologies are remarkable. With parliament, in the most stormy periods of her regency, the queen never had the slightest communication but by commission.<sup>1</sup> The instruments for these commissions bear her full sign-manual, *Maria Regina*, to which is added, "*Guliel. et Maria Dei gratia Anglia,*" &c. &c. Nevertheless, the formula of all assented bills ran, "*Le Roy et la Reyne le veulent.*"<sup>2</sup> Perhaps the king's regal jealousy of his wife had been aggravated by this remarkable circumstance: that when the bill was passing in the spring of this year of 1690, to enable the queen to exercise, in the king's absence, the sole sovereign power, very singular queries were started; for instance, "*Whether, if the queen gave contrary commands to the king, or signed any documents contradicting his orders, which sovereign was to be obeyed?*" Such is, however, the mere heading of the diurnal notation; the very remarkable debate which ensued thereon, passed with closed doors, and if any minutes remain of the speeches, they exist in as yet undiscovered private manuscripts.

Among other remarkable signs of those times was the extreme jealousy of the peers for their personal dignity; there was a disposition shown for assuming to themselves the sacred character of which they had just divested their sovereigns. Such assumption was the more absurd, since, for the last century and a half, the English peerage had begun to lose sight of the true office of nobility as the protective class to the country people inhabiting their wide extents of landed property. The personal abuses of the feudal system were moderated by Henry VII., yet for more than a century the old nobility and ancient country gentry still exercised feudality, but in the spirit of beneficial influence, not the feudality of law—but that of love—which almost assumed the exalted character of patriarchal government. That they exercised this influence to the satisfaction of those beneath them, may be judged by the deep affection borne to them by the country people, who manifested excessive anger if any persons who rose from mean origin were likely to be advanced by royal favour to the highest ranks of the peerage. The colonizing and maritime sovereigns, with statistical wisdom far beyond their century, endeavoured to turn the love of their people to the noble classes to great and good account, by inducing various members of the aristocracy to

<sup>1</sup> MS Journals of the House of Lords.

<sup>2</sup> So written.

become leaders of emigration, in hopes that those who possessed the governing instincts undegenerated, joined to the valour with which they wielded the sword defensive, would prove of the highest utility to the bands they protected in the Transatlantic wilderness. Hence the foundation of the Nova Scotia baronets and the districts in North America, granted to the earls of Stirling, Baltimore, and other nobles. The idea of this truly glorious and useful renewal of the well-spring of nobility sank with its much calumniated originator. Scarcely was his yet more calumniated son enabled to snatch, in a brief interval of power, the means of showing how a colony could prosper, founded under the auspices of a leader of ancient and respected lineage, who possessed the governing powers undegenerated that his Saxon sires of old had exercised, when all power passed away from the royal patron—his leader and his colony both suffered from the persecution of “Mary, the daughter;” still, good enough had been done to make that colony a light and beacon of example in contradistinction to all the colonizing blunders perpetrated since its foundation. In vain did William Penn repudiate all titular nobility, and equally repudiating the use of the sword defensive of the ancient noble, he made up for his utter abstinence from physical pugnacity by the more effective exercise of powers of moral government. As the delegate of his sovereign, and the leader of his fellow-subjects, Penn became virtually and practically a noble of the highest order, whether he chose to be called so or not. According to the sweet and primitive phrase of Saxon simplicity, it will be allowed that he was “good lord unto” those who were under his protection whether they were the wild aborigines of the forest or the poor settler.

Whilst this solitary instance of the true exercise of primitive nobility was developing itself in the wilderness, an aristocracy of mere wealth were manifesting active existence in England, which claimed all the privileges of the hereditary nobility, when, by means of successful acquisition, they had won the name and power of protectors—not of wide lands and prosperous tenants, or even of industrious communities, manufactories, or artizans, unto whom they might have had “the opportunity of being good lords,”—they were but protectors of large masses of money. In fact, “the unaccounted millions” of taxes which had been torn from the people during the period very oddly termed “the commonwealth,” had been shared by Cromwell among a number of persons unprincipled enough to support his despotism; many of these were scions of genteel families—indeed, the revolution of 1640 was effected by the middle and burgher classes. Such men as the Coopers, the Whartons, and Harleys, with many more, whose names will instantly rise to memory, were found as monied capitalists, imbued with the most ravenous appetite for the titles and privileges of English nobility.

An examination of the journals of the House of Lords gives the reader, in manuscript, curious insights regarding the claims of personal sanctity made by peers, most of whom were in utter ignorance of the origin of their order, or its claims to the continuance of personal reverence by the exercise of any functions but taking care of the cash, on which they had founded their claims to titles. But this desire for mere

titular dignity was no new trait: so rapid had been the race for earldoms, marquises, and dukedoms, since the reign of Edward VI., that when delineating the deeds of such men as the Dudleys, Halifaxes, and Osbornes, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it is a difficult task for historians to recognise the traits of the old serpents under their frequent changes of skin. No wonder wealthy parvenues struggled forward to the titular oligarchy when much of the time of their debates, with closed doors, was spent in discussing the privileges of their order, on such cases as the following, which are extracted from the MS. journals of the House of Lords, from the first regular parliament in 1690 to 1692.

Lord Danby, the son of the lord Carmarthen, had his waterman claimed by the master-gunner of a man-of-war, and seized while in the act of rowing his lord down the river, not without desperate resistance. The contumacious gunner was sent for by the black-rod, and was committed to the Gatehouse for breach of privilege. Lord Mulgrave made complaint that his waterman, wearing his arms and crest engraven on a silver badge, had been seized on, and carried off by a press-gang commanded by lieutenant Crowe, in defiance of his privilege as a peer; the black-rod was sent for the offending lieutenant, who had to resign his prey and make humble atonement on his knees at the bar of the house of lords for his audacity.

An assault of a different kind was brought before the discussion of the house of peers, which likewise involved the breach of peers' privilege. It seems that a guard was kept constantly mounted at the theatres, the same as at the British Museum and the royal demesnes and residences at the present day, which guard thought proper to keep the king and queen's peace therein in a somewhat bellicose manner. Lord Longueville, on the 15th of December, informed the house "that he was going to the playhouse," and "having given the *fellow* that receives the money a guinea to change,—not having taken a ticket previously—before he could obtain his change, the serjeant on guard pushed him back, some of the soldiers struck him, order was given to fire, they wounded his footman and knocked down his page."<sup>1</sup> For these outrages, which a well-regulated police ought to have rectified, the house of peers, in high indignation, sent the black-rod to capture lieutenant Primrose, (the commander of the guard,) his serjeant and his soldiers; and, moreover, they commanded the lord-chamberlain to shut up the playhouse. The offenders were incarcerated in the Gatehouse, and London remained without plays.

The petitions of the players and patentees were piteous; the pardon they asked of the peers almost amounted to prostration, as well as the required genuflexions; but the peers remained obdurate, until their majesties had answered the request of the house to prevent their soldiers from thus maltreating his peers. The answer was sent by the duke of Norfolk, who had especial cognizance, as earl-marshal, of all riots and rows on regal demesnes, "That his majesty hath given order that no soldiers be admitted to guard the playhouse as desired." Three days

<sup>1</sup> MS. Journals of House of Lords, December, 1691.

after, "Alexander Davenant, Richard Middlemore, and Andrew Card, sharers and adventurers in the playhouse, having made their humble apologies, supplications, and petitions, the lords requested the lord-chamberlain of their majesties' household to take off the suspension the players lie under."<sup>1</sup>

The duke of Norfolk's family affairs likewise elucidate some traits of ancient usages and costume regarding the privileges of the peerage. His duchess being under prosecution for conjugal infidelity to him, it was needful in regard to her objections to his witnesses, that she had a conference with the house of peers, which went into debate to know how her grace was to be received by them. They agreed she was to sit in a chair at the table. They then debated whether any peer who spoke to her was to address her standing with his hat off, which was, however, negatived. The existence of such solemn notations of debates seems absurd, when it is found that discussions, involving the vital interests of both the monarchs and of their people, remain blanks on the journals of the senate.

It is not generally known that the peers and commons claimed the detestable right of putting their fellow-creatures in the pillory, with all the horrors practised in the days of the queen's grandfather, Charles I., if their privileges were invaded. Such disgusting punishments justly meet with reprobation in history, although the law against libelling royalty had been by that unfortunate monarch greatly ameliorated—at least, in the practice, since it had become a statute under the Tudors. Few years elapsed, before a struggle took place in the house of peers to cause the same infliction to be visited on such of the people at large who discussed the conduct of any individual among them; such punishment was perpetrated on the person of Defoe, for blaming the conduct of the members of the houses of parliament collectively, and we shall see it attempted in the case of Dr. Sacheverel, for attacking a peer in office under a *sobriquet* or character-name. A clergyman of the name of Stevens was actually sentenced to the pillory, early in the reign of Anne, for charging the duke of Marlborough with a few of the facts which history has since brought home to his memory. The duke requested the remission of the punishment on Stevens, and proved his wisdom in thus doing, but the conviction and sentence mark the state of the law which the peers of the seventeenth century had voted for themselves.

Most favourable are the comparisons which may be drawn between such proceedings and those of the house of lords at the present day: instead of the doors being inexorably barred, access is easy; instead of reporters being set in the pillory, their accommodations, while in the pursuance of their important avocations, are positively luxurious in the newly erected hall of peers. Nor does there exist greater contrast between the puerile instances above mentioned, and the philanthropic tendency of debates in the present day. All contributes to mark the difference.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Journals of House of Lords, December, 1691.

rence between the real liberty under the present reign and its much vaunted semblance in the days of Mary and Anne.

Illustrations of the literature, costume, and manners of the centuries, which have passed in review in the course of this series of royal English biographies, have always proved an arduous, although not undelightful task. Singular as the assertion may seem, the difficulties have been far greater in the endeavour to present any idea of the manners and tastes of Englishmen and Englishwomen, from the revolution to the accession of queen Anne, than any other period since the times of the Saxons. The information remaining respecting those of William the Conqueror is luminous in comparison.

All literature of costume and manner usually termed light literature, at the close of the seventeenth century, is a blank, or is too atrociously wicked to bear examination. Even unpublished diaries and journals are scarce and barren, for the law of habeas corpus being usually in a state of suspension since the accession of William and Mary, royal messengers were too apt to become very unwelcome and dangerous confidants of persons' private thoughts in such cases. The pictures of life on the stage were rather pictures of human depravity in general, than marked with the beautiful or even quaint delineations of national or historical customs and characters which atone for occasional forgetfulness of decorum in Shakespeare, Jonson, Massinger, Marlow, Herrick, and hundreds of other illustrious names which cast haloes of glory round the thrones of the native British sovereigns. Such forgetfulness of decorum in the literature of the time of Mary II. was not occasional, but universal. Moreover, poetry found neither exercise nor encouragement save in compounding panegyrics on royalty, which royalty neither read nor understood, and the sole sparks of genius apparent are to be sought in the lampoons under the patronage of state ministers or the leaders of opposition. The persons of talent who somewhat improved the literature and manners of the succeeding reign, all made their first efforts at verse in these dull or abhorrent exercises. Marvel, Defoe, Congreve, and Prior, had previously proved masters in the atrocious art of lampoon, and had risen to a certain degree of political power in consequence. Swift, Steele, Parnell, Fenton, and Garth, were all at this epoch imping their infant wings by dabbling in the same kind of mud, which left its ineffaceable stains on the very souls of some of them, when they found the field open for better work. Addison himself is accused by his opponents, and by lord Byron, of participation in these evils; the more credit is, therefore, due to him for the Christian refinement and civilization, which were afterwards drawn from his writings, if his literary novice were, indeed, served in so black an abyss. Is it not, however, a most remarkable circumstance, that the portraiture of sir Roger de Coverley, on which Addison's immortality is founded, the character • whose delineation and development makes all English hearts glow with the beautiful resemblance to the pride of their country life, was shown neither as revolutionist nor low churchman, but born a cavalier and bred nonjuror and Jacobite? The character of sir Roger de Coverley pretty well proves which way Addison's real affections tended, although his

bread had to be won by rowing against the current of his true inclinations. Odd enough that the successful sketch of a Jacobite country gentleman should raise the author to the rank of an under secretary-of-state, in the revolutionary government. Sir Roger de Coverley was, however, a more complete type of the English country gentleman in the era of Mary II. than of the time in which the *Spectator* was produced. Most of the *nobiles minores* of his class lived afar off from the court. Like the sir Roger de Coverley of the *Spectator*, the balance of moral worth was regulated by some nonjuring chaplain of the reformed catholic church, who had, after the example of the apostolical archbishop, Sancroft, forsaken dignities and livings rather than swear a false oath to the Dutch dissenter governing the church of England. One among the few noble specimens of English poetry of this epoch is the picture of the country clergyman of this class originally drawn by Chaucer, for a priest desirous of some Wickliffite reforms, but finished up by Dryden, from an illustrious instance in the deprived church of England of his day.<sup>1</sup> The sketch begins—

“A parish priest was of the pilgrim train,  
A holy reverent and religious man.”

After much forcible delineation of practical excellence, comes the conclusion :—

“All this the tempter saw with envious eye,  
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try:  
He took the time when Richard was deposed,  
When high and low with happy Harry closed.  
This prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood,  
Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.  
Had Richard unconstrained resigned the crown,  
A king can give no more than is his own.  
The title stood intailed had Richard had a son.  
Much to himself he thought, but little spoke,  
And undeprived, his benefice forsook.”

Well do the readers of antique poetry know that Chaucer has never mentioned or even alluded to either the deposed Richard, or “Happy Harry;” indeed, it would have been an extraordinary circumstance, if the father of English poesy had ventured on such an experiment, the family connexions of Henry IV. being so strangely entangled with his own.<sup>2</sup> It is to the children of James II., to queen Mary and to her sister, and their unfortunate brother, that the interpolation of the deprived laureate alludes.

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<sup>1</sup> Bishop Kenn.

<sup>2</sup> By the marriage of his son with the sister of the third wife of John of Gaunt, Catherine Roet.

## MARY II.,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Great abilities of Mary II.—Birth and death of the princess Anne's daughter—King sails for the Hague—Queen again governs *sola*—Condemns her father's friends to death—Remonstrances of lord Preston's child—Danger of the king—His praises of the queen—Her concerns with the church—Queen's danger at the conflagration of Whitehall—Takes refuge in St. James's Park—Insulted by the Jacobites—Return of the king—Queen's negotiation with Dr. Tillotson—King's departure—Queen appoints Dr. Tillotson primate—Promotes Dr. Hooper—Rage of the king—Grief of the queen—Her differences with her sister and George of Denmark—Anne demands the garter for Marlborough—Her letter to the king—Contemptuous refusal of the queen—Anne and her favourites malcontent—They write to James II.—Queen's persecution of Penn the quaker—Queen Mary's letter to lady Russell—Her conversation with Dr. Hooper—Return of the king—Queen reproached by him—His cynical remark on her—Princess Anne's letter to her father—Queen's open quarrel with her sister—Letters of the royal sisters on the dismissal of Marlborough—Final rupture and ejection of the Marlboroughs from Whitehall—Princess Anne departs with them—She borrows Sion House of the Dutchess of Somerset—Queen Mary's reception of her sister at her drawing-room in Kensington Palace—Princess Anne suffers petty annoyances—Burnet's private opinions of the conduct of the princess Anne and the queen—She is deprived of her guards by the king and queen—Departure of the king, &c. &c.

THE abilities of queen Mary, and the importance of her personal exertions as a sovereign, have been as much underrated, as the goodness of her heart and Christian excellences have been over-estimated. She really reigned alone the chief part of the six years, that she was queen of Great Britain. On her talents for government, and all her husband owed to her sagacity, intelligence, and exclusive affection to him, there is little need to dwell; her own letters fully develop the best part of her character and conduct. William III., with the exception of the first year of his election to the throne of the British empire, was seldom more than four months together in England, and would scarcely have tarried that space of time, but for the purpose of inducing parliament to advance the enormous sums to support the war he carried on in Flanders, where he commanded as generalissimo of the confederated armies of the German empire against France; as heretofore, but with this difference, that all the wealth of the British kingdoms was turned to supply the funds for those fields of useless slaughter—the prospect of obtaining such sinews of war having been the main object of William's efforts to dethrone his uncle.

It is worthy of remark, that Dr. Hooper, the friend and chaplain of queen Mary, held her consort's abilities in as low estimation as he always did his character and religious principles, while he pointed out the great talents of the princess, and said, "that if her husband ever retained his throne, it would be by her skill and talents for governing. Few gave him credit for this assertion, but all came round to his idea when they had seen her at the helm for some months."<sup>1</sup> The king did not leave her so soon as she had dreaded in the summer, but his stay in England was a mere series of preparations for his spring campaign. Lord Marlborough arrived before the close of the autumn from Ireland, where he had met with brilliant success in reducing Cork and Kinsale; he had an audience of thanks from the king and queen at Kensington. Notwithstanding the flattering reception they gave him, he saw that they remembered with secret displeasure the interference in procuring the income for the princess Anne.

At St James's palace, the princess Anne gave birth to a daughter, who was baptized Mary, after the queen, but the infant died in the course of a few hours.

The king left the queen to embark for the Hague, at a very dangerous and unsettled time, just on the eve of the explosion of a plot for the subversion of their government. He took leave of her January 7, 1690-91, and embarked with admiral Rooke and a fleet of twelve ships of the line. The queen was left to govern by the assistance of the same junta of nine, who were called by the discontented "the nine kings." The departure of the king was celebrated by some English Jacobite impertinences, in rhyme, which were said or sung by more persons than history records, and these lines note what history does not, the increasing complacency of her majesty.

"DEPARTURE OF KING WILLIAM FROM QUEEN MARY."<sup>2</sup>

"He at the Boyne his father beat,  
And mawled the Irish Turk,  
The rebel he did make retreat,  
With Ginkell and with Kirk.

"But now he is to Holland gone,  
That country to defend,

And left the queen and us alone,  
No states have such a friend.

"The royal dame can fill at once,  
Her husband's triple throne,  
For she is thrice as big as he,  
And bears three queens in one."

The very day after the king's departure, the important trial of Lord Preston, the late lord-chamberlain of James II. and Mr. Ashton, a gentleman in the household of the exiled queen Mary Beatrice, took place, for conspiring the restoration of the queen's father. Lord Preston and Ashton were found guilty, on slander evidence, and condemned to death.

It is said that the daughter of lord Preston, lady Catherine Graham, a little girl of but nine years old, saved her father's life, by a sudden appeal to the feelings of queen Mary. The poor child was, during the trial of her father, left in the queen's apartments at Windsor Castle, where he had very lately had an establishment, which, probably, in the violent

<sup>1</sup> Hooper MS., edited in Trevor's William III., vol. ii.

<sup>2</sup> Lansdowne MS., British Museum. MS. Songs, collected for Robert Harley earl of Oxford.



confusion of events, had not been legally taken from his domestics and family. The day after the condemnation of lord Preston, the queen found her in St. George's Gallery, gazing earnestly on the whole-length picture of James II., which still remains there. Struck with the mournful expression of the child's face, Mary asked her hastily,

"What she saw in that picture that made her look on it so particularly?"

"I was thinking," said the innocent child, "how hard it is that my father must die for loving yours."

The story goes, that the queen, pricked in conscience by this artless reply, immediately signed the pardon of lord Preston, and gave the father back to the child.<sup>1</sup>

It is an ungracious task to dispel the illusions that are pleasant to all generous minds; glad should we be to record as a truth that the pardon of lord Preston sprang from the melting heart of queen Mary; but, alas! the real circumstances of the case will not suffer the idea to be cherished for a moment. Lord Preston was only spared in order to betray, by his evidence, the deep-laid ramifications of the plot, which compromised many of the nobility and clergy. Above all, lord Preston's confessions were made use of to convict his high-spirited coadjutor, young Ashton, to whose case the appeal of little lady Catherine<sup>2</sup> applied as much as it did to her father. Queen Mary, however, signed the death-warrant of Ashton without any relenting, and he was executed. He died with great courage, and prayed for king James with his last breath.

Lord Preston's revelations implicated the queen's uncle, lord Clarendon, who continued under very severe incarceration in the Tower during her regency. The extensive conspiracy was connected with the formidable coalition in Scotland, which the queen had partially detected in the summer, when it will be remembered that a Jacobite, named Nevill Payne, had been arrested by her orders during the absence of king William in Ireland. Her majesty had written, before the return of the king, it seems, several autograph letters to the privy-council of Scotland, in which she had made some ominous inquiries as to what had become of Mr. Nevill Payne?<sup>3</sup> These inquiries were, to be sure, blended with many pious expressions, and as many recommendations "to praise God," which hints in state-documents, unfortunately, are too frequently followed by some unusual perpetration of cruelty to his creatures. The result was the following infliction on her father's faithful and courageous servant. As it is difficult to abstain from indignant language in such a case, we will only use that addressed to the principal minister of her majesty for Scotland, who was then at court, expediting the business relating to this affair with the queen:

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's History of the Revolution of Great Britain, &c. There are several minutæ the author has supplied from northern traditions.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Catherine Graham afterwards married the representative of the heroic line of Widdrington, whose fortunes fell in the subsequent northern struggles for the restoration of the house of Stuart, never to rise again.

<sup>3</sup> Melville Papers, pp. 582, 583 to 585.

TO LORD MELVILLE.<sup>1</sup>

"Yesterday, in the afternoon, Nevill Paine was questioned upon some things that were not of the greatest concern, and had but *gentle* torture given him; being resolved to repeat it this day, which, accordingly, about six this evening, we inflicted on both his thumbs and one of his legs with all the severity that was consistent with humanity [such humanity!] even to that pitch *that we could not preserve life, and have gone farther*, but without the least success, for his answers to all our interrogatories were negatives. Yea, he was so manly and resolute under his suffering, that such of the council as were not acquainted with all the evidences were *bungled* (staggered), and began to give him charity that he might be innocent. It was surprising to me and others that flesh and blood could, without fainting, endure the heavy penance he was in for two hours."

It is some satisfaction to perceive, that the narrator of this atrocious scene was ashamed and conscience-stricken, and even sick at the part he had played, as chief inquisitor in this hideous business, for he adds—

"My stomach is, truly, so out of tune, by being a witness to an act so far cross to my natural temper, that I am fitter for rest than anything else, but the dangers from *such conspirators to the person of our incomparable king*, have prevailed over me in the council's name to have *been the prompter of the executioner* to increase the torture to so high a pitch."

While these appalling scenes were proceeding in London and Edinburgh, the life of the consort of the queen had been exposed to imminent danger from the elements. King William had made the coast of Holland two days after his departure, but found that the fleet in which he sailed dared approach no nearer to the coast at Goree than four miles, for a dense frost-fog was settled over the shore, and wrapped every object in its impenetrable shroud. The king was extremely anxious to arrive at the Hague, where their High Mightinesses the States Deputies were waiting for him to open their sessions, and they had in the previous year expressed great jealousy of his long absence in his new sovereignty. Notwithstanding the fog, some fishermen ventured on board the king's ship, and reported that Goree was not a mile and a half distant; the king, therefore, resolved to be rowed on shore in his barge, into which he went with the duke of Ormond, and some of the English nobility of his suite. In a few minutes, the royal barge was totally lost in the fog, and could neither find the shore nor regain the fleet. Night fell, and the waves became rough with a ground-swell; the king laid down in the bottom of the open boat, only sheltered by his cloak; the waves washed over him several times, and the danger seemed great. Some one near the king expressed his despair at their situation, "What, are you afraid to die with me?" asked his majesty, sternly.<sup>2</sup> At day-break the shore was discovered, and the king landed safely at Aranick Haak, and from thence went to the Hague, where he was received triumphantly, with illuminations, and all possible rejoicings. It was his first state entrance into his old dominions as king of Great Britain, which the Dutch firmly believed was as much his conquest, as it had been that of Norman Wil-

<sup>1</sup> Letter from the earl of Craufurd, at Edinburgh, to lord Melville, at Mary's court in London. Nevill Payne soon afterwards died of the effects of these cruelties.

<sup>2</sup> Barnard's History of England, p. 525.

liam in the eleventh century. In all the pageantry at the Hague he was greeted with the cognomen of William "the Conqueror," to the shame and confusion of face of the duke of Ormond, and many English nobles he brought in his train.

The earl of Nottingham, the friend and confidential adviser of queen Mary, who was in the train of William at his entry, made some complimentary remark on the acclamations of the Dutch. William replied, "Ah, my lord, if my queen were but here, you would see a difference! Where they now give one shout for me, they would give ten for her."<sup>1</sup> Perhaps his recent danger had caused his heart to be unusually tender in its conjugal reminiscences.

It will be allowed that queen Mary must have possessed considerable personal and mental courage, when it is remembered that she was left alone at the helm of government during the awful events which marked the spring of 1690-1; when the execution of the devoted Ashton, and others of her father's friends, took place; likewise the incarceration of her eldest uncle. Far more dangerous was the step she had to take in dispossessing the apostolic archbishop of Canterbury, and other disinterested clergy of the church of England, who refused to take the oaths of allegiance to herself and her spouse. Nor could the queen have succeeded in this bold undertaking, had she not been supported by a standing army, and if that army had not been blended with a numerous portion of foreigners; it was likewise under the unwonted terrors of the lash. Infinitely was the church of England beloved by the common people and great reason had the people for manifesting towards its ministers the most ardent gratitude.

Those who are observers of historical facts, will readily concur in the remark, that all the changes in our national modes of worship have been effected by queens. Without dwelling on the tradition, that the empress Helena, a British lady, planted the gospel in England, it may be remembered that Ethelburga, the wife of Edwin, king of Northumbria, and her mother, revived the Christian religion by the agency of Paulinus; that Anne Boleyn caused Henry VIII. to open his eyes to the Reformation; that Catharine Parr's influence preserved the present endowments of our church; that Mary I. restored the Roman hierarchy to a feeble but cruel exercise of power, which was triumphantly wrested from that still formidable body by the able policy of queen Elizabeth. We have here to record changes, of a scarcely less important nature, which were effected by queen Mary II. in the established church of England.

At the period when archbishop Sancroft suffered imprisonment for having resisted the rapid advances of James II. to place the Roman church on an equality with the church of England, we think all disinterested observers of history will allow that our established religion had attained a degree of excellent perfection, not often beheld on this earth; nor were the excellencies of her clergy confined to their mere learning and literary merit, although Hall, Hooker, George Herbert, Taylor, Barrow, Sanderson, and Kenn, rise to the mind among the sacred classics of their country.

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<sup>1</sup> Echar'd's History of the Revolution.

Evidence of the changes in queen Mary's own mind and conduct, from the days of her youth, when Hooper and Kenn were her pastors, has been carefully and painfully collected, and laid before our readers, who will, without difficulty, analyse the reasons why, with such high-sounding panegyrics, decadence and sorrow paralysed the church of England for nearly a century after the sway of this highly praised woman.

Mary temporized, for upwards of a year, in the astute expectation that the possession of the power, dignity, and splendid revenues of the see of Canterbury, and, above all, that the aversion which old age ever has to change of life and usages, would at last altogether shake the principles of archbishop Sancroft into some compromise with expediency. As she found that this was vain, she declared his deprivation, and warned him to quit Lambeth, Feb. 1, 1690-1. Six other learned and disinterested prelates of the church of England,<sup>1</sup> with several hundred divines, were deprived by queen Mary on the same day.<sup>2</sup> Sancroft took no notice of this act, but continued to live at the palace, exercising the same charity and hospitality as before. Bishop Kenn remonstrated and read a protestation, in the market-place of Wells, pointing out the illegality of the queen's proceedings. Finding this was unavailing, Kenn, who carried not away a sixpence from his bishopric, retired to the charity of his nephew, Isaac Walton, who gave him refuge in his prebendal house in Salisbury-close. No successor had as yet been appointed to the see of Canterbury. Dean Tillotson was supposed to be the future archbishop. It was given out that the queen (regarding whose attachment to the church of England a political cry was raised), had the sole management of ecclesiastical affairs, and that the choice of all the dignitaries was her own unbiassed act.

Archbishop Sancroft observed that he had committed no crime against church or state, which could authorize his degradation, and that if the queen wished for his place at Lambeth, she must send and thrust him out of it by personal violence. He, however, packed up his beloved books, and waited for that hour. Thousands of swords would have been flashing in the defence of the venerable primate, if he would have endured the appeal to arms; but passive resistance he deemed the only, the proper demeanour for a Christian prelate of the reformed church. The people of the present age have forgotten the sneers that prevailed against these principles throughout a great part of the last century, and, therefore, are better able to appreciate conduct, assuredly, more worthy of primitive Christianity, than the mammon-worshipping seventeenth century would allow.

A dead pause ensued. Queen Mary was perplexed as to the person whom she could appoint to fill the archiepiscopal seat of Canterbury. Her tutor, Compton, bishop of London, had the ambition to desire this

<sup>1</sup> Lloyd, bishop of Norwich, and Lake, bishop of Chichester, supplied the places of Lloyd of St. Asaph, and Trelawney, of Bristol, and thus the number of the "sacred seven," who had equally resisted the corruptions of Rome and the innovations of dissent, was completed.

<sup>2</sup> Doyley's Life of Sancroft. Some say 700 clergy, others 400.

high appointment, but his extreme ignorance, his military education, and the perpetual blunders he made in his functions, would not permit such advancement.<sup>1</sup>

In the winter of 1691, Quebec was summoned to surrender to king William and queen Mary, by a detachment of troops which invaded French America. The governor of Quebec, Frontinac, replied, "that he knew neither king William nor queen Mary; but, whosoever they might be, he should hold out the garrison given in charge from his master Louis XIV., against them."<sup>2</sup> The invasion was, in fact, unsuccessful. Canada remained in the power of the original colonists for more than half a century.

The queen was, at this juncture, earnestly solicited in behalf of her eldest uncle, Henry, lord Clarendon, by his friend Katherine, the dowager lady Ranelagh, and by his brother, her uncle Laurence, earl of Rochester, particularly for some relaxation in the severity of his durance in the Tower. The reader will recal the queen's own extraordinary narrative of her committal of her eldest uncle to that fortress in the commencement of her last regency. Attainder and trial for high treason were now hanging over the head of Clarendon, whose health, moreover, was sinking under the depression of solitary confinement. Meantime, lady Ranelagh had previously negotiated the armistice between the queen and her uncle, Rochester, through the agency of Burnet. The executor of Burnet<sup>3</sup> claims much credit for the generosity of that person, as the queen's uncles always disliked him; yet there was a mixture of policy in the interference, as, to use Burnet's own phraseology, "'twasn't decent" for the people to see one of the queen's uncles in durance in the Tower, and another in estrangement and impoverishment, because they beheld the exaltation of their sister's daughter with horror. Had they been brothers of the queen's step-mother, such conduct might have been expected; but that the brothers of her *mother* should afford such examples, left on her cause a glaring reproach, which could not too soon be removed.

In one of Katherine lady Ranelagh's<sup>4</sup> remonstrances, on the subject of the enmity between queen Mary and her uncles, she thus speaks of the queen: "This same royal person would not, I think, act unbecoming herself, or the eminent station God has placed her in, in assisting five innocent children, who have the honour to be related to her royal<sup>5</sup> mother, (who did still, with great tenderness, consider her own family when she was most raised above it,) especially when, in assisting them, her majesty will need only to concern herself to preserve a property

<sup>1</sup> With the idea of making his court, however, to the king for this purpose, bishop Compton had left his see, and accompanied him in his voyage to Holland.

<sup>2</sup> Dangeau, vol. ii. p. 369.

<sup>3</sup> Life of Burnet, p. 272.

<sup>4</sup> Lady Katherine Ranelagh was the dowager lady of that name, the daughter of Richard, first earl of Cork. She seems a warm friend of queen Mary's uncles, with whom she was connected by the marriage of one of her nieces.

<sup>5</sup> Anne Hyde, duchess of York, so called by lady Ranelagh, because she was by marriage a member of the royal family.

made theirs by the law of England, which, as queen of this kingdom, she is obliged to maintain."

It is probable that the allusion here made is to some grant or pension, formerly given by the Stuart sovereigns to help to maintain the honours of the sons of Clarendon, whose titles, howsoever well deserved they might be, were not supported on the broad basis of hereditary estates—a circumstance which places the conscientious opposition of Henry earl of Clarendon to his royal niece in a more decided light, and accounts, at the same time, for the compliance of Laurence, after long reluctance. "I know not," says the queen's younger uncle Laurence, "whether the queen can do me any good in this affair, but I believe her majesty cannot but wish she could; however, I think I should have been very wanting to my children, if I had not laid this case most humbly before her majesty, lest at one time she herself might say I might have been too negligent in making applications to her, which, having now done, I leave the rest, with all possible submission, to her own judgment, and to the reflection that *some good-natured moments* may incline her towards my family."

During the earl of Clarendon's hard confinement, his more complying brother thus writes of him:—"Such a petition might be presented with a better grace (to the queen), if he were once out of the Tower on bail, than it would be while he is under this *close confinement*.<sup>1</sup> Again, the brother strives to awaken some compassion in the heart of the queen, by pathetic reminiscences of their illustrious father the grandsire, on whose knees Mary had been reared, at Twickenham: "I will allow you, as a servant of the queen," he writes to Burnet, "to have as great a detestation of the contrivance,<sup>2</sup> as you can wish. But when I consider you, as you once were, a concerned friend, to have a respect for his family, and particularly for our father [*the great earl of Clarendon*,] who not only lost all the honours and preferments of this world, but even the comforts of it, too, for the integrity and uprightness of his heart, you must forgive me, if I conjure you by all that is sacred, that you do not suffer this next heir to my good father's name, to go down with sorrow to the grave."

"I cannot but think that the queen would do (and would be glad to avow it too), some great thing for the memory of *that gentleman*, though long in his grave."

The queen's grandfather, lord Clarendon, is designated by the expression, "that gentleman;" yet all the bearings of her conduct prove that Mary had as little tenderness for her maternal relatives, as for her father; for in all her correspondence extant, the words "my mother" are not to be found traced by her pen. Yet this biography brings instances, in which that parent's memory, and even that of her grandfather, were pressed on the queen's recollection.

"I hope," continues her uncle Laurence, still pleading against the at-

<sup>1</sup> Burnet's Life, p. 286.

<sup>2</sup> The Ashton and Preston plot, for participation in which the queen's eldest uncle was then imprisoned.

tainer of his eldest brother, by the government of his niece,—“I hope there may be a charitable inclination to spare the *debris* of our broken family, for the sake of him that was the raiser of it. A calamity of the nature that I now deprecate, has something in it so frightful, and *on some accounts, so unnatural*, that I beg you [Burnet] for God’s sake, from an angry man, to grow an advocate for me, and for the family on this account.”<sup>1</sup> The last of these letters is dated, New Park, April 2d, 1691.

It is doubtful whether the unfortunate lord Clarendon was liberated from the Tower, until after the death of his old friend, admiral lord Dartmouth, committed to the Tower by queen Mary, the day after the date of the above letter. Dartmouth died of grief and regret, after a few months’ durance; and when the queen at last liberated her eldest uncle, he was to hold himself a prisoner within the limits of his country-house.

King William returned to England to procure immense supplies of money and troops, April 1<sup>st</sup>, 1691. The night of his return, a tremendous fire laid the principal part of Whitehall in ashes, which presented only heaps of smoking ruins, as he came up the river on the following morning. The conflagration commenced in the Portsmouth apartments, which had been the original cause of the enmity between the queen and her sister, Anne. It was occasioned by linen igniting in the laundry. The Jacobite writers accuse king William of setting fire to Whitehall, because he could not bear to inhabit the former palaces of his uncles; and in hopes of excluding the public, who claimed, by prescription, too ancient to be then controverted, the right of free entrance while their sovereigns sat in state, at meat, or took their diversions. They instanced the demolition of Hampton-Court, the desolation of Greenwich-palace, and the desertion of Whitehall for Kensington. The conflagration certainly originated by accident; for queen Mary, who was a very heavy sleeper, nearly lost her life in the flames. The Portsmouth suite being contiguous to the queen’s side, or privy-lodgings, the flames had communicated to the latter before the queen could be awakened, and she was dragged, half asleep, in her night-dress, into St. James’s-park. Here new adventures befel her, for colonel Oglethorpe and sir John Fenwick, two gentlemen devoted to her father, leaders of the Jacobite party, seeing her consternation, followed her through the park to St. James’s, reviling her by the lurid light of the flames of Whitehall, and telling her “that her filial sins would come home to her.” “She was notoriously insulted by them,”<sup>2</sup> repeats another manuscript authority; “the long gallery was then burnt; most of the royal apartments, with those of the king’s officers and servants.” Edmund Calamy is the only printed annalist of the times who alludes to the reproaches made to the queen. This author is too timid to enter into detail. However, those who compare his hints with our quotations will see that these curious facts are confirmed by

<sup>1</sup> Burnet’s Life, p. 286.

<sup>2</sup> Birch MS. 4466, British Museum. Diary of Mr. Sampson, p. 43. Another contemporary manuscript repeats the same circumstances of the danger and distress of the queen, of which, no doubt, more detailed particulars exist, in private letters, in the unpublished archives of different noble houses.

that respectable and honest non-conformist. Without particularizing where the offence was committed, Calamy confirms our MS. evidence in these words, speaking of sir John Fenwick: "He had taken several opportunities of affronting queen Mary in places of public resort."<sup>1</sup>

Many invaluable portraits and treasures of antiquity, belonging to the ancient regality of England, were consumed with Whitehall-palace. Some nameless poet of that day commemorated the event in these lines:

"See the imperial palace's remains,  
Where nothing now but desolation reigns.  
Fatal presage of monarchy's decline,  
And extirpation of the regal line."<sup>2</sup>

Since the pecuniary assistance that Dr. Tillotson had rendered on the memorable experiment in popularity at Canterbury, king William had marked him for the highest advancement in the church of England. His majesty considered that Dr. Tillotson was perfectly willing to receive this appointment; nevertheless, some obstacle, stronger than the conventional refusal of episcopal promotion, seemed to deter him. Dr. Tillotson told the king, at last, "that he was married; that there had previously been but one or two married archbishops, and never an archbishop's widow; and as he had no provision wherewith to endow his wife, he considered, in case of her widowhood, it would be an unseemly sight if she left Lambeth to beg alms."<sup>3</sup> The king replied, "if that was his objection, the queen would settle all to his satisfaction and that of Mrs. Tillotson." Accordingly, after a long interview with queen Mary, Dr. Tillotson declared "he was ready to take the place of archbishop Sancroft as soon as her majesty found it vacant." That matter, however, promised to be full of difficulty; for Sancroft persisted in his assertion, "that if the queen wanted Lambeth, she must thrust him out of it."

King William left her majesty solus to encounter all the embarrassments of the archbishop's deprivation, and of the new appointment, and sailed for Flanders, May 11th, 1691. The queen nominated Dr. Tillotson to the primacy, May 31st, 1691. She sent a mandate, signed by her own hand, warning Sancroft to quit Lambeth in ten days. This he did not obey. The emissaries of the queen finally expelled him from his palace, June 23d; he took a boat at the stairs, the same evening, and crossed the Thames to the Temple, where he remained in a private house till August, when he retired to end his days in his village in Suffolk.<sup>4</sup>

There was but one pen in the world capable of calumniating Sancroft—that pen belonged to Burnet. He has accused the apostolic man of having amply provided for himself from the revenues of Canterbury; but long before Burnet's books were printed, the circumstances in which Sancroft lived and died were well known to the world. In truth, the deprived archbishop went from Lambeth, taking no property but his staff and books; he had distributed all his revenues in charity, and

<sup>1</sup> Life of Calamy, vol. i. p. 388.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Birch's Life of Tillotson.

<sup>3</sup> "Faction Displayed." State Poem.

<sup>4</sup> Biographia Britannica



would have been destitute if he had not inherited a little estate in Suffolk. To an ancient but lowly residence, the place of his birth, at Fressingfield, where his ancestors had dwelt respectfully, from father to son, for three centuries, archbishop Sancroft retired to live on his private patrimony of fifty pounds per annum. On this modicum he subsisted for the remainder of his days, leading a holy and contented life, venerated by his contemporaries, but almost adored by the simple country-folk of Suffolk for his personal merits.

The use to which Sancroft put his savings has been revealed by a biography, strictly founded on documents, the modest voice of which has in our times put to open shame his slanderer; from it, we learn that Sancroft began to devote his savings, when he was only dean of St. Paul's, to amplify some of those miserable livings, which too frequently fall to the lot of the best of the English clergy. The vicarage of Sandon, in Hertfordshire, was thus endowed. Seven livings were augmented by this practical Christian before queen Mary hurled him from his archbishopric; he likewise wrote earnest letters to his rich clergy, recommending them to "aid their poor brethren's livings." One glorious light of our church, Isaac Barrow, followed the example of his friend. Our church has reason to bless Sancroft daily; for his self-denial and charitable exertions set the example to the great Bounty of queen Anne.<sup>1</sup>

When Dr. Tillotson vacated the deanery of Canterbury, to become primate, William sent the queen, from Holland, three names as those from whom he chose the deanery to be supplied—thus usurping the ancient functions of the chapters of old:<sup>2</sup> a fact in utter contradiction to the assertion, that he permitted his queen to exercise entirely the function of head of the church of England. Mary *did* venture to exercise the limited choice he allowed, so far as to appoint Dr. Hooper dean of Canterbury. The king supposed that his enmity to her former almoner was sufficiently known to his submissive partner; for it became evident, that, although the king had put Hooper's name on the list, it was only to give that divine the mortification of being rejected by her. William's rage was extreme when he found that he was thus taken at his word. One

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<sup>1</sup> Burnet *must* have known these facts. Any reader who wishes to see documentary proofs of these good works of Sancroft, and of Burnet's slander, may turn to Dr. Dooley's Life of Sancroft. Yet it is but justice to Burnet to observe, that the accusation on Sancroft of enriching himself does not occur in his manuscripts; *there* he only reviles and despises him for his miserable poverty. It is possible that the contradictory statement was introduced by Mackey, "the Spy," his executor. Collate with Harleian MSS., Burnet's Own Times, vol. i. pp. from 148-181.

<sup>2</sup> The conduct of king William in this action presents a most extraordinary antithesis to the ancient functions of the church on the appointment of dignitaries. The heads of chapters, after sitting in convocation in their chapter-houses, presented *three names* to the king, praying him "to name from these churchmen (either of whom the church considered worthy of the office,) the one most agreeable to his grace." The monarch did so, and forthwith received homage for the temporalities. It was not considered courteous of the chapter or chapters to give the monarch less choice than three, and the medium seems rational, and subversive of troublesome factions.

of the queen's ladies, who had married in Holland, (without doubt, the countess Zulestein,) wrote to Mrs. Hooper, "that their royal mistress would be bitterly chid on her husband's return." Indeed, this, the worthiest appointment made in her reign, cost Mary many tears; "that was too often her case in England," continues our authority, "but in Holland it was daily so."

When the queen obtained the liberty, as she supposed, for this appointment, she sent for Dr. Hooper, by Lord Nottingham, to Whitehall, and forthwith nominated him to the deanery. He was greatly surprised, and begged to know which of his livings, Lambeth or Woodhey, she would be pleased he should resign. "Neither," replied the queen; but the conscientious Hooper refused to retain pluralities,<sup>1</sup> and he laid down Woodhey, worth 300*l.* per annum, before he quitted the royal presence. Queen Mary was glad to give it to another of her chaplains, Dr. Hearn. The queen required of her old servant to inform her plainly, "why it was that Tillotson was looked upon as a Socinian?" Dr. Hooper attributed the report to the great intimacy between him and Dr. Firmin,<sup>2</sup> who was often seen at his table at Lambeth; this friendship had begun in their youth, and was still continued.<sup>3</sup>

The calamity of fire seemed to pursue king William and his royal consort. The queen had scarcely welcomed the king on his return to their newly-finished palace of Kensington, when an awful fire broke out there, Nov. 10, 1691; it wrapped in flames the stone gallery, but was extinguished before it involved the royal apartments. When the roar of the fire became audible, William, believing a treacherous attack on his palace was in progress, called loudly for his sword,<sup>4</sup> but soon found that the foe was better quelled by a bucket of water.

The differences which subsisted between the royal sisters, Mary and Anne, at this period, became more publicly apparent: owing to some awkward diplomacy, that the king had set his consort to transact relative to prince George of Denmark. On his departure from England in the preceding May, William III. gave his leave of audience to the prince, who then asked his permission "to serve him as a volunteer at sea." The king gave his brother-in-law the embrace enjoined by courtly etiquette, but answered him not a word. George of Denmark took silence for consent, prepared his sea-equipage, and sent all on board the ship in which he intended to sail; but king William had left positive orders with queen Mary, "that she was not to suffer prince George to sail with the fleet; yet she was not openly to forbid him to go." Thus the queen had the very difficult diplomatic task, enjoined her by her spouse, to im-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Hooper was a married man with a family; his example was therefore the more admirable. It must be remembered, that his daughter was the editress of this journal.

<sup>2</sup> He was the leader of the Socinians in London; we quote the dialogue, not because we have a wish to discuss controversial points, but because queen Mary was one of the speakers.

<sup>3</sup> Manuscript Account of Dr. Hooper. Trevor's William III., vol. ii. p. 472.

<sup>4</sup> Tindal's *Con. Rapin*, p. 76, from which the above incidents have been drawn.

pede the intentions of her brother-in-law, making it appear, at the same time, as if he staid by his own choice.

The queen, according to lady Marlborough's account,<sup>1</sup> observed her husband's directions exactly; she sent "a very great lord" to that lady, to desire that she would persuade the princess Anne to hinder prince George from his sea-expedition. The queen expected her (lady Marlborough) to accomplish it without letting her mistress know the reason. Lady Marlborough replied, "that it was natural for the princess to wish that her husband should stay at home out of danger; yet there was doubt whether she would prevail on him to give up his expedition; but that as to herself, she could not undertake to say anything to the princess, and conceal her reasons for speaking; yet, if she were permitted to use her majesty's name, she would say whatever was desired by her."<sup>2</sup> But this did not accord with her majesty's views.

The queen had now entered into a league with Laurence Hyde, earl of Rochester, her younger uncle, who had been prevailed upon, to the indignation of her captive, his elder brother, Clarendon, to take the oaths to her government,<sup>3</sup> and become one of her ministers. The earl of Rochester, who had been the particular object of the revilings of the princess Anne and her favourite, was at this time sent by queen Mary to explain her pleasure, "that prince George of Denmark was to relinquish his intention of going to sea, which measure was to appear to be his own choice." Prince George replied to this rather unreasonable intimation, "That there had been much talk in London respecting his intention; and as his preparations were very well known, if he sent for his sea-equipage from on board ship, as the queen desired, without giving any reason for such caprice, that he should make a very ridiculous figure in the eyes of every one." His representation was undoubtedly true; and it was as true, that the king and queen would not have had any objection to his incurring contempt, by his obedience, in the eyes of the English people. The queen, finding that the prince of Denmark would not submit to the intervention of her will and pleasure in private, was obliged to send her lord-chamberlain, Nottingham, in form, positively to forbid his embarkation.<sup>4</sup>

"The queen and princess lived in appearance," continues lady Marlborough, "as if nothing had happened all that summer. Lord Portland, it was well known, had ever a great prejudice to my lord Marlborough; Elizabeth Villiers, although I had never done her any injury, excepting not making my court to her, was my implacable enemy."<sup>5</sup>

The princess Anne, instigated by the restless ambition of her favourite, had thought fit to demand the order of the Garter, as a reward due to the military merit of lord Marlborough in Ireland. The request was made, by letter, to her brother-in-law:—

<sup>1</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 40.

<sup>2</sup> Diary of lord Clarendon.

Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 40.

Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 41.

*Ibid*

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO KING WILLIAM.<sup>1</sup>

"Tunbridge, Aug. 2, (1691.)"

"Sir,

"I hope you will pardon me for giving you this trouble, but I cannot help seconding the request the prince [George of Denmark] has now made you, *to remember your promise of a garter for lord Marlborough*. You cannot bestow it upon any one that has been more serviceable to you in the late revolution, nor that has ventured *their lives* for you, as he has done since your coming to the crown; but, if people will not think these merits enough, I cannot believe anybody will be so unreasonable as to be dissatisfied, when it is known you are pleased to give it him on the prince's account and mine. I am sure I shall ever look upon it as a mark of your favour to us. I will not trouble you with any ceremony, because I know you do not care for it.

"ANNE."

The queen refused this demand. It has been stated, that there was something of contempt in her manner of so doing, and that exasperated the favourites of her sister into a degree of rage, which led them to conspire the downfall of her husband and herself from the sovereignty. Lord Marlborough, in the same year, wrote to his former master, James II., declaring "that he could neither sleep nor eat in peace for the remembrance of his crimes against him." He made unbounded offers of his services; and finished by assuring him, "that he would bring the princess Anne back to her duty, if he received the least word of encouragement."<sup>2</sup> Marlborough was then one of the council of nine assisting in the government. The perils of the queen's position were therefore great. James II., however, did not give much encouragement to this treason; and drily answered to Marlborough, "that his good intentions must be proved by deeds rather than words."

Meantime, the queen's regency was agitated by plots, which were ramifications of that of lord Preston. She signed warrants for the arrest of the deprived bishop of Ely and lord Dartmouth; the latter soon after died in the prison of the Tower. She likewise molested the deprived primate by sending a commission to his cottage in Suffolk, to inquire into his proceedings. One of her messengers could scarcely refrain from tears when he found that the venerable archbishop himself came to the door, when he knocked, because his only attendant, an old woman who took care of his cottage, happened to be ill.

The queen's enmity was exceedingly great to William Penn, whose name was involved in these machinations; an entire stop was put to his philanthropic exertions in the colony of Pennsylvania—newly founded under the auspices of his "friend James"—and the good Quaker was forced to hide his head, and skulk about London, as he did in the persecution of his sect, before the accession of James II. He wished to have an interview with the queen. "He could," he said, "convince her of his fidelity to the government, to which he wished well, because the predominance of her father's religion must be ultimate destruction to his

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's Appendix.<sup>2</sup> Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. i. Dalrymple's Appendix. Memoirs of James II., vol. ii. Coxe, in his life of Marlborough, cannot deny this 'act, but excuses it on the plea that he desired only to *decide* king James!"

own. The personal friendship was warm which he bore 'to James Stuart;' but he loved him as such, and not as king; he was his benefactor," he said; "he loved him in his prosperity, and he never could speak against him in his adversity."<sup>1</sup> But let him say what he would, William Penn was a persecuted man as long as queen Mary lived. Besides the dislike, for various causes, which she bore to this friend of her father, queen Mary was greatly incensed at the attachment of his wife to the exiled family.<sup>2</sup>

Queen Mary's government, in the summer of 1691, had been accompanied by a series of circumstances calamitous enough to daunt the courage of a more experienced ruler. Disastrous and bloody battles had been fought in Flanders, and great slaughter of the English troops ensued, without the satisfaction of victory. Corn was at a famine price;<sup>3</sup> the country, gentry and merchants, were sinking under a weight of taxation, such as never had been heard or thought of in the British islands. The fleet had returned covered with disgrace; English seamen were overcome, merely by the horrible provisions and worthless ammunition which the corrupt ministry had provided for their use. All these tremendous difficulties had the queen to surmount, but her correspondence is not available for the history of this summer. It is known that she sojourned in her palace without a friend — nay, without an object of affection. She had no affections except for her husband, and he was absent, exposed to a thousand dangers. She had no female friend among her numerous ladies; for in her voluminous correspondence which has been opened to the reader, where she has entered into the feelings of her own heart with minute and skilful anatomy, she has never mentioned *one* person as a friend. Indeed, her panegyrist, Burnet, in his curious manuscript narrative, observes, in the enumeration of her other "valuable qualities," that the queen never had a female friend. The reader of this biography knows that she had, in her youth, *one*, her early playfellow, Anne Trelawney, who was driven from the Hague by William, a circumstance which caused her extreme sorrow. Not long afterwards, the singular alteration took place in Mary's character that has been noted among the events of 1684–5.

Her majesty certainly was, in 1691, in the most utter loneliness of heart. She was on ill terms with queen Catharine; and the cold, distant communication of mere state audiences, which took place between herself and her sister, the princess Anne, was ready to break out from the quietude of aversion to the active warfare of hatred, which soon ensued. The only ray that enlightened this mass of gloom arose from the successes of the army in Ireland. Limerick had surrendered on honourable terms; they were shamelessly broken; whether the wrong belongs to queen Mary's regnal history, or to that of her husband, it would be too long to inquire.

<sup>1</sup> This expression is in his letters in the Pepys' Collections.

<sup>2</sup> Life of William Penn, published by T. Kennerley, 1749; from this pamphlet it appears that this great and good man died in deeply embarrassed circumstances, in 1710.

<sup>3</sup> See the price-tables in Toone's Chronology.

Her majesty alludes to the successes in Ireland in the fragment of a letter to lady Russell,<sup>1</sup> in reply to one in which that lady asked for the disposal of the auditorship of Wales, worth 400*l.* per annum, for Mr. Vaughan, her son or nephew; on this head, queen Mary observed—"I am sure that the king will be as willing to please you as myself. You are very much in the right to believe I have cause enough to think this life not so fine a thing, as it may be others do, that I lead at present. Besides the pain I am almost continually in for the king, it is so contrary to my own inclination, that it can be neither happy nor pleasant; but I see one is not ever to live for one's self. I have had many years of ease and content, and was not so sensible of my own happiness as I ought, but I must be content with what it pleases God, and this year I have had good reason to praise him hitherto for the successes in Ireland, the news of which came so quick upon one another, that made me fear we had some ill to expect from other places. But I trust in God that will not be, though it looks as if we must look for little good either from Flanders or sea. The king continues, God be praised, very well!—and though I tremble at the thoughts of it, yet I cannot but wish a battle well over—I wish it as heartily as Mr. Russell himself."

The result of the naval affairs alluded to by the queen in this letter, was as unsatisfactory as her majesty had anticipated. Admiral Russell and sir Cloudesley Shovel cruised off Brest during the summer, but without coming to the engagement expected by the queen. At last the fleet was shattered by a storm; on entering Plymouth harbour, the Warwick and the Coronation were lost while anchoring.<sup>2</sup> The nation was incensed, as bad seamanship alone was supposed to be the cause. Russell's conduct was examined by parliament, but when he produced his orders he was acquitted. The queen's government was singularly unfortunate in naval affairs; proof has been shown, from her own letters, that at the era of the Beachy Head battle, she interfered with rash and injudicious orders.

While the fleets of England and France were threatening each other, the Jacobites were active; on the other hand, those persons whose prosperity depended on the permanence of the revolution, indefatigably infused in the queen's mind suspicions of all who were not their friends. Thus instigated, the queen sent for Dr. Hooper one day to chide him for his undutiful conduct to Archbishop Tillotson.

"I have been told," she said, "that you never wait on him, neither does Mrs. Hooper visit Mrs. Tillotson as she ought to do."

Dr. Hooper proved to the queen "that he had paid all the respect, and so had his wife, at Lambeth-palace, that was proper, without proving intrusive."

The queen smiled, and said, "She did not believe the report was true when she heard it."

The mischief-maker who had approached the ear of majesty, then ventured somewhat further, and subsequently informed queen Mary, that

<sup>1</sup> Bibl. Birch, 4163. Plat. CVL D. p. 42. Dated, 1691, July 30.

<sup>2</sup> Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii., p. 28.

of all places in the world, the apostolic Hooper had been figuring at a great cock-match at Bath, which it was supposed was a general muster for the Jacobite gentry of the West of England." Dr. Hooper, being questioned on this matter by queen Mary, replied very quietly, "that it was true he had been at Bath some months that year on account of the disastrous health of his wife, who was all the time in danger of her life." The queen graciously interrupted him to ask,

"How Mrs. Hooper was then?"

When dean Hooper had replied, he resumed the discussion, affirming, "That he had never heard a tittle of the cock-match at Bath, or of the meeting of the Jacobite gentlemen there."

The queen then informed him of some minor malicious reports—among others, an accusation, that he always travelled on the Sabbath. "It is true," replied Dr. Hooper, "that I am often on the road on the Sabbath, but it is in the pursuance of my clerical duty. I travel with my wife journeys of several days to Bath; I always rest the whole Sunday and attend both services—easily ascertained, as I usually preach for the minister where I tarry."

The queen told him, in a very gracious manner, "that she had never believed what he was accused of, but she would always let him know his faults, or rather, what he was accused of."

Her majesty concluded by letting him know that her informer was Dr. Burnet, bishop of Salisbury.<sup>1</sup>

Burnet was noted for his propensity to scandalous gossip, in the promulgation of which he little heeded the conventional decencies of time and place; as, for instance, lord Jersey, the brother of Elizabeth Villiers, told lord Dartmouth,<sup>2</sup> that he has heard bishop Burnet scandalize the duchess of York before her daughter, queen Mary, and a great deal of company, according to the well-known passage of slander printed in his history, with this difference, that when speaking, he did not conceal the name of the person with whom he affirmed she was in love: this was Henry Sidney, created, by William III., earl of Romney, and given an enormous grant of 17,000*l.* per annum. If lord Jersey could hear Burnet hold forth on this subject, the queen could do the same, as that noble was one of her household, whose duties placed him near her chair.

King William arrived safely at Kensington, October the 13th; the queen was, for a time, relieved from the heavy weight of the regnal sceptre, but she had to endure the bitterest reproaches, because she had purposely misconstrued his intention by the promotion of Dr. Hooper to the deanery of Canterbury.

Not even in the most important crises which had occurred when the nation was under her guidance for the last two years, was queen Mary ever permitted to meet her peers and commoners assembled in parlia-

<sup>1</sup> Hooper MSS., in Trevor's William III., p. 473.

<sup>2</sup> Notes to Burnet, vol. i. p. 394. Note and text; in the latter, Burnet expressly declares that Anne Hyde, duchess of York, induced her husband to become a Roman catholic at the time when he received the sacrament according to the ritual of the church of England.

ment, for the purpose of convening them or dismissing them. Her husband had opened parliament since his return from Flanders, October 22, 1691, and, in his robes and crown, made a speech on the final reduction of Ireland, in the course of which he never once mentioned his wife. The king's neglect, whether proceeding from forgetfulness, ingratitude, or jealousy, was quickly repaired by parliament; for on the 27th of the same month, the lords and commons almost simultaneously moved "that addresses be presented to her majesty at Whitehall," giving her thanks for her prudent care in the administration of the government in his majesty's absence."

The new archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tillotson, was requested, by the lords, to draw up their address, which was thus worded :

"We, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal, in parliament assembled, from a true sense of the quiet and happiness the nation hath enjoyed in your majesty's administration of government in the king's absence, do hold ourselves obliged to present our most humble acknowledgments to your majesty for your prudent conduct therein, to the universal satisfaction as well as the security of the kingdom."

The house of lords also requested lord Villiers (newly raised to the peerage as viscount, and then lord-chamberlain to the queen) to attend her majesty presently, to know what time her majesty will appoint for this house to attend her with the address? After some delay, lord Villiers acquainted the house, "that he had attended her majesty as commanded, who hath appointed three o' the clock this Friday afternoon for the house to attend her with the address, in the drawing-room at Whitehall." This room must have been the withdrawing-room adjoining the banqueting-hall at Whitehall, which had been spared by the flames that had recently devastated nearly the whole of the palace.

The king had obtained some information on the subject of Marlborough's correspondence with James II.; he attributed to his treacherous betrayal the failure of an attack made on Brest by the English fleet in the preceding summer.<sup>1</sup> "Upon my honour," replied Marlborough, "I never mentioned it, but in confidence to my wife."

"I never mention anything in confidence to mine," was the reply of king William. The cynical spirit of this answer bears some analogy to the temper of king William; but the evident want of truth in the assertion makes it doubtful that the king ever made use of any such words. The anecdote is widely known, but it is founded on nothing but hearsay and tradition. It seems to have been invented by Marlborough, to account, in an off-hand way, to the world that this serious treachery had accidentally slipped out in a gossip-letter from lady Marlborough to her sister, lady Tyrconnel, who was with the royal exiles at the court of St. Germain's. For, how could William say to one of the coun-

<sup>1</sup> MS. Journals of the House of Lords, from the library of E. C. Davey, Esq.

<sup>2</sup> There were two attacks on Brest in this reign, both abortive; the one here mentioned, in which there was a great slaughter of the English, and another in 1694, when general Tollemache was killed. There is documentary evidence that Marlborough betrayed the last. Dalrymple's History.



cil of nine, that he never told anything confidentially to the queen, when her letters give full proof that the most important matters were expedited by her? William could make repartees, which were not only rude, but brutal, to the queen; neither was his truth unsullied; but he possessed considerable shrewdness, and was a man of few words. Such characters seldom make remarks which are at once absurd and self-contradictory.<sup>1</sup>

Whatsoever might have been the real version of this angry dialogue, it led to the result that Marlborough took the step he had hinted to James II., and under his influence, and that of his wife, the princess Anne was induced to pen a penitential epistle to her father. It was in these terms:—

“Dec. 11, 1691.

“I have been very desirous of some safe opportunity to make you a sincere and humble offer of my duty and submission to you; and to beg you will be assured that I am both truly concerned for the misfortune of your condition, and sensible, as I ought to be, of my own unhappiness. As to what you may think I have contributed to it, if wishes could recal what is past, I had long since redeemed my fault. I am sensible it would have been a great relief to me if I could have found means to have acquainted you earlier with my repentant thoughts, but I hope they may find the advantage of coming late—of being less suspected of insincerity, than perhaps they would have been at any time before.

“It will be a great addition to the ease I propose to my own mind by this plain confession, if I am so happy as to find that it brings any real satisfaction to yours, and that you are as indulgent and easy to receive my humble submissions as I am to make them, in a free, disinterested acknowledgment of my fault, for no other end but to deserve and receive your pardon.

“I have had a great mind to beg you to make *one compliment for me*, but fearing the expressions which would be properest for me to make use of might be, perhaps, the least convenient for a letter, I must content myself, at present, with hoping the bearer will make a *compliment* for me to the queen.”

Now the bearer, in whose hands this letter was deposited for conveyance (as some say, by the princess Anne herself), was the last person likely to fetch and carry with suitable grace the affected verbal trash called *compliments* by the fine ladies of that day. He was a bluff and stout Welchman, captain Davy Lloyd, one of James II.'s veteran sea-commanders. Davy held the daughters of his old master in the utmost contempt, which he did not scruple to express, at times, without any very refined choice of epithets.

Both queen Mary and king William were soon apprised that some such epistle was compounded, long before it reached the hands of James II. Lady Fitzharding, it has been noted, was the spy<sup>2</sup> of her sister, Elizabeth Villiers, in the family of the princess Anne; and by her agency, king William knew accurately within a very few hours all that passed at the Cockpit. The princess Anne rather encouraged than suppressed the daring imprudence of her favourite, lady Marlborough, and they

<sup>1</sup> James II.'s Memoirs, edited by J. S. Clarke, 1691. Likewise Macpherson's History, vol. ii. p. 609, for the letter.

<sup>2</sup> This fact is pointed out by Coxe, in his life of Marlborough, vol. i., p. 48.

would vituperate the reigning monarch with the most virulent terms of abuse.<sup>1</sup>

Thus all the elements of discord were ready for violent explosion, which accordingly took place on the evening of January 9, 1691-92, when a personal altercation ensued between the queen and the princess Anne.<sup>2</sup> There is no doubt but that Anne's partiality for the Marlboroughs was the subject of dispute. No particulars, however, transpired, excepting what may be gleaned from subsequent letters of the princess Anne to lady Marlborough. From these, it appears that the queen threatened to deprive her sister of half her income. The princess Anne well knew that parliament having secured to her the whole, such threats were vain, since, if the will of her sister and her spouse had been consulted, she would have been in possession of neither half of the 50,000*l.* per annum, allowed her by her country. The princess Anne had just received her payment of this allowance, and had settled on the Marlboroughs an annuity from it of 1000*l.*,<sup>3</sup> circumstances which had probably added to the exasperation of the queen, who considered, with her spouse, that the whole of that sum was torn from their ways and means.

The next morning, it was the turn of lord Marlborough to fulfil his duties as one of the lords of the bed-chamber to king William. The manner of Marlborough's expulsion from his place was very disagreeable to him: he commenced his waiting-week without the least remark being made to him; but after he had put on the king's shirt, and done his duty for the morning, lord Nottingham was sent to him, who told him "that the king had no further wish for his services, and that he was commanded to *sell* or *dispose* of all his employments, and that he was forbidden the court." Every one was immediately busied in guessing his crime; it was, however, generally supposed to be making mischief between the princess and the king and queen. The king and queen further desired "that he, lord Marlborough, would absent himself from their presence for the future."<sup>4</sup>

The anguish that the princess Anne manifested at this disgrace of her favourite's husband was excessive; she greatly exasperated the king and queen by her tearful eyes and sad countenance when she visited them. The princess's anticipations of still harsher measures probably led to her depression of spirits, since she received an anonymous letter before the end of January, which warned her that the next step taken by the government would be the imprisonment of lord Marlborough; the letter likewise gave her a really salutary warning respecting the treachery of lady Fitzharding, and that "all the tears she had shed, and the words she had spoken on the subject of lord Marlborough's disgrace, had been betrayed to the king" by that household spy.

It must excite great surprise in those to whom the under currents of events are unknown, to think what could impel king William to utterly cashier a person who had been so useful to him in the revolution, as

<sup>1</sup> This fact is pointed out by Coxe, in his *Life of Marlborough*, vol. i., p. 48

<sup>2</sup> The date of Coxe is here followed.

<sup>3</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough.

<sup>4</sup> Letter of lord Basil Hamilton to his father, duke of Hamilton.

lord Marlborough; Evelyn, however, a contemporary, discusses the point plainly enough, in these words: <sup>1</sup> "Lord Marlborough, lieutenant-general, gentleman of the bed-chamber, dismissed from all his employments, military and other, for his faults in excessive taking of bribes, covetousness, and extortion, on all occasions, from his inferior officers."

These charges were disgraceful enough to induce confusion of countenance in any near connexion of the delinquent; but the practice of robbing the public had become so common, that it was seldom charged against any one who had not been concerned in practices generally considered more dangerously inimical to the government.

Neither king William nor his consort dared openly accuse the Marlboroughs of having abetted the princess Anne in a reconciliation with the exiled king; they well knew that such an avowal would have led a third of their subjects to follow their example. The silence of the king and queen (at least in regard to the public) on the real delinquencies at the Cockpit, emboldened lady Marlborough sufficiently to accompany her mistress to court on the next reception day at Kensington, about three weeks after the disgrace of her husband. Next day queen Mary forbade the repetition of lady Marlborough's intrusion, in the following letter to the princess Anne:—

"QUEEN MARY TO THE PRINCESS ANNE."

"Kensington, Friday, 5th of Feb.

"Having something to say to you, which, I know, will not be very pleasing, I choose rather to write it first, being unwilling to surprise you, though I think what I am going to tell you should not, if you give yourself time to think that never anybody was suffered to live at court in lord Marlborough's circumstances. *I need not repeat the cause he has given the king to do what he has done, nor his unwillingness at all times to come to extremities, though people do deserve it.*"

In this dark hint is embodied all the information the queen chose to give her sister regarding the cause of the disgrace of her sister's favourites and guides. The passage, written with extreme caution, was prepared thus, to guard against the political mischief which might be done by the princess Anne and her audacious ruler, from making the queen's letter of remonstrance public among their party. At the same time, it is manifest, that previous remonstrance and explanation on the offences of the princess and the Marlboroughs, had been resorted to by her majesty. What these offences and injuries were, the preceding pages of this biography fully explain. This section of the queen's letter is an instance of the sagacity for which she was famed. The whole is written with moderation, when the provocation is considered, and the fearful dangers with which the throne of Mary and her beloved husband was surrounded in 1692, dangers which the correspondence of Anne and her coadjutors, with her exiled father, greatly aggravated. Queen Mary continues,—

"I hope you do me the justice to believe it as much against my will

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn's Diary, January 24, 1691-2.

<sup>2</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 44. We have vainly searched for the originals of these letters, being unwilling to take lady Marlborough's version.

that I now tell you that, after this, it is very unfit that lady Marlborough should stay with you, since that gives her husband so just a pretence of being where he should not. I think I might have expected you should have spoke to me of it; and the king and I, both believing it, made us stay thus long. But, seeing you was so far from it, that you brought lady Marlborough hither last night, makes us resolve to put it off no longer, but tell you *she must not stay*, and that I have all the reason imaginable to look upon your bringing her as the strangest thing that ever was done. Nor could all my kindness for you (which is always ready to turn all you do the best way), at any other time have hindered me from showing you so that moment, *but I considered your condition*, and that made me master myself so far as not to take notice of it then."

Contrary to her usual style in this letter, the sentences of the queen are not constructed logically in all their bearings; her reiterated "*it*" seems to mean that she and king William expected the princess Anne to propose to them the dismissal of lady Marlborough, on account of the disgrace of that person's husband, instead of bringing her into their evening drawing-room, as coolly as if nothing had happened.

Notwithstanding her folly in thus conducting herself, the situation of the princess Anne required consideration and forbearance, for she was, in February 1691-2, within a few weeks of her confinement; and her health, at such times, was always precarious. The queen's excessive self-praises of her own kindness to her sister, are perhaps somewhat overcharged; they are founded on the fact, that she did not reprove the princess publicly, and expel the intruder she brought with her, as her majesty thought they deserved.

"But now I must tell you," resumes queen Mary, "it was very unkind in a sister—would have been very uncivil in an equal; and I need not say I have more to claim, which, though my kindness would never make me exact, yet, when I see the use you would make of it, I must tell you I know what is due to me, and expect to have it from you. 'Tis upon that account, I tell you plainly lady Marlborough must not continue with you in the circumstances her lord is.

"I know this will be uneasy to you, and I am sorry for it, for I have all the real kindness imaginable for you; and, as I ever have, so will always do my part, to live with you as sisters ought; that is, not only like so near relations, but like friends, and as such I did think to write to you. For I would have made myself believe your kindness for *her* [*lady Marlborough*] made you at first forget what you should have for the king and me, and resolved to put you in mind of it myself, neither of us being willing to come to harsher ways; but the sight of lady Marlborough having changed my thoughts, does naturally alter my style. And since, by that, I see how little you seem to consider what, even in common civility, you owe us, I have told it you plainly, but withal assure you that, let me have never so much reason to take anything ill of you, your kindness is so great that I can pass over most things, and live with you as becomes (us). And I desire to do so merely from that motive; for I do love you as my sister, and nothing but yourself can

make me do otherwise; and that is the reason I choose to write this rather than tell it to you, that you may overcome your first thoughts. And when you have well considered, you will find that, though the thing be hard (which I again assure you I am sorry for), yet it is not unreasonable, but what has ever been practised, and what yourself would do were you (queen) in my place.

"I will end this with once more desiring you to consider the matter impartially, and take time for it. I do not desire an answer presently, because I would not have you give a rash one. I shall come to your drawing-room to-morrow, *before you play*, because you know why I cannot make one."

This was because the queen did not choose to sit down to the bassett-table with lady Marlborough.

"At some other time," concludes the queen, "we shall reason the business calmly, which I will willingly do, or anything else that may show it shall never be my fault if we do not live kindly together. Nor will I ever be other, by choice, than your truly loving and affectionate sister,

"M. R."

It is useless to quote the comments of lady Marlborough regarding this letter, and the mandate it contained for her dismissal from the household and councils of her adoring mistress. Lady Marlborough published the royal letter, but sedulously hid the provocation, which elicited both that and the command contained therein. In her narrative of the events of this era, she carefully conceals the spring that caused them, which was the treacherous correspondence of her husband with the court of St. Germain, and the letter he had prompted the princess Anne to write to her father.

Historical truth can only be found in contemporary documents and narratives; but not in one alone; many must be compared and collated, before the mists in which selfish interests seek to envelop facts, can be dispelled. Lady Marlborough devotes several pages to the most enthusiastic praises of herself; her disinterestedness and devotion to the princess Anne are lauded to the skies. When in the list of her virtues, she discusses her honesty, she thus expresses herself:—"As to the present power the princess Anne had to enrich me, her revenue was no such vast thing as that I could propose to draw any mighty matters from thence; and besides, sir Benjamin Bathurst had the management of it. I had no share in that service."<sup>1</sup> Yet 50,000*l.* per annum is a large revenue even in these times, and in the early days of the national debt it bore a much higher comparative value.

The princess Anne, after she had read her sister's letter, summoned her uncle Rochester to her assistance. That nobleman, from a thorough appreciation of the turbulence and treachery which were united in the character of lady Marlborough, had, in her outset of life, strongly advised James II. to exclude her from the household of his daughter Anne.<sup>2</sup> But the indulgence of the father yielded to the supplications of his child.

<sup>1</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 54.

<sup>2</sup> Ralph's History.

When lord Rochester came to the Cockpit, at the entreaty of the princess Anne, she put in his hand the following letter. It was evidently the production of a consultation with the favourite, since it is by no means in the style of the princess herself.

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO QUEEN MARY.<sup>1</sup>

"Your majesty was in the right to think that your letter would be very surprising to me. For you must needs be sensible enough of the kindness I have for my lady Marlborough, to know that a command from you to part from her must be the greatest mortification in the world to me, and, indeed, of such a nature as I might well have hoped your kindness to me would have always prevented.

"I am satisfied she cannot have been guilty of any fault to you, and it would be extremely to her advantage if I could here repeat every word that ever she had said to me of you in her whole life. I confess it is no small addition to my trouble to find the want of your majesty's kindness to me on this occasion, since I am sure I have always endeavoured to deserve it by all the actions of my life.

"Your care of my present condition is extremely obliging, and if you could be pleased to add to it so far as, upon my account, to recal your severe command (as I must beg leave to call it, in a matter so tender to me, and so little reasonable, as I think, to be imposed on me, that you would *scarce* require it from the meanest of your subjects), I should ever acknowledge it as a very agreeable mark of your kindness to me. And as I must freely own that, as I think this proceeding can be for no other intent than to give me a very sensible mortification, so there is no misery that I cannot readily resolve to suffer, rather than the thoughts of parting with her (lady Marlborough).

"If, after all this that I have said, I must still find myself so unhappy as to be pressed on this matter, yet your majesty may be assured that, as my past actions have given the greatest testimony of my respect both for the king and you, so it shall always be my endeavour, wherever I am, to preserve it carefully, for the time to come, as becomes

"Your majesty's very affectionate sister and servant,

"ANNE.

"From the Cockpit, Feb. 6th, 1692."

It may be worthy of observation that the date of this epistle is on the birthday of Anne.

When lord Rochester had perused this letter, the princess Anne requested that he would be the bearer of it from her to her majesty, to which the uncle put a positive negative. He had hoped that the end of the controversy between his royal nieces would have been the removal of such a fosterer of strife as lady Marlborough had proved herself to be, since she had arrived at woman's estate; and he would not carry a letter which forbade that hope. He then withdrew from the conference, declaring his intention of mediating in all measures which led to reconciliation, which was by strenuously advising the queen to send lady Marlborough at once from the Cockpit to her house at St. Albans. Meantime, after the princess or her favourite had concocted the letter quoted above, it was copied and sent to her majesty that day, by the hands of one of the servants of the princess. Queen Mary returned no answer, excepting that of an official message, carried to the Cockpit by her lord-chamberlain, Nottingham, warning lord and lady Marlborough

<sup>1</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, pp. 55-57.

to abide no longer at the palace of Whitehall,<sup>1</sup> a measure which was the first step her majesty took on the advice of lord Rochester.

The princess Anne considered that her sister had no more right to dictate what servants she should retain in her residence of the Cockpit, than in any other private house, since it had been purchased for her by their uncle Charles II., after it had been alienated from the rest of the palace of Whitehall, in common with many other buildings appertaining to that part of the vast edifice which abutted on St. James's-park. But the Cockpit, the Holbein-gateway, and the adjoining Banqueting-house, were, at that period, all that were left of the once extensive palace.

When the queen's message of expulsion from the Cockpit was delivered to lady Marlborough, the princess Anne took the resolution of withdrawing from it at the same time; and announced her intention to her sister in the following epistle:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO QUEEN MARY.<sup>2</sup>

"I am very sorry to find that all I have said myself, and my lord Rochester for me, has not had effect enough to keep your majesty from persisting in a resolution which you are satisfied must be so great a mortification to me, as, to avoid it, I shall be obliged to retire, and deprive myself of the satisfaction of living where I might have frequent opportunities of assuring you of that duty and respect which I always have been, and shall be desirous to pay you, upon all occasions.

"My only consolation in this extremity is, that not having done anything in all my life to deserve your unkindness, I hope I shall not be long under the necessity of absenting myself from you, the thought of which is so uneasy to me, that I find myself too much indisposed to give your majesty any further trouble at this time.

"February 8, 1692."

The approaching accouchement of the princess rendered all harshness to her odious in the eyes of every one. One of the royal palaces had usually been appointed for her retirement at such times; but as the queen had thought proper to expel her favourite friend from her own private residence, the princess affected to consider that she should be too much at the royal mercy, if her accouchement took place either at St. James's-palace, or Hampton-Court.

It was the policy of the party of the princess Anne to give her, as much as possible, the semblance of injured distress, and the appearance of being hunted out of house and home, at a period dangerous to her health, and even to her life. There can be no doubt that the mistress of 50,000*l.* per annum need not have been obliged to sue for the charitable grant of a home to abide in during the period of her accouchement; yet, a few hours before leaving the Cockpit, the princess Anne sent a request to the duchess of Somerset, to lend her Sion House for her residence during the ensuing summer. This lady was the wife of a kinsman of the princess, commonly called the proud duke of Somerset;<sup>3</sup> she was

<sup>1</sup> Coxe's *Life of Marlborough*, vol. i. p. 48, and Ralph's "Other side of the Question."

<sup>2</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 58.

<sup>3</sup> He was the representative of Catherine Gray, and of course a prince of the English blood royal from the younger sister of Henry VIII.

the heiress of the great Percy inheritance, and as such, the possessor of the ancient historical palace of Sion.

William III., whose activity in petty instances of annoyance is singularly at variance with his received character for magnanimity, immediately sent to the duke of Somerset, and, in a conference with him, endeavoured to induce him to put a negative on the request of the princess Anne.<sup>1</sup> But such mighty English nobles as Somerset, and his consort, the Percy-*heiress*, soon proved to the foreign monarch how independent they were of any such influence. The duchess of Somerset forthwith sent an affectionate message to the princess Anne, declaring "that Sion House was entirely at her service."

Before the princess left her residence of the Cockpit for Sion House, she thought proper to attend the drawing-room of their majesties at Kensington-palace. In this interview, according to the phraseology of the Marlborough, the princess Anne made her majesty "all the professions imaginable, to which the queen remained as insensible as a statue."

The massacre of Glencoe<sup>2</sup> occurred Feb. 14, 1692. It is but justice to queen Mary to observe that this atrocity did not disgrace the period when she swayed the regnal sceptre; neither is her signature appended to the detestable warrant perpetrated by her husband, which authorized the slaughter, in cold blood, of upwards of a hundred men, women, and little children, of her subjects. The circumstances have been, of late years, too often narrated to need relating here; but, as the wickedness was committed in a reign in which a woman's name is partly responsible, it is desirable, by the production of the documents, to show that the iniquity was wholly devised, as well as executed, by men.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 59.

<sup>2</sup> It may be a point of curiosity to learn what James II. thought of this sacrifice of his faithful subjects. After observing that he had been careful to preserve the lives of his Scottish friends, by candidly acknowledging to them that he had no funds to aid them, and earnestly advising their submission as early as August, 1691, he continues, "They accordingly made their submission. But contrary to all faith, by an order, that Nero himself would have had a horror of, the prince of Orange ordered the soldiers to massacre the Glencoe people in cold blood. It was hard to imagine that the prince of Orange could apprehend danger from such a handful of men. But he either thought that severity necessary to make an example of, or he had a particular pique against that clan. Either of these reasons, according to his morality, was sufficient to do an inhuman thing. Yet this was the pretended assertor of the lives and liberties of the British nation, to whom all oaths were to be made a sacrifice of, rather than he should not reign over it." Autograph Memoirs of king James. Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 239.

<sup>3</sup> A document nearly similar, signed by William III., is carefully preserved by the present lord Lovat, authorizing the extermination of the clan Fraser; the conduct of Simon Fraser had, it is true, been intolerably wicked, but that was no fault of the women and children of his district, which likewise comprised the feudal sovereignty of 1000 men capable of bearing arms, of whom many must have been perfectly innocent of wrong. These attempts at extermination had for precedents the wars in Ireland in the time of Elizabeth, and the conduct of the Spaniards to the Caribs. See Mrs. Thomson's *Lives of the Jacobites*.



An historian<sup>1</sup> especially partial to the character of William III., considers, as a great grievance, the inquiry into the massacre of Glencoe, and, with much *naïveté*, observes that the said inquiry was "remarkably troublesome to many *respectable* people." The Scotch parliament pronounced it "a barbarously murderous transaction." After this opinion, the "*respectable* people" concerned in it put a stop to the further trouble this decision might have given them, by producing the following warrant:—

"WILLIAM R.<sup>2</sup>

"As for the McDonalds of Glencoe, if they can well be distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper for the vindication of public justice to *extirpate* that set of thieves.

W. R."

This extermination, which was extended in intention to the Frasers, and other clans in the Highlands, must have originated in the mind of William himself, as is evident by the wording of the warrant. A Scotchman would have spoken with more certainty of the localities of his country: at the same time, it is improbable that any English minister suggested an extirpation, because even the execution of military law in England was always regarded with horror.<sup>3</sup>

Perhaps the open quarrels which then agitated the royal family prevented public attention from dwelling on the atrocities perpetrated by the king's warrant in the north. The princess Anne withdrew to Sion about the beginning of March, taking with her lady Marlborough, on whom she lavished more affection than ever. As an instance of ill-will, king William gave orders that his sister-in-law should be deprived of the guards by whom she had been attended since her father had given her an independent establishment. The princess lost her guards just as she had the most need of them, for the roads all round the metropolis

<sup>1</sup> Cunningham.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Stair proved that when William III.'s signature was doubly affixed, as in this warrant, the execution was to be prompt and urgent.

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Dalrymple's History and Appendix. Campbell of Glenlyon was the mere executioner. The following letter will show that the Dutch monarch's agent directed, from his master, that the children of Macdonald of Glencoe were to be murdered:

"For their majesties service.

"To Capt. Campbell.

"Sir,

"Ballacholis, Feb. 12, 1692

"You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, the Macdonalds of Glencoe, and put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have especial care that the old fox and his cubs do not escape your hands. You are to secure all the avenues, that no man escape. This you are to put into execution at five in the morning precisely, and by that hour I'll strive and be at you with a stronger party. This is by the king's *especial commission*, for the good of the country, that these miscreants may be cut off root and branch. See these be put in execution without fear, *else you may be expected to be treated as not true to the king's government*; nor as a man fit to carry a commission in king William's service. Expecting you will not fail in the fulfilling, as you love yourself, I subscribe these with my hand,

"ROBERT DUNCANSON."

swarmed with highwaymen; her carriage was stopped, and she was robbed, between Brentford and Sion, soon after her establishment there. This adventure was made the subject of many lampoons, and great odium was thrown on the king and queen, on account of the danger to which the heiress-presumptive was exposed, through their harshness. The act of depriving the princess Anne of the usual adjuncts of her rank, was a parting blow, before her persecutor left England for his usual Flemish campaign. The king resigned the sole government, for a third time, into the hands of his queen, and bade her farewell on the 5th of March; he sailed with a wind so favourable that he reached the Hague on the succeeding day, and from thence went to Loo.<sup>1</sup>

To illustrate the narrative of these royal quarrels, the reader must be given an insight of Burnet's genuine opinion on this subject, written in his own hand.<sup>2</sup> It will be allowed to be a great historical curiosity; his opinions must raise a smile, when it is remembered how closely and approvingly intimate he and the duchess of Marlborough were in after life.

"About the end of the session in parliament, the king called for Marlborough's commissions, and dismissed him out of his service. The king [William] said to myself upon it, 'He had very good reason to believe that Marlborough had made his peace with king James, and was engaged in a correspondence with France. It was certain, he was doing all he could to set on a faction in the army and nation against the Dutch, and to lessen the king, as well as his wife, who was so absolute a favourite with the princess [Anne], that she seemed to be the mistress of her heart and thoughts, which were alienated both from the king and queen.'

"The queen had taken all possible methods to gain her sister, and had left no means unessayed, except purchasing her favourite, which her majesty thought it below her to do. That being the strongest passion in the princess's breast, all other ways proved ineffectual, so a visible coldness grew between the sisters. Many rude things were daily said at that court, [*the establishment of the princess Anne*], and they struggled to render themselves very popular, though with very ill success; for the queen grew to be so universally beloved, that nothing would stand against her in the affections of the nation."

"Upon Marlborough's disgrace, his wife was ordered to leave court. This the princess Anne resented so highly, that she left the court likewise; for she said she would not have her servants taken from her. All persons that have credit with her have tried to make her submit to the queen, but to no purpose. She has since that time lived in a private

<sup>1</sup> M. de Dangeau writes in his Journal, March 15, 1692, that his news from England announced "that when the princess of Denmark quitted the court, that her husband followed her, that William took all the guards from them, and forbade them the honours of the court they had been accustomed to receive, and that William, after this exploit, went to Holland on the 24th of March."

<sup>2</sup> Harleian MS. The hand is precisely the same with the Autograph Papers relative to Burnet's ministry at the death of William lord Russell, in possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

house, and the distance between the sisters has now risen so high, that the visiting of the princess is looked upon as a neglect of the queen's displeasure. So that the princess is now as much alone as can be imagined. The enemies of the government began to make great court to her; but they fell off from her very soon, and she sunk into such neglect, that if she did not please herself in an inflexible stiffness of humour, it would be very uneasy to her."

Burnet, in his manuscript notations, (where he always uses the *present* tense,)<sup>1</sup> speaks likewise with much acridity on the impropriety which he asserts was committed by admiral Russell in expostulating, with great rudeness, to king William on Marlborough's disgrace. He demanded to see the proofs of his faults, and reminded him, in a tone "not very agreeable," that it was he who carried the letters between his majesty and Marlborough before the revolution.<sup>2</sup> This was just before he undertook the command of the fleet off La Hogue. Notwithstanding all Burnet's revilings of Russell, for his rough and brutal temper, and his Jacobitism, every true-hearted person must venerate him for upholding the honour of his country and her naval flag, (which had been woefully humbled since the revolution,) above every political consideration. It appears by the well-known exclamation of his old master, king James, when he beheld the bravery of his English sailors at La Hogue, that he was entirely of the same opinion.

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## MARY II.,

QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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### CHAPTER IX.

Vigour of the queen's government—Accouchement of princess Anne at Sion House—Death of her infant—Her danger—Queen visits her—Queen's harsh manner—Long illness of the princess—Her letters (as Mrs. Morley) on queen's sending Marlborough to the Tower—Negotiation between the queen and princess—Their letters—Victory of La Hogue—Queen's conduct—Queen's portrait, by Vandervaaert—Severity of her reign—Princess Anne's letter brought to James II.—Remarks on the royal sisters by the messenger—Queen's letter to lady Russell—Princess Anne settled at Berkeley House—Series of letters

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<sup>1</sup> Harleian MSS., 6584.

<sup>2</sup> Harleian Collection, No. 6585. It is a curious study for those who go to the well springs of history, to compare the condemnatory passages which occur against the Marlboroughs, husband and wife, throughout Burnet's manuscript—with the entire suppression of the same in his printed work, and with the close innumacy which existed afterwards between these congenial souls.

on petty annoyances, as Mrs. Morley—To lady Marlborough, as Mrs. Freeman—Queen stands sponsor with archbishop Tillotson—His curious letter on it, &c.—Return of the king—Anecdotes of the queen—Verses on her knitting, &c.—Continued enmity to princess Anne—Queen accompanies the king to Margate—Obliged to return to Canterbury—King's departure—Anecdotes of the queen's stay at Canterbury—Queen relates particulars to Dr. Hooper—Her presents to the cathedral altar—Queen and the theatre—Her persecution of Dryden—Anecdotes of the queen and her infant nephew—Return of the king, &c. &c.

QUEEN MARY was again left, surrounded by unexampled difficulties. There were few persons in the country but anticipated the restoration of her father. A great naval force was collecting and arming for the invasion of the country; the French had remained masters of the seas ever since the revolution, despite of the junction of the fleets of England with the rival forces of Holland. The queen had reason to believe that the only competent naval commander, from whose skill she could hope for success, was desirous of her father's restoration. The queen knew that the princess Anne had written to her father, "that she would fly to him the very instant he could make good his landing in any part of Great Britain." Indeed, a letter to James II., containing these words, it is said, was intercepted by the king and queen, and that it was the cause of the disgrace of the Marlboroughs, since they were mentioned as active agents in the projected treason. Thus, the dangers surrounding the career of queen Mary were truly appalling, and, to a spirit less firm, would have been insurmountable. The queen was not, in 1692, altogether a novice in the art of government; she had weathered two regencies, each presenting tremendous difficulties; it was strongly in her favour that Marlborough, instead of sharing her most intimate councils as a disguised friend, was now an unmasked enemy.

One of queen Mary's earliest occupations was to review the trained bands of London and Westminster mustered in Hyde-park, to the number of 10,000 men; they were destined to the defence of the capital in case of an invasion from France. She likewise ordered the suspected admiral Russell to proceed to sea, while her royal partner in Holland, caused the Dutch fleet to hasten out to form a junction with the naval force of England under the command of Russell. How singular it is, that history, which is so lavish in commendations on the excellence of queen Mary's private virtues, should leave her abilities as a ruler unnoticed! Time has unveiled the separate treacheries of her coadjutors in government; the queen was the only person at the head of affairs on whom the least reliance could have been reposed in time of urgency. It is well known now that Nottingham, Godolphin, Russell, and many others, both high and low in her ministry, were watching every event to turn with the tide, if it tended to the restoration of her father. But while giving queen Mary every credit as a wise and courageous ruler, in the successive dangers which menaced her government in the spring of 1692, what can be said of her humanity when called to the bedside of her suffering sister in the April of that year?

The princess Anne sent sir Benjamin Bathurst from Sion House with  
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her humble duty, to inform her majesty "that the hour of accouchement was at hand, and that she felt very ill indeed, much worse than was usual to her." Queen Mary did not think fit to see sir Benjamin Bachurst, and took no notice of this piteous message.<sup>1</sup>

After many hours of great suffering and danger, the princess Anne brought into the world, April 17th, 1692, a living son, which was named George, after her husband, but the miserable mother had the sorrow to see it expire soon after its hasty baptism. Lady Charlotte Bevervaart, one of the princess Anne's maids of honour, being a Dutchwoman, and on that account considered as the more acceptable messenger, was despatched from Sion House to announce to queen Mary the death of her new-born nephew. Lady Charlotte waited some time before the queen saw her. At last, after her majesty had held a consultation with her uncle lord Rochester, the messenger of the princess was admitted into the royal presence. The queen herself informed lady Charlotte Bevervaart, that she should visit the princess that afternoon. Indeed, her majesty arrived at Sion almost as soon as the messenger. Queen Mary entered the chamber of her sick and sorrowful sister, attended by her two principal ladies, the countesses of Derby and Scarborough. The princess Anne was in bed, pale and sad, but the queen never asked her how she did, never took her hand, or expressed the least sympathy for her sufferings and her loss. Her majesty was pleased to plunge at once into the dispute which had estranged her from her sister, to whom she exclaimed in an imperious tone, as soon as she was seated by the bedside, "I have made the first step by coming to you, and I now expect that you should make the next, by dismissing lady Marlborough."

The princess Anne became pale with agitation at this unseasonable attack; her lips trembled, as she replied, "I have never in my life disobeyed your majesty but in this one particular, and I hope at some time or other it will appear as unreasonable to your majesty as it does now to me." The queen immediately rose from her seat, and prepared, without another word, to depart. Prince George of Denmark, who was present at this extraordinary scene, led her majesty to her coach; while so doing, the queen repeated to him precisely the same words which she had addressed to the unfortunate invalid in bed.

The two ladies who had accompanied their royal mistress, comported themselves according to their individual dispositions on the occasion. Lady Derby, who had been recommended to the queen by the princess Anne as groom of the stole, in those halcyon days when these royal sisters were rejoicing together on the success of the revolution, now showed her ingratitude by turning away from the sick-bed without making the slightest inquiry after the poor invalid. But lady Scarborough behaved in a manner better becoming a feeling and womanly character.

Queen Mary retained sufficient conscientiousness to be shocked, on reflection, at her own conduct. She was heard to say, on her return to Kensington, "I am sorry I spoke as I did to the princess, who had so

<sup>1</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 89.

much concern on her at the renewal of the affair, that she trembled and looked as white as her sheets."<sup>1</sup> Yet the queen's uneasy remembrance of this cruel interview arose from remorse, not repentance; for the unfeeling words she regretted were the last she ever uttered to her sister.

Thus the three persons of the protestant branch of the royal family in England, were irreconcilably divided during life, two against one. Lonely as they were in the world, they were at mortal enmity with every other relative who shared their blood. It will be allowed that the causes of war and division with the exiled Roman-catholic head of their family were of a lofty nature; there is an historic grandeur in a contention for the establishment of differing creeds, and even for the possession of thrones; great and even good princes have struggled unto the death, when such mighty interests have been at stake. But when enmities that last to death between sisters, may be traced in their origin to such trash as disputes concerning convenient lodgings, or amount of pocket-money, what can be the opinion of the dignity of such minds?

Queen Mary had received a letter in the same April, directed by the hand of her exiled father, and written throughout by him; it was a circular addressed to her, and to those members of her privy-council who had been most active in raising the calumny that disinherited his unfortunate son. This communication announced that his queen expected her confinement in May, and invited them to come to St. Germain's to be present at the expected birth of his child, promising from Louis XIV. freedom to come and go in safety.<sup>2</sup> Such announcement must have been sent in severe satire, rather than in any expectation of the invitation being accepted.

As may be supposed, the princess Anne did not undergo all the harassing agitation the queen's harshness inflicted on her, in the hour of her weakness and suffering, with impunity. A dangerous fever followed her sister's visit, and she hung for several days on the very verge of the grave. From this dispute, some information regarding the royal etiquette of that period may be ascertained; for it appears that her majesty, queen Mary II., honoured all her female nobility not below the rank of a countess, with a state lying-in visit; but if she knew not better how to comport herself in a sick-room than she did in that of her sister, these royal visitations must have thinned the ranks of her female nobility. Long before the princess Anne was convalescent, she underwent fresh agony of alarm; by her majesty's orders, lord Marlborough was arrested, and was forthwith hurried to the Tower. Then the invalid princess harassed herself by writing all day long notes and letters to his wife, who was obliged to leave Sion, in order to visit and assist her husband.

The earliest letter written by the princess Anne to lady Marlborough, after this event, seems to have been the following. It is dateless, but probably occurs the day after Marlborough's incarceration in the Tower. Although the princess had not then left her lying-in chamber, it seems

<sup>1</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, pp. 69 to 71.

<sup>2</sup> Evelyn's Diary, vol. ii. p. 32, and Memoirs of James II.

she had been agitated by reports that her own arrest was pending. She addresses lady Marlborough as Mrs. Freeman, the assumed name they had previously agreed upon; she terms herself, as usual, Mrs. Morley :

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.

[May 16, 1692.]

"I hear lord Marlborough is sent to the Tower, and though I am certain they have nothing against him, and expected by your letter it would be so, yet I was struck when I was told it; for methinks 'tis a dismal thing to have one's friends sent to that place. I have a thousand melancholy thoughts, and cannot help fearing they should hinder you from coming to me; though how they can do that without making you a prisoner, I cannot guess."

"I am just told," continues the princess Anne, "by pretty good hands, that as soon as the wind turns westerly, there will be a guard set upon the prince and me. If you hear there is any such thing designed, and that 'tis easy to you,' pray let me see you before the wind changes, for afterwards, one does not know whether they will let one have opportunities of speaking to one another; but let them do what they please, nothing shall ever vex me so I can have the opportunity of seeing dear Mrs. Freeman; and I swear I would live on bread and water, between two walls, without repining; for as long as you continue kind, nothing can ever be mortification to your faithful Mrs. Morley, who wishes she may never enjoy a moment's happiness in this world or the next, if ever she proves false to you."

The correspondence of lord Marlborough with the court of St. Germain was the cause of his arrest; it would be waste of time, after the specimens produced regarding it, to discuss it as a mystery. Many circumstances prove that queen Mary had accurate intelligence of his treacherous intrigues. It is as evident, that the intention of her government was not to prove his guilt home to him, lest the princess Anne's share in it should be revealed. Not that the queen screened her sister out of tenderness, but from a sagacious anticipation that, if her conduct were discovered, most of her party would not scruple in following her example. Invasion was threatened daily, and the queen acted with proper precaution, by securing so slippery a person as lord Marlborough, until the expected naval battle was decided.

Meantime, the princess Anne resolved to write to her sister, queen Mary, and determined to send the letter by the hands of one of the prelates, Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester. Anne's policy in writing to the queen is explained in one of her confidential billets to lady Marlborough. She anticipated that the queen would debar her approach; but she wished it to be spread far and wide, and to become universally known, that she had desired to visit her sister, and had been forbidden. As the best plan for promoting this end, she sent for the bishop of Worcester. He returned her royal highness a polite answer that he would come to her, but said not when; therefore the princess observed, in one of her notes, that she dared not go to London as she had intended to do, to meet

<sup>1</sup> So written; meaning, "if it is easy for you to come to me." Coxe's Life of Marlborough, vol. I., p. 51. Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough.

lady Marlborough, lest the prelate should arrive at Sion during her absence.<sup>1</sup>

The next morning, the bishop of Worcester actually came to Sion before the princess Anne was dressed. On her interview with him, he willingly undertook the commission of delivering the letter of the princess to the queen; but praised her majesty so very warmly, as to induce some disgust in her sister, on account of his partiality. The princess, who gives this narrative in her letters to her dear lady Marlborough, adds this extraordinary conclusion to her narrative: "I told the bishop of Worcester that you had several times desired you might go from me; but I beg again, for Christ Jesus' sake, that you would never more name it to me. For, be assured, if you should ever do so cruel a thing as to leave me—and should you do it without my consent (which if I ever give you, may I never see the face of Heaven)—I will shut myself up, and never see the world more, but live where I may be forgotten by human kind." It is difficult to credit that this rant was written by a royal matron, who was considered under the guidance of religious principles, and was married to a prince, to whom she was much attached, and was deemed a model of the conjugal virtues.

The princess Anne finally prevailed on bishop Stillingfleet to deliver the letter she had prepared for the queen:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO QUEEN MARY.

"Sion, the 20th of May, (1692.)

"I have now, God be thanked, recovered my strength well enough to go abroad. And though my duty and inclination would both lead me to wait upon your majesty as soon as I am able to do it, yet I have, of late, had the misfortune of being so much under your majesty's displeasure, as to apprehend there may be hard constructions made upon anything I either do, or not do, with the most respectful intentions.

"And I am in doubt whether the same arguments that have prevailed with your majesty to forbid people from showing their usual respects to me, may not be carried so much farther, as not to permit me to pay my duty to you. That, I acknowledge, would be a great increase of affliction to me, and nothing but your majesty's own command shall ever willingly make me submit to it. For, whatever reason I may think in my own mind I have to complain of being hardly used, yet *I will strive to hide it as much as possible.*"<sup>2</sup>

This last sentence is disgusting in its falsehood, because the princess had, according to her voluntary avowal, deliberately devised the whole plan of writing and sending the letter by the bishop, with the intention of making her wrongs as publicly notorious as possible.

The bishop of Worcester, if we may trust the account of the princess Anne, returned to her not a little scandalized at the reception which the queen had given to her sister's letter. The princess seems to have had no other end than to elicit some harsh answer, and to let her sister be aware that she had been apprised of her command, to forbid any of the nobility to pay her their usual visits at Sion. The princess had added, at the conclusion of her letter, "That she would not pretend to

<sup>1</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, pp. 74–76.

<sup>2</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 76; the letter ends with a formula of great devotion to the queen.



reside at the Cockpit, unless her majesty would make it *easy* to her." This was meant as a leading question, to ascertain whether, if she returned to that isolated fragment of Whitehall, the queen would wink at the presence there of lady Marlborough? The reply which her majesty sent to the princess Anne, by the bishop of Worcester, was couched in these words :—

QUEEN MARY TO THE PRINCESS ANNE.

"I have received yours by the bishop of Worcester, and have little to say to it, since you cannot but know that as I never use compliments, so now they cannot serve. 'Tis none of my fault that we live at this distance, and I have endeavoured to show my willingness to do otherwise. And I will do no more.

"Don't give yourself any unnecessary trouble,<sup>1</sup> for be assured 'tis not words can make us live together as we ought—you know what I required of you. And now I tell you, if you doubted it before, that I cannot change my mind, but expect to be complied with,<sup>2</sup> or you must not wonder that I doubt of your kindness. You can give me no other marks that will satisfy me; nor can I put any other construction upon your actions than what all the world must do that sees them. These things do not hinder me from being very glad to hear that you are well, and wishing that you may continue so, and that you may yet, while it is in your power, oblige me to be your affectionate sister.

"MARIE R."

The princess Anne gathered from this answer, that her sister was inflexible regarding the expulsion of the Marlboroughs from the precincts of Whitehall—a circumstance which decided the question of her future residence. She was at that time in treaty for a lease of the princely mansion, built by John, lord Berkeley; and after the reception of the royal epistle, she hastened to conclude the business, and settle her household there.<sup>3</sup> The princess did not wholly forsake the Cockpit; she retained her possession of that establishment, and used it as cantonments for those of her servants who were not offensive to the government.

The plans and politics of Anne are unveiled, by her own hand, in the letter she wrote to her confidante, when the answer of the queen settled these arrangements. It is a letter which thoroughly displays her disposition, written about two days after that to the queen, dated May 20th :—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE LADY MARLBOROUGH (UNDER THE DESIGNATION OF MRS. FREEMAN.)

"May 22, [1692,] Sion House,

"I am very sensibly touched with the misfortune that my dear Mrs. Freeman has in losing her son, knowing very well what it is to lose a child,<sup>4</sup> but she knowing my heart so well, and how great a share I bear in all her concerns, I will not say any more on this subject, for fear of renewing her passion too much.

"Being now at liberty to go where I please, by the queen's refusing to see me,

<sup>1</sup> By coming to court, where the queen did not mean to receive her.

<sup>2</sup> By the dismissal of lady Marlborough.

<sup>3</sup> The princess Anne's residence at Berkeley House is usually stated to have taken place in 1690 to 1691; but her letter herewith marks the precise time of her concluding the agreement.

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to the death of lady Marlborough's first-born son, an infant.

I am mightily inclined to go to-morrow, after dinner, to the Cockpit, and from thence, privately, in a chair to see you. Sometime next week I believe it will be time for me to go to London, to make an end of that business of Berkeley House."<sup>1</sup>

In shameless contradiction of her voluntary assertion to the queen, that although she thought herself ill used, she would hide it as much as possible, occur the following passages :—

"The bishop (of Worcester) brought me the queen's letter early this morning, and by that letter he said, he did not seem so well satisfied with her as he was yesterday. *He has promised to bear me witness that I have made all the advances that were reasonable.* And I confess I think *the more it is told about that I would have waited on the queen,* but that she refused seeing me, *it is the better, and therefore I will not scruple saying it to anybody when it comes in my way.*"

"There were some in the family, [*the household of the princess,*] as soon as the news came this morning of our fleet beating the French, that advised the prince (George of Denmark) to go in the afternoon to compliment the queen. And another [*of her household*] asked me 'if I would not send her one?' but we neither of us thought there was any necessity of it then, and much less since I received this arbitrary letter. *I don't send you the original,* for fear an accident may happen to the bearer, for I love to keep such letters by me for my justification. Sure never anybody was so used by a sister! but I thank God I have nothing to reproach myself withal in this business; but the more I think of all that has passed, the better I am satisfied. And if I had done otherwise, I should have deserved to have been the scorn of the world, and to be trampled upon as much as my enemies would have me."

"Dear Mrs. Freeman," concludes this remarkable missive, "farewell; I hope in Christ you will never think more of leaving me, for I would be sacrificed to do you the least service, and nothing but death can ever make me part with you. For, if it be possible, I am, every day, more and more yours.

"P.S.—I hope your lord is well. It was Mr. Maul and lady Fitzharding that advised the prince and me to make our compliments to the queen."

It is evident that this letter contained a copy of the queen's letter to the princess Anne; and the spirit of the whole communication prompted lady Marlborough, nothing loth, to make it as public as possible, in which the princess justified herself by producing the original. Such intrigues added greatly to the dangers by which queen Mary was beset at this difficult period of her government—dangers which can only be appreciated by a knowledge of the falseness of too many who were,

<sup>1</sup> This marks the time, exactly, of the commencement of Anne's residence at Berkeley House. She went direct, in February, to Sion, and from thence to Bath, and passed the winter of 1692-3 at Berkeley House, which was her town-house till the death of her sister. It was (as is evident from the MS. letters in the possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire,) situated on the site of the present Devonshire House. The noble old trees which are plentiful in that neighbourhood, are relics of the grounds of the princess Anne.

perforce, trusted by her with important offices. The naval victory alluded to by the princess Anne in her letter to lady Marlborough, on which the faction in her household advised her to send the queen "a compliment," was the celebrated one of La Hogue, where the English navy regained some of the credit they had lost since the Revolution.

It was a victory gained almost against the will of the commanders, Russell and Carter, by the tenacious valour of the seamen they commanded. The correspondence of admiral Russell with James II. has been matter of history for nearly a century. Queen Mary knew it well ; but she, moreover, was aware that most of the superior officers in the fleet were positively resolved not to strike a blow against her father, their old master, who was then at La Hogue, waiting the result of the mighty preparations that France had made in his behalf.

Queen Mary met the danger with the high spirit arising from her indomitable courage and great abilities. She sent to the officers of the fleet, "that much had been told her of their disaffection, and she had been strenuously advised to take their commissions from them ; but, for her part, she was resolved to rely on their honour ; she felt convinced that they would not at once betray her, a helpless woman, and the glory of their country, at the same time. She trusted the interests of both implicitly in their hands." If king William had been governing England at the time, the protestant cause had been lost ; but the reins of sovereignty being held by a queen, whose manners were soft and popular, created a strong sympathy among all classes. What the queen felt, meantime, may be guessed by those who have read her correspondence of the year 1690, where she analyzes pathetically her system of enclosing hermetically the agonies of her suspense in the recesses of her own heart.

Admiral Russell had promised James II. to avoid fighting, if he could do so without loss of the honour of the British navy. If Tourville, he said, would be content to slip out of port in a dark night, and pass him, he would not keep too sedulous a look-out for him, especially if he had king James on board ; but if he came out of port in open day, and defied him, then an action must take place, and with the eyes of Europe on them, the fight would be in earnest. King James was far from thinking this arrangement unreasonable, and the same was signified to Tourville, the French admiral, who thought more of his own personal glory than the interest of James II. He refused to pass in the manner Russell indicated, although he might have done so without the least imputation on his valour, since the united English and Dutch fleets were so much superior to him in force, that his hope of victory must have been mere desperation. He came out of port in bravado, on the 16th of May, in his flag-ship, and a battle ensued. When once engaged, admiral Russell and his coadjutor, Carter, (who was a Jacobite, without concealment,) did their duty to their country. Carter was killed by some French bullet, not aware of his affection to his old master.

There is a noble historical ballad, one of the naval songs of England, which illustrates the battle of La Hogue in fewer and more impressive words than any other pen can do :—

## THE VICTORY OF LA HOGUE.

- \* Thursday, in the morn, the ides of May,  
 (Recorded for ever be the famous ninety-two,)  
 Brave Russell did discern by dawn of day,  
 The lofty sails of France advancing slow;  
 'All hands above—aloft!—let English valour shine;  
 Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line!  
 Let every hand attend his gun,  
 Follow me, you soon will see,  
 A battle soon begun.
- "Tourville on the main triumphant rolled,  
 To meet the gallant Russell in combat on the deep;  
 He led a noble train of heroes bold,  
 To sink the English admiral at his feet.  
 Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,  
 The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself's on fire.  
 Mighty Fate stood looking on,  
 While a flood,  
 All of blood,  
 Filled the scuppers of the Royal Sun.<sup>1</sup>
- "Sulphur, smoke and fire filled the air,  
 And with their thunders scared the Gallio shore;  
 Their regulated bands stood trembling near,  
 To see their lily banners streaming now no more.  
 At six o'clock the red, the smiling victors led,  
 To give a second blow,  
 The final overthrow!  
 British colours ride the vanquished main.
- "See! they fly amazed through rocks and sands,  
 On danger they rush to shun direr fate;  
 Vainly they seek for aid their native land,  
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.  
 For evermore, adieu, thou royal dazzling Sun!  
 From thy untimely end, thy master's fate begun.  
 Now we sing,  
 Live the king,  
 And drink success to every British tar."

This victory was decisive against the Jacobite cause. No formidable effort, from that time, was made for James II. Many of his most ardent friends, (among others, the celebrated dean Sherlock,) out of a sense of duty to their country, took the oaths to William and Mary.

When the English fleet arrived at Spithead, without the loss of a single ship, queen Mary promptly sent 30,000*l.* in gold, to be distributed among the common sailors, and sent gold medals to be given to the officers. There is a tradition, that, after the victory of La Hogue, the unfinished shell of the new palace of Greenwich was ordered by queen Mary to be prepared for the reception of the wounded seamen; and that, from this circumstance, the idea first originated in her mind of the conversion of this neglected building into an hospital, similar in plan to her uncle's foundation at Chelsea for veteran soldiers.

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<sup>1</sup> Tourville's flag-ship was *La Soleil Royale*.

The vigour and ability of queen Mary's government, at the period of difficulty preceding the battle of La Hogue, became themes of commendation of all the poets of her party. Among the verses to her honour, those of Pomfret are really the best:—

“When her great lord to foreign wars is gone,  
And left his Mary here to reign alone;  
With how serene a brow, how void of fear,  
When storms arose did she the vessel steer;  
And when the raging of the waves did cease,  
How gentle was her sway in times of peace;  
How good she was, how generous, how wise,  
How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes.”

Vandervaat's pencil<sup>1</sup> proves the great difference a few years, accompanied by increase of *embonpoint*, can make in the person of a female Mary II. appeared in 1692, according to the engraving, as represented in the portrait of this celebrated artist; all angles are filled up in this delineation of the royal matron; her cheeks, which present anything but roundness of contour in her elegant portrait painted by Wissing for her father, when she was princess of Orange, are now comely, and she appears on the verge of that decided obesity which is presented in her portraits and medals about the period of her demise.

The architecture to the right of the queen marks both the date of the present portrait, and the place where her majesty is represented to be seated. The round windows are the entresols of the interior of the Fountain-Court, Hampton-palace, and thus they are seen from the Chapel-Royal there. The queen is represented at morning service in the royal gallery, probably listening to some favourite preacher. She is sitting half enveloped in the velvet curtain of the royal closet; part of the curtain, with the heavy gold fringe, is flung over the front of the gallery on which her elbow leans. Her hand is supported by the large Spanish fan, closed, which ladies used when walking, instead of a parasol, until the end of the eighteenth century.

The queen's singular habiliments give a correct idea of the morning dress which ladies in England wore from 1687 to 1707, and certainly is not inaptly described in the *Spectator* as head-clothes; it superseded the use of bonnet or hat, and seems a Dutch modification of the ever-elegant Spanish mantilla-veils. It is a coronet head-dress of three tiers made of guipure point, piled on the top of the hair, which is combed up from the roots, and set on end, excepting some curls ranked as top-locks, serving as basement to the lace structure. Broad and full lappets border the cheeks on each side, and fall as low as the elbows, and are ornamented with bows of striped ribbon. Probably these lappets, or side veils, drew over the face to shade off the sun. The brocade robe is

<sup>1</sup> Several fine engravings in the mezzotinto style, from the original portrait of Mary, at this period, may be seen in the British Museum, in the collection of English portraits, vol. xi., p. 127. *Maria D. G. Angliæ Scotiæ et Hiberniæ regina, &c. Vandervaar pinxit, J. Smith, fecit. Sold by E. Cooper. Three Pigeons, in Bedford-street.* Another, same plate, in Crowles' London, vol. xi.

stiff-bodied, and very hard and high; the sleeves are narrow at the shoulders, where they fasten with bows of ribbon; they widen as they descend, and turn up with cuffs from the elbows, to show the sleeves of the chemise, which sustain rich ruffles of guipure-point, meeting stiff long gloves of leather, which mount too high to permit any portion of the arm to be visible. The bosom is shaded by the chemise, the tucker heavily trimmed with guipure. A large magnificent cluster of diamonds on the chest, and a throat-necklace of enormous pearls, are the only jewels worn with this costume.

The queen must have been constant to this style of dress, since one of her Dutch portraits, on which is marked the year 1688, presents her precisely in the same attire; it is a fine work of art, of the Flemish school, in the possession of lord Braybroke, and was exhibited a year or two since at the British institution. The queen is represented sitting in a doleful-looking parlour, by a table with a green cloth, calling strongly to mind the small and dark parlour she was forced to dine in, after she had resigned her dining-room at the Hague, to serve for her chapel.

At the awful crisis of the battle of the Hogue, Mary II. was but thirty years of age; her height, her fully formed and magnificent figure, and, as her poet sings, "the brightness of her eyes," were singularly becoming to her royal costume. In the absence of her cynical partner, she took care to derive all possible advantages from frequently appearing in the grandeur of majesty, and kept the enthusiasm of the London citizens at its height, by receiving their congratulatory addresses in her royal robes, and on her throne in the fatal Banqueting-room, and by often reviewing their trained-bands and artillery-companies in person, which civic militia was considered, in that century, formidable as a military body. Nevertheless, there were dark traits mixed with her government; the fate of Anderton, the supposed printer of some tracts in favour of the queen's father, is cited as an instance of open tyranny, unexampled since the times of Henry VIII.<sup>1</sup> The printer was brought to trial during the queen's regency of 1693. He made a vigorous defence, in spite of being brow-beat by the insults of judge Treby from the bench. There was no real evidence against him, nothing but deductions, and the jury refused to bring in a verdict of high treason. They were, however, reviled and reprimanded by judge Treby, till they brought in Anderton guilty, most reluctantly. The mercy of queen Mary was invoked in this case; but she was perfectly inexorable, and he suffered death at Tyburn, under her warrant, the man protesting solemnly against the proceedings of the court. "The judge," he declared, "was appointed by the queen, not to try, but to convict him;" he likewise forgave his jury, who expressed themselves penitent for his death. If these circumstances be as the historian has represented,<sup>2</sup> England, after the revolution, had small cause to congratulate herself on her restored liberties, and juries were composed of more pliant materials than in the case of sir Nicholas Throckmorton. William and Mary, who had reversed the sentence of Algernon Sidney, and signed the Bill of Rights, were not remarkably

<sup>1</sup> Smollett's History of England, vol. ix. p. 209.

<sup>2</sup> Smollett.

consistent. Perhaps they meant to limit liberty merely to the members of the house of commons, and the responsible representatives of large masses of money and land.

John Dunton, a fanatic bookseller, who wrote a journal, thus comments on his publication of the History of the Edict of Nantes. "It was a wonderful pleasure to queen Mary," observes Dunton,<sup>1</sup> "to see this history made English; it was the only book to which she granted her royal license, in 1693." Whether John Dunton means leave of dedication, or whether the liberty of the press was under such stringent restrictions as his words imply, is not entirely certain; but the doleful fate of Anderton gives authenticity to the latter opinion.

The historical medals of the reign of William III. and Mary are a most extraordinary series; many of them, quaint, absurd, and boastful, seem as if meant to outdo the vainglorious inscriptions of Louis XIV. A medal which was struck in Holland, in commemoration of the events of this year, is unique in artistical productions; for no other potentate, either Christian or pagan, ever thus commemorated a scene of torture. "It is," says the obsequious historian,<sup>2</sup> "the more remarkable, as the ancients never represented such subjects on their medals." It represents the horrible death of Grandval, who was accused and convicted of conspiring to kill William III., and executed in Flanders, at the English camp, according to the English law of treason.<sup>3</sup> This tender testimonial was plentifully distributed in Great Britain, under Mary's government, and is to be seen in bronze still, in old family cabinets. It presents William in wig and laurel on one side of the medal; the reverse is ornamented with the executioner standing over the half-animated corpse of Grandval, knife in hand; fires burn at the head and feet of the victim, in one of which his heart is to be consumed; the front of the scaffold is adorned with the inscription of the crime; on the right side are three stakes—on one is the head, on the two others the fore-quarters of the miserable wretch; the other side is adorned with the gallows and the other quarters. August 13, 1692, the day of the butchery—is beneath. Detestable as these executions might be, they were legal; the monarchs reigning in England were justified in permitting them; but to celebrate them in such commemorations is unexampled, and infinitely disgraced the epoch. Medals in those days must have taken the place of political caricatures; in these of William and Mary, every kind of grotesque absurdity is represented as befalling their adversaries. Several medals were struck on the escape of William from the fog off Goree: he is seen in the boat, in his wig and armour, pointing to two Gothic towers which seem to command the port of Goree.

<sup>1</sup> Dunton's Autobiography, p. 153. John Dunton opened his shop at the sign of the Raven in the Poultry, the day of the proclamation of William and Mary. He soon after published the Secret History of Whitehall, the blackest libel on the family of his royal patroness that had yet appeared; it was concocted by one Wooley, a hack-writer, and John Dunton himself.

<sup>2</sup> Medallie History of the four last reigns—William, Mary, Anne, and George—with prints of the medals, p. 23, plate 14.

<sup>3</sup> Toone's Chronology.

Towards the end of Mary's life, she is represented in these medals as enormously fat, with two or three ponderous chins; in general, the reverses represent her in the character of a lioness, crushing serpents, or valiantly aiding her husband, king William, who, in the semblance of a lion, is catching and mauling, not only the Gallic cock, but several hens, making their feathers fly about very absurdly. A droller series of caricatures on themselves were never perpetrated than this series of medals, illustrative of the regnal history of William and Mary.

Meantime, we must return to the penitential letter written by Anne to her father, which, although dated in the preceding December, had been travelling by circuitous routes several months before the bearer reached James II. in Normandy. At the town of La Hogue, not far from the ancient port of Barfleur, James II. had encamped with the army which the ships of Tourville had been intended to convey to England. The king had expressed, in his journal, great distrust of the affected repentance of his daughter Anne and her advisers. He observed, "Former treachery made such intentions liable to suspicion; yet Marlborough put so plausible a face upon his reasons, that if they were not accompanied by sincerity, they had, at least, a specious appearance. They had this reason, above all others, to be credited; they were out of favour with the prince of Orange [William III.], and reaped no other benefit from their past infidelities than the infamy of having committed them. The most interested person's repentance may be credited, when they can hope to mend their future by repairing their fault, and better their condition by returning to their duty."<sup>1</sup> Such were the very natural reflections of the outraged father, when he received the intimation of the repentance of his daughter Anne, and of her favourites, the Marlboroughs. Captain Davy Lloyd, the old sea-comrade of James II., who had been entrusted with the penitential letter of Anne, brought it to him the day after the battle of the Hogue. Notwithstanding the cool shrewdness of the above remarks, the old king's parental tenderness yearned when he read the letter of his favourite child. As Captain Lloyd left the presence, king James observed to some friend who stood by him, "That his daughter Anne was surely better than her sister Mary." Captain Lloyd, overhearing this remark, re-opened the door he had closed, put in his head, and, with a rough seaman's oath and rude canine comparison, let his master know his opinion, that both were alike in principle.<sup>2</sup>

Captain Davy Lloyd was an intimate friend of admiral Russell. He had had several secret interviews with that admiral—and some say with princess Anne herself—on Jacobite affairs, before he brought the letter to her father. A few words which the princess let fall, regarding her own selfish interests, probably occasioned his well-known burst of indignation when he heard her father mention her with fondness. When impartially considered, the conduct of Anne was far less excusable than that of her sister, queen Mary; nor is her guilt against her country to be palliated.

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of James II.*, edited by Stanier Clarke.

<sup>2</sup> *Bibl. Birch*, 4163, folio 44.



If the princess had had any real conviction of the religious principles she professed, she would have endured far severer mortifications than any William and Mary had the power to inflict on her, before she would have disturbed the settlement whereby a reformed church was secured the predominance in England. Supposing James II. had been restored in 1692, there would have been far more danger from the encroachments of Rome than before the Revolution took place. Anne therefore remains convicted of betraying not only her king and father, but the monarch of the Revolution, whom she had helped to raise. As her father was still more devoted to the church of Rome in 1691 and 1692 than in 1688, base self-interest or revengeful pique must have been the ruling motives of her communication with him.

From some unknown caprice, admiral Russell refused a title with which queen Mary was desirous of investing him. Her majesty had recourse to the intercession of his venerated relative, Rachel, lady Russell; the following fragment of the royal correspondence on this subject has been preserved:

"I confess myself lazy enough in writing, yet that has not hindered me from answering lady Russell's letter, but staying for Mr. Russell's own answer, to which you referred me. I have seen him this day, and find he is resolved to be Mr. Russell still. I could not press him further on a thing he seemed so little to care for, so there is an end of that matter. Whether the king will think I have done enough on that matter or no, I cannot tell; but is not in my nature to compliment, which always makes me take people at their words."<sup>1</sup>

When queen Mary had surmounted the most formidable of the difficulties which beset her regnal sway in the eventful summer of 1692, she had once more leisure to descend from the greatness of the firm and courageous monarch to the pettiness of the spiteful partisan, and to devise new annoyances for the mortification of her sister.

According to the narrative of lady Marlborough, it was the earnest endeavour of queen Mary to prevent the nobility from paying the princess Anne the accustomed visit of ceremonial on her convalescence when she left her lying-in chamber. For this purpose, the queen intimated to all her courtiers, both lords and ladies, that those who went to Stion House would not be received at court. The queen (if the Marlboroughs may be believed) herself condescended to intimate this resolution to lady Grace Pierrepont,<sup>2</sup> who replied, "That she considered that she owed a certain degree of respect to the princess, and if her majesty declined receiving her for paying it, she must submit to her pleasure, and stay away from court." Lady Thanet was not so high-spirited, but she sent her excuse in writing to the princess, lamenting the prohibition of her majesty. To this letter the following answer was returned:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE DOWAGER LADY THANET.<sup>3</sup>

"It is no small addition to my unhappiness in the queen's displeasure, that I am deprived by it of the satisfaction of seeing my friends, especially such as

<sup>1</sup> Bibl. Birch, 4163, folio 44.

<sup>2</sup> Conduct by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 96.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. p. 96.

seem desirous to see me, and to find by those late commands, which her majesty has given you, that her unkindness is to have no end. The only comfort I have in these great hardships is to think how little I have deserved them from the queen. And that thought I hope will help me to support them with less impatience.

"I am the less surprised at the strictness of the queen's command to you upon this occasion, since I have found she can be so very unkind to, &c.

"ANNE."

The princess, when her health permitted the journey, left Sion House, and went, for the restoration of her shattered constitution, to try the waters of Bath. Thither the indefatigable ill-nature of the queen pursued her. The mortifications were but trifling which her majesty had the power to inflict, yet she did her worst, and condescended to order such letters as the following to be written to the mayor of Bath, a tallow-chandler by trade, to prevent the respect that his corporation thought due to the heiress-presumptive of the crown :—

LORD NOTTINGHAM, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, TO THE MAYOR OF BATH.<sup>1</sup>

"Sir,

"The queen has been informed that yourself and your brethren have attended the princess with the same respect and ceremony, as have been usually paid to the royal family. Perhaps you may not have heard what occasion her majesty has had to be displeased with the princess. And, therefore, I am commanded to acquaint you, that you are not for the future to pay her highness any respect or ceremony without leave from her majesty, who does not doubt of receiving from you and your brethren this public mark of your duty.

"Your most humble servant,

"NOTTINGHAM."

This undignified mandate was duly obeyed by the mayor of Bath, and his brethren the aldermen. The effect of the loss of such honours as a corporation could bestow is told in an affectionate note which the princess wrote to her favourite, after they came out of the abbey-church. From it may be learned, that lady Marlborough was more startled and disturbed at the loss of the corporation-homage than her mistress.

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH<sup>2</sup> [UNDER THE NAMES OF MORLEY AND FREEMAN.]

"Dear Mrs. Freeman must give me leave to ask her, if anything has happened to make her uneasy? I thought she looked, to-night, as if she had the spleen, and I can't help being in pain whenever I see her so. I fancied, yesterday, when the mayor failed in the ceremony of going to church with me, that he was commanded not to do it. I think 'tis a thing to be laughed at. And if *they* imagine either to vex me or gain upon me by such sort of usage, *they* will be mightily disappointed. And I hope these foolish things *they* do will every day show more and more what *they* are, and that *they* truly deserve the *name* your faithful Morley has given them."

The pronoun *they*, perhaps, pertains to the sovereigns William and Mary; as for the name the princess had given them, there is no further information afforded. The names of "Caliban" and "monster" were appellations the princess very liberally bestowed on her brother-in-law, king William, at this juncture, but in neither of these, nor in others not

<sup>1</sup> Conduct by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 98.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid p. 99

quite so refined, could his royal partner claim her share. The princess Anne was an adept in the odious custom of giving nick-names—a proceeding to which only the vulgarest minds condescend. Before the Marlborough published her letters, she expunged the abusive epithets found in them, which were meant to designate king William. The blanks, however, remain in the printed copies; these serve as guides for the insertion of the terms of abuse she bestowed on her brother-in-law.

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH<sup>1</sup> [UNDER THE NAMES OF MORLEY AND FREEMAN.]

"I really long to know how my dear Mrs. Freeman got home, and now I have this opportunity of writing, she must give me leave to tell her, that if she should ever be so cruel as to leave her faithful Mrs. Morley, she will rob her of all the joy and quiet of her life, for if that day should come, I could never enjoy a happy minute, and I swear to you I would shut myself up and never see a creature. You may see all this would have come upon me if you had not been, [*i. e. never existed.*] If you do but remember what the queen said to me the night before your lord was turned out of all, when she began to pick quarrels.

"And if they [*i. e., king William and queen Mary,*] should take off twenty or thirty thousand pounds (per annum) have I not lived on as little before? When I was first married we had but twenty (it is true *the king*<sup>2</sup> was so kind as to pay my debts,) and if it should come to that again, what retrenchment is there in my family I would not willingly make, and be glad of that pretence to do it!

"Never fancy, dear Mrs. Freeman, if what you fear should happen, that you are the occasion; no, I am very well satisfied, and so is the prince too, it would have been so, however, for *Caliban* is capable of doing nothing but injustice, therefore, rest satisfied you are no ways the cause; and let me beg once more, for God's sake, that you would never mention parting more. No, nor so much as think of it; and if you should ever leave me, be assured it would break your faithful Mrs. Morley's heart.

"P. S.—I hope my dear Mrs. Freeman will come as soon as she can this afternoon, that we may have as much time together as we can. I doubt you will think me very unreasonable, but I really long to see you again, as if I had not been so happy this month."

This letter, and the succeeding one of the same series, are totally without dates; they were, perhaps, written just after the princess returned from Bath, and settled herself in Berkeley House. At which time the imprisonment of lord Marlborough in the Tower, and subsequently his release on bail, caused considerable absences of his lady from the side of her adoring princess, because, to use the phrase so often occurring in Burnet's historical narratives, "'twas scarce decent" that a person under bail for treason should reside in the family of the heiress-presumptive of the British crown.

The queen kept lord Marlborough as long as possible, either incarcerated in the Tower, or under the restraint of bail. It was Michaelmas term before his bail were exonerated; afterwards, he took up his abode in the household of the princess Anne. A new struggle then commenced, regarding the residence of this obnoxious pair in the household of the heiress. In this, a party against them in the princess's establishment at

<sup>1</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 99. The square brackets contain the explanations by the author, the round ones are the parentheses of the princess.

<sup>2</sup> This was her father James II.; it is confirmatory of some preceding anecdotal.

Berkeley House took ardent interest. Lord Rochester, the uncle of the royal sisters, again went and came from the queen, with proposals respecting their dismissal; Mr. Maule, the bed-chamber gentleman of prince George, undertook to sway his master, and sir Benjamin Bathurst and lady Fitzharding the princess. Lord Rochester hinted to his niece, that if she would dismiss lady Marlborough, in order to show a semblance of obedience to the queen, her majesty would permit her to receive her again into her service. The princess seems to have caught at this compromise, for she sent lady Fitzharding to her sister, to know if she had rightly understood their uncle's words; for, if there was no mistake, she would give her majesty "satisfaction of that sort." This compliance was so far from giving queen Mary satisfaction of any kind, that she fell into a great passion, and declared to lady Fitzharding, "that she would never see the princess again upon other terms than parting with lady Marlborough—not for a time, but for ever." And Mary added, with imperious voice and gesture—"She was a queen, and would be obeyed;" this sentence, according to lady Fitzharding's testimony, her majesty repeated several times with increasing harshness.<sup>1</sup>

Lady Marlborough again proposed retiring of her own accord, which proposition, as she well knew, would draw from her fond mistress an agonizing appeal by letter not to forsake her, in which entreaty the compliant prince George joined.

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH [BY THE NAMES OF MORLEY AND FREEMAN.]<sup>2</sup>

"In obedience to dear Mrs. Freeman, I have told the prince all she desired me, and he is so far from being of another opinion, that if there had been occasion, he would have strengthened me in my resolutions, and we both beg you will never mention so cruel a thing any more."

"Can you think," continues the princess, "either of us so wretched, that for the sake of 20,000*l.*, and to be tormented from morning to night with knaves and fools, we should forsake those we have such obligations to, and that we are so certain we are the occasion of all their misfortunes? Besides, can you believe we will truckle to *Caliban*, who, from the first moment of his coming, has used us at that rate as we are sensible he has done?"

"But suppose that I did submit, and that the king could change his nature so much as to use me with humanity, how would all reasonable people despise me? How would that *Dutch monster* laugh at me, and please himself with having got the better? And, which is much more, how would my conscience reproach me for having sacrificed it, my honour, reputation, and all the substantial comforts of this life, for transitory interest, which, even to those who make it their interest, can never afford any real satisfaction to a virtuous mind."<sup>3</sup>

It is sickening to find Anne and her accomplices talking of virtue to one another, each knowing that they were betraying their country from

<sup>1</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 100.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 84.

<sup>3</sup> Blanks are left in the printed copy for the epithets of *Caliban*: and *Dutch monster*, which are restored from the Coxe MSS., Brit. Mus.

private pique and self-interest, just as they had previously betrayed a father and benefactor. She proceeds, after this burst of undeserved self praise—

“No, my dear Mrs. Freeman; never believe your faithful Mrs. Morley will ever submit. She can wait with patience for a sunshine-day, and if she does not live to see it, yet she hopes England will flourish again.”

Namely, when her young son, the duke of Gloucester, had arrived at man's estate—“a sunshine-day” neither he nor his mother were ever to behold. Meantime, the young duke lived at his nursery palace of Campden House, from whence he was frequently taken to wait upon her majesty, who made a marked difference between her treatment of this child and of his parents.

If our readers wish to form any idea of the features of the metropolis, and its manners and customs under the sway of Mary II., in like manner as they have been shown under our Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor sovereigns, vain would be the search among the folios which it has pleased the policy of modern writers to call *history*; in truth, filled up, as they are, with dry details of foreign battles, and the mere outward movements of cabinet diplomacy, such narrative is the history of any country rather than our own. There were, however, writers who traced with horrible exactitude popular manners at the close of the seventeenth century, even as the gentler pen of Addison drew the statistics of society in the latter years of queen Anne. From one of these works are gathered a few memorials of localities in London and Westminster at the close of the seventeenth century.

The author has chosen to sketch a tour through London, beginning with May-fair—not the well-known locale of fashionable celebrity, but an ancient fair held on the site of those streets, which, departing wholly from the useful purposes which caused its foundation, had become as coarsely vicious as the notorious Bartlemy-fair, in Smithfield. The tourist and his friend, to convey them to “the May-fair,” took a hackney coach, a vehicle resembling the modern hired carriages of the kind in nothing but in name. “For want of glasses to our coach,” he says,<sup>1</sup> “we drew up tin sashes, pinked with holes like a tullender, to defend us from stifling with the dust.”

Among the less reprehensible amusements of the May-fair, the describer of its humours mentions “that a countryman, walking at the outskirts of the fair near the Hayhill-farm (now Farm-street), had picked up a toad in one of the ditches, and seeing a coach full of ladies of quality proceeding to look at the fair, he became much incensed at the sight of the *loup* masks by which they hid their faces, and preserved at once their complexions and their incognito. ‘In those black vizards you look as ugly as my toad here,’ said the man to them; and so saying, he tossed the creature into the low-hung carriage, a manœuvre which caused the whole party to alight in great consternation for the purpose of expelling their unwelcome inmate, to the infinite delight of the mob of May-fair

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<sup>1</sup> Ward's London.

Such parties of the queen's ladies, escorted by her lord-chamberlain and lady Derby, often made excursions from her palace; and it was the custom to bring home very rich fairings, either from the May-fair, or from the July fair, likewise called that of "St. James;" which circumstance is mentioned in a lively letter of lady Cavendish<sup>1</sup> to her lord,<sup>2</sup> descriptive of some such excursion; but it is to the St. James' fair, and seems to have been performed on foot, one of the guards of the fair bevy being a certain sir James, of whose identity no traces appear, (without he is sir James Lowther;) there is some reason to suppose that the queen was of the party.

"I have been but once to the fair; sir James gallanted us thither, and in so generous a humour, that he presented us all with fairings; the queen's fairing cost him twenty guineas. None of us but Mrs. Allington, had the grace to give him a fairing. On our return, we met my lord-chamberlain, lord Nottingham, in the cloisters of St. James' palace; he addressed himself extremely to the afore-named lady [Jane Allington], and never left her all the time we staid there; which, indeed, was not long, for our two *governantes*, lady Derby and sir James, were impatient to be gone, so I had not time to chuse a fairing."<sup>3</sup>

St. James's Palace is described by the author quoted above,<sup>4</sup> as being entered "through a lofty porch into the first court, where a parcel of country-boobies were gazing at the whale's ribs with great amazement." Thus it appears that the naval kings of England had ornamented the gates of their home palace with this maritime trophy. Then, after describing the beauties of the palace, and promenading in the Bird-cage walk, he went to take a turn on the parade, "which is," he says, "in a morning quite covered with the bones of red herrings! From thence we walked to the canal, where ducks were frisking in the water and standing on their heads, showing as many tricks as a Bartholomew tumbler. I said to my friend, 'Her majesty's ducks are wondrous merry.'" Queen Mary was thus considered as the heiress of the pet ducks of her uncle, Charles II., as well as of his crown.

"We then took a view of the famed figure of the gladiator, which is indeed well worthy of the place it stands in. Behind this figure, at the foot of the pedestal, we sat down to see the aqueduct and watch its inhabitants, the ducks, who delighted us with their pastimes. Thence we walked by the decoy, where meandering waters glided smoothly beneath their osier-canopies. We turned from thence into a long lime-walk; at the termination of this delectable alley was a knot of lofty elms by a pond side, round which were commodious seats. Here a parcel of old cavaliers were conning over the history of the civil wars, and perhaps comparing the two revolutions."

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Rachel, lady Russell.

<sup>2</sup> Devonshire Papers, copied by permission of his grace the duke of Devonshire.

<sup>3</sup> This letter has no date of year or day, but it is in answer to one from her lord, directed to her at Arlington House, (since Buckingham House,) dated July, 1692, in which he begs her to buy him a fairing. July 25th is St. James's day, when the fair commenced.

<sup>4</sup> Ward's London.

In the course of their walk, they pass Westminster Abbey; the remarks prove that it was in a state of the most dreadful desolation, and that it was crowded with "the poor of St. Margaret's parish, begging, in the time of divine service." That is, the pauper population of the fearful haunts of misery and vice in the purlieus of the streets round the abbey, came to hold out their hands for the offertory given by the abbey-congregation, a proof that all organization of proper distribution was even then broken up.

"We crossed the palace-yard, on the east end of which lay the reliques of Westminster clock-house,<sup>1</sup> in a confused heap; from thence we moved on to the tennis-court of Whitehall Palace, fenced round with network." This the author affected to consider "as a net set up to catch Jacobites;" therefore it may be presumed it was one of their haunts. "We passed the tennis-court and went forwards to Whitehall, whose ruins we viewed with no little concern, as consumed by flames near so much water; and all that artists, at the cost of our greatest kings, had improved to delight and stateliness, remains dissolved in rubbish; those spacious rooms where majesty has sat so oft, attended with the glories of the court—the just, the wise, the beautiful—now huddled in confusion, as if the misfortunes of princes were visited on their palaces as well as persons. Through several out-courts we came to Scotland-yard, covered with recumbent soldiers, who were basking in the sun." They went by water from Whitehall-stairs to the city. "When we came upon Tower-hill, the first object that more particularly affected us was that emblem of destruction, the scaffold; next to this *memento mori*, we were struck with the Traitor's Gate, where the fall of the moat-waters, in cataracts on each side, made so terrible a noise, that it is enough to frighten a prisoner out of the world before his time of execution. The passage to it is fortified with rusty iron guns." They saw the regalia, "with the crown made for the coronation of her late majesty (Mary Beatrice of Modena), and three crowns worn by her present majesty, Mary II., with distinct robes for several occasions."

No comments are made upon the state of the arts by this writer; in times of war, even if monarchs have taste to reward them, they are usually destitute of funds. The frightful costume of periwigs, in which the masculine portion of the human race were at this period enveloped, from the age of three years to their graves, greatly injured the pictorial representation of the human form; portrait and historical painting then commenced the dull decline which subsisted from Kneller to Hogarth. Some few artists obtained reputation as painters of animals and flowers; these were all Flemings or Dutchmen. Queen Mary patronised the celebrated flower-artist, John Baptist Monnoyer,<sup>2</sup> who was brought to England by the duke of Montague, to decorate the walls and ceilings of Montague House with the beautiful wreaths of flowers that have been the admiration of succeeding generations.<sup>3</sup> His most curious work is

<sup>1</sup> The Clock-House had been demolished by the Roundhead mob forty years before, as popish, at the time they demolished Charing-Cross.

<sup>2</sup> Biography of Monnoyer. Grainger.

<sup>3</sup> The British Museum.

said to be a looking-glass at Kensington Palace, which queen Mary employed him to decorate for her. She watched the progress of this beautiful representation of still-life with the greatest interest. Tradition says it was wholly painted in her presence. In all probability, the exquisite flower-pieces at Hampton-Court were painted by Monnoyer for his royal patroness.

Some of queen Mary's subjects were desirous that she should turn her attention to the reformation of female dress. In her zeal for moral improvement, she had talked of a sumptuary-law she designed for the purpose of suppressing the height of cornette caps, the growth of top-knots, and above all, the undue exaltation of the Fontange, a streaming ribbon, floating from the summit of the high head-dresses first introduced by the young duchess de Fontange, the lovely mistress of Louis XIV. These were the favourite fashions of the times; and queen Mary's contemporary affirms, that her majesty was infinitely scandalized "that the proud minxes of the city" and the lower ranks should wear such modes. Nevertheless, two pictures of her majesty, as well as her wax effigy in Westminster Abbey, are decorated with the obnoxious Fontange. The costume she projected for her female subjects, (if the periodicals of her day be correct,) was the high-crowned hat in which the Dutch *frows* and *boorines* are seen in the pictures of Teniers and Ostade. This was really an old English costume; it had become a general fashion in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and was adopted by the fanatics of the Cromwellian era: it lingered among the old people at the end of the seventeenth century. The day was gone by when queens could, with impunity, impose sumptuary-laws and fulminate penalties against exaggerated ruffs and unreasonable furbelows, regulate the length of rapiers and shoe-toes, the amplitude of trains, and prescribe the rank of the wearers of cloth, satin, velvet, and gold tissue. It was a laughable mistake, moreover, to impute moral virtue to a queer-shaped hat; and had the queen known anything of the history of the past, she would have been aware that the original introducers of the sanctified steeple-crowns were considered by their contemporaries<sup>2</sup> presumptuous vessels of wrath, and were vituperated as much as the "city minxes," who flaunted in cornettes and top-knots after her gracious example.

From some fragments of correspondence between her majesty and Rachel, lady Russell, it appears that lady was a frequent applicant for places and pensions, but that the queen perpetually referred her to the king, not daring to dispose of anything, even in her own household, without his sanction. The king, there is every reason to believe, followed the bad fashion brought in from France at the restoration, of selling court places.<sup>3</sup> This mode lady Rachel either could not, or would not, understand; queen Mary was too diplomatic to enter into full explanation, and lady Rachel sought other means of making more powerful

<sup>1</sup> London Spy, 1699.

<sup>2</sup> See Bulwer's Artificial Changeling.

<sup>3</sup> According to Evelyn, king William ordered Marlborough, on his dismissal, to sell his court places directly. It is pretty certain he had never bought them



interest. For this purpose she applied to archbishop Tillotson, whose answer gives some view of the queen at the time of her reign.

"On Sunday morning, August 1, 1692," wrote the archbishop to lady Russell, "I gave yours to the queen, telling her that I was afraid it came too late. She said, '*Perhaps not.*' Yesterday, meeting the queen at a christening, she gave me the inclosed to send to your ladyship, and if I could but obtain of your severe judgment to wink at my vanity, I would tell you how this happened. My lady-marchioness of Winchester being lately delivered of a son, spake to the queen to stand godmother, and the queen asking 'Whom she thought of for godfathers?' she said, 'Only the earl of Bath, and whatever others her majesty might please to name.' They agreed on me, which was a great surprise to me, but I doubt not a gracious contrivance of her majesty, to let the world know that I have her countenance and support. If it please God to preserve my good master (William III.) and grant him success, I have nothing to wish in this world but that God would grant children to this excellent prince, and that I *who am said not to be baptized myself*, may have the honour to baptize a prince of Wales. With God, to whose wisdom and goodness we must submit everything, this is not impossible. To his protection and blessing I commend your ladyship and hopeful children. Reading over what I have written, puts me in mind of one who when he was in drink always went and showed himself to his best friends, but your ladyship knows how to forgive a little folly to one so entirely devoted to your service as is, honoured madam,

"Your obliged and humble servant,

"JO. CANT."<sup>1</sup>

The elation of the archbishop was not with drink, according to his somewhat unclerical jest above quoted, but he had just felt himself in secure possession of the see of Canterbury, and had not yet experienced all the thorns that lined his archiepiscopal mitre. It is a curious circumstance, that, in connexion with this incident, he should name one of the great objections urged against his primacy by the nonjuring church,—that he had never been baptized, at least according to the ritual of the church of England. The fact, remains dubious—for he does not clear the point—since irony is not assertion. The report that Tillotson had never been baptized, gave rise to a bitter Latin epigram,<sup>2</sup> which has thus been paraphrased by some Jacobite :

"EPIGRAMMUM ECCLESIAE ANGLICANÆ.

"*Hic jacet Ecclesia Anglicana,  
Semi mortua, semi sepulta,*" &c., &c.

"Here lies the widowed Anglican church  
Half buried, half dead, and left in the lurch;  
Oh, sick and sorrowful English church!  
You weep and wail and sadly search,  
To hide from the mocking enemy,  
The utter shame of your misery;

<sup>1</sup> Birch's Life of Tillotson, cxxi. Works, vol. i.

<sup>2</sup> Cole's MSS. British Museum.

Let not Rome know,  
 The depths of your woe.  
 By fanatics bit, from the land of fogs,  
 Defiled and choked by a plague of frogs.  
 Oh, sorrowing, wretched Anglican church!  
 Speak not of your Head or archbishop;  
 For that schismatic primate and Hollander king,  
 Are still in want of christening!"

The truth of this epigram aggravates its sting. The religion of William III.—that of the Dutch dissenters—is utterly bare of all rites. He was never baptized in Holland, and he certainly was not in England. His first compliance with the rites of the church of England, was by communicating at the altar of the chapel at St. James's Palace, in the winter of 1688, while the convention was debating his election to the throne. His hatred to the English church, and his irreverence during divine service, have been recorded by Dr. Hooper, and even by his admirer, Tindal.<sup>1</sup>

The extraordinary burglary which had been committed about eighteen months previously, in that division of the royal dwelling-rooms called the queen's side, at the palace of Whitehall, had probably some connexion with the order of council issued by the queen during her regnal government, in the autumn of 1692. The robbers of royalty were never discovered, neither were the perpetrators of the following sacrilege, which had preceded the daring escalade of the queen's dressing-room.

"Whereas, there was a robbery committed in the collegiate church of Westminster, the 30th of December, 1689, two large silver candlesticks, three suits of rich velvets fringed with gold, for the communion table and altar, three damask table-cloths, the covers of the great bible and prayer-book." There is no reward offered for the discovery by the government, but pardon is offered, if within forty days any accomplice declared his instigators.<sup>2</sup>

Queen Mary, on the 13th of September, 1692, issued that remarkable edict by proclamation, offering "40*l.* per head for the apprehension and conviction of any burglar or highwayman."<sup>3</sup> The queen was singularly unfortunate in all her legislation by proclamation. The above reward, which speedily obtained the portentous appellation of "blood-money," acting in woeful conjunction with her husband's enthusiastic recommendations, "for the better encouragement of distilling spirits from malt,"<sup>4</sup> completed the demoralization of her most miserable people. If a premium be offered for the production of any article, be sure an abundant

<sup>1</sup> Tindal's Continuation of Rapin.

<sup>2</sup> The dean and chapter offered 100*l.* reward. *Gazette*, 1689, Jan.

<sup>3</sup> Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, p. 93, vol. i.

<sup>4</sup> The MS. Journals of the House of Lords (Library of D. C. Davey, Esq., Grove, Yoxford) repeatedly mention, in the years 1692 and 1693, the visits of William III. to the house for this unwise purpose, which, judging by facts, we firmly believe the worst of our native sovereigns would have died rather than enforce. The king's personal tastes and his desire to induce the consumption of a taxable article were the causes of this conduct.

supply will forthwith ensue, and to the consternation of humanity, this "blood-money" speedily occasioned a terrific number of convictions and executions, while at the same time the evil the queen meant it to suppress, increased at the rate of a hundred per cent.

The most dreadful effects of her mistake in legislation<sup>1</sup> unfortunately continued in active operation for half a century after her death, and how long it would have scourged and deteriorated the English, is unknown, if the powerful pens of Gay, Swift, and Fielding, had not drawn some attention, in the course of years, to the horrid traffic carried on by the thief-takers, their informers, and the gaolers, all acting under the fatal stimulus of blood-money. Thus the evil received some check; yet no one seems to have reasoned on its enormities until the end of the last century,<sup>2</sup> for it was scarcely subdued until the establishment of the present police.

A long retrospect of human calamity is thus opened up to one terrific error in legislation, emanating from an order in council, authorized by Mary II. in her capacity of queen-regent and queen-regnant. It must have been carried against her own private conviction of its folly and mischievous tendency. The same vigorous reasoning power which led her to plead earnestly with her cruel husband to bestow the Irish confiscations for the purpose of erecting and endowing schools over that miserable country, must have brought her to the conclusion, that blood-money, treacherous gaolers, and thief-takers, acting in unison, with a prison discipline formed after the nearest ideas of the dread place of future perdition, were not likely to cure her people of crime. Mary ought to have made firm resistance against the edict, and if she found her cabinet council contumacious, she ought to have referred it to parliament, where its consequences might have met with the free discussion of many minds.

Most of the crime and sorrow of the present day, and, indeed, the greatest national misfortune that ever befel this country, originated from the example given by William III. and his Dutch courtiers, as imbibers of ardent spirits. In fact, the laws of England, from an early period, sternly prohibited the conversion of malt into alcohol, excepting a small portion for medical purposes. Queen Elizabeth (and the act, it is said, originated from her own virtue of temperance) strictly enforced this statute, and treated the infringement of it as a moral dereliction. And those were the times when breaking laws made for the health and happiness of the people were not visited by fines, which were easily spared from fraudulent Mammon profits, but by personal infliction on the delinquents. The most sedulous watch was kept on tradespeople who sold

<sup>1</sup> Lord Mohun's History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht, enters into the statistics of crime in this woful century with rectitude of purpose and power of ability. The date of his era did not enable him to trace the cause of the evil of blood-money to its origin, but those who wish to see its results in the course of a quarter of a century, will do well to read his account of the Fleet and other prisons in the reign of George I., who is not in the least accountable for abuses which existed before his reign.

<sup>2</sup> Colquhoun on Crime.

provision to the poor; if bakers or butter-dealers cheated the poor of weight, they, after the second conviction, had to stand in the pillory, with all the cruelties with which the pillory in those days was accompanied, exposed withal to the vengeance of their injured customers.<sup>1</sup> If bad fish was sold to the poor, the fishmonger was perched up in the market with a necklace of the unsavoury commodity.

Neither the cruel nor the quaint punishment presented the best mode of prevention; yet in the days when the lower class of the people were not worshippers at the gin temple, such restraints had some effect on the fearful crime of robbing the poor, which is little heeded at the present day, although fraught with the worst elements of evil. But the consummation of all injury to the people, was the encouragement that king William III. was pleased to give to the newly-born manufactories of spirituous liquors. Strange it is, after noting such stringent laws against converting food into "fire-water," that a sovereign of Great Britain could come repeatedly to his senate, to earnestly recommend to legislators its encouragement! Yet this respectable request of royalty stares the reader in the face in every manuscript journal of parliament.<sup>2</sup> What would have been said of James I., if, in addition to his worst fault, that of intemperance, he had pursued a similar course of proceeding?

The alteration of the wise restrictive law of Elizabeth was not done in ignorance; more than one luminary of the church and law remonstrated. These are the words of Whiston:—"An act of parliament has abrogated a very good law for discouraging the poor from drinking gin; nay, they have in reality encouraged them to drunkenness and to the murder of themselves by such drinking. Judge Hale, who earnestly supported the amended law, and opposed its abrogation, declared that millions of persons would kill themselves by these fatal liquors." The prediction of the legal sage has indeed been fearfully verified, owing to the acts of this unpaternal reign.<sup>3</sup>

It is perhaps the most urgent duty of a regal biographer to trace the effects of laws emanating from the sovereign in person. Orders of council, for instance, where a monarch hears and even partakes in the discussion, and perforce must be instrumental towards the accomplishment of any enactment. Had Mary made so little progress in the high science of statistical wisdom as not to trace the cause she instituted to its future tremendous effects?<sup>4</sup> This has been already judged dubious, for her letters prove that her intellect was brilliant.

<sup>1</sup> Stow's London. Statutes at Large, British Museum. The law is in the drollest Saxon English, appearing among the Norman French law dialect.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Journals of the House of Lords, when William opened parliament with speeches from the throne.

<sup>3</sup> Whiston's Autobiography.

<sup>4</sup> The reward called blood-money gave rise to an organized crew of human fiends called thief-takers: the plan followed by these villains was for one of them, under the semblance of a professional robber, to entice two persons to join him in robbing one of his confederates, which confederate, taking care that the instigator should escape, apprehended the two dupes, and having his evidence supported by another of the gang who had managed to purchase some of the property of which the party in the plot had been robbed, found all in train

Such were the fruits of the enactment of an unpaternal government, where men were looked upon as likely to afford "food for powder," as probable recruits, rather than good members of society. What with the temptations of the newly permitted gin-shops; the temptations of the thief-takers (themselves stimulated by rewards for blood); what with the mental bewilderment produced by the wrangling of polemic-preachers on the "sinful nature of good works," and the angry jealousy regarding the influence of the church of England on the minds of the poor; the populace of England, wheresoever they were congregated in towns, were steeped to the very lips in guilt and misery. Executions under the reward-conviction system, which soon was supported by parliament, often amounted to forty victims per month for London only! And when the most dreadful revelations took place of gangs of miscreants congregated for the purposes of obtaining the blood-rewards by the denouncement of innocent persons, liberal as the law was in dispensation of death, no commensurate punishment whatsoever was found on the statute-book for those who had been murderers by wholesale by false witnesses. As if to make the matter worse, the cruel legislature put the traffickers in human life in the pillory, where they were atrociously immolated by the mob. Proper reprobation cannot be given to wicked laws that make crime profitable to a vast number of persons, without pointing out the frightful duration of such laws, notwithstanding many appalling public exposures of the murderous traffic of false witnesses from the time that Mary II. instituted the blood rewards; her grievous system lasted till the recent days of 1816.<sup>1</sup> Many dissertations have been written on these woeful proceedings, all replete with fearful interest, yet the task of tracing up the source of sorrow to unpaternal enactments has never entered the idea of statistic writers. But to mark the awful point of the year, the hour, and the day, when the woe first arose, is an act of historical justice. Much of the sorrow and crime of our present era may be traced to the calamitous acts of legislation by which William III. encouraged gin-distilling, and his queen instituted blood-money.<sup>2</sup>

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for successful conviction of the two tempted wretches, whose death secured the payment of the queen's reward. When they received this horrid donation, the confederates divided the spoil at an entertainment which went among the association by the significant name of "the blood-feast." Fearful it is to relate that, emboldened by the prosperous working of this trade, the thief-takers often dispensed with the dangerous machinery of drawing in dupes, and boldly swore away the lives of totally innocent people, who were the victims of this dreadful confederacy, without the slightest participation in any robbery. A captain of one of these gangs, called Jonathan Wild, when the measure of his iniquity was full, put in a paper at his trial, stating his good services, as he had been rewarded for the hanging of *sixty-seven* highwaymen and *returned convicts*! Knight's London, Maitland's London, and Colquhoun on Crime.

<sup>1</sup> The whole system was swept away in 1816, according to Knight's London, p. 233, vol. iv. The evidence of the good policeman, Townsend, is worth reading on this head. Some traces of the direful system still work woe in our distant convict colonies. See the works of captain Maconochie.

<sup>2</sup> Captain Maconochie,—whose late government of Norfolk Island has drawn so much public attention,—thus expresses himself in his first work on "Penal

King William returned to England, September the 29th, having, as usual, lost a bloody and hardly contested battle, and two or three towns in Flanders, the earth of which country was in his reign literally saturated with British blood. The last battle this year was that of Steinkirk, only now remembered on account of an obsolete fashion which prevailed as much in the capital of the English as in that of the victorious French. One of the young princes of the blood in the French army tied his Mechlin lace cravat in a hurry carelessly round his neck, with long ends. This mode became universal, and king William, although vanquished, wore it till his dying day. It mattered little who lost or who won in Flanders; a certain quantity of human blood was shed very formally on that fighting ground every campaign by the regimental sovereigns, William and Louis, until the wealth of both their states was exhausted. The great body of the people in each country were woefully and miserably taxed to sustain the warlike game, realizing the clever observation of Louis, when discussing the termination of the war, "Ah," said he, "the last guinea will carry the victory!" The fleets of England would have been quite sufficient for defence of this country, but they were miserably neglected, although it seemed more natural for a Dutchman to understand marine warfare.

Directly the king returned, his brother-in-law, prince George of Denmark, sent him, in the phraseology of the day, a *compliment*, which was, in truth, little otherwise than a complaint of the queen's behaviour, saying, "that his wife and himself, having had the misfortune to receive many public marks of her majesty's displeasure, therefore he did not know whether it were proper for him to wait on his majesty as usual." Neither the king nor the queen took other notice of this message than sending an order to Dr. Birch, the clergyman of the newly-built church of St. James's, which was attended by the princess Anne, forbidding him from having the text placed in her pew on her cushion. The doctor was a particular partisan of the princess Anne, and refused to deprive

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Science," as he aptly calls that knowledge which is best worthy of the attention of a paternal legislature. When speaking of one of his measures which he found most effectual in the cure of crime, he says — "It will give each man a direct concern in the good conduct of his fellows, a highly advantageous circumstance, associating all with the government in the maintenance of discipline instead of as now too frequently occurs—an interest in encouraging and subsequently revealing the crimes of others—a most detestable feature in the present system." Thus it seems that the mistakes or perversities of the edict emanating from the government of Mary II. and her cabinet, Sept. 13, 1692, are still bringing forth bad fruit. It would seem that the following observations, quoted by the same work, had been written in illustration of this fatal act of council. "To set a price on the head of a criminal, or otherwise on a great scale to reward the information of accomplices, is the strongest proof of a weak or unwise government. Such an edict confounds the ideas of virtue and morality, at all times too wavering in the mind of man. It encourages treachery, and to prevent one crime gives birth to a thousand. Such are the expedients of weak and ignorant nations whose laws are like temporary repairs to a tottering fabric."—*Australiana*, p. 73, by Captain Maconochie, R.N., K.H.

<sup>1</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 103.

her of such a trifling mark of distinction, without he had a written order for that purpose. Their majesties declined sending such a document, and the princess, thanks to the affection of Dr. Birch, remained every Sunday in triumphant possession of her text at St. James's church. Dr. Hooper had set the example of resisting all attempts to deprive the princess of the distinctions of her rank, when she attended divine service in the west of England.

Not a vestige at present remains of the once magnificent mansion, where the princess Anne retired from the wrath of her sister, and her sister's spouse, and kept her little court apart, when banished by them from the court of England. Berkeley House was in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, to which it gave its name. It has long been destroyed by fire. In ancient times, there was a farm on this place, abutting on Hyde Park, known by the pretty pastoral name of Hay-hill Farm, noted in history as the spot where the severest struggle took place in the insurrection led by Wyatt, and where his head was set up on a pole after his execution. This farm fell into the possession of lord John Berkeley, who built on it a stately mansion, and laid out the Hay-hill Farm in ornamental grounds pertaining to it. Berkeley House is said to have been, in the days of queen Mary, the last house in Piccadilly.<sup>1</sup>

The return of king William in safety was celebrated by a thanksgiving, on the 10th of November, and by a grand civic dinner at Guildhall, which their majesties attended in person. The enormous taxes necessary to be raised to meet the expenses of the next Flanders campaign, after all the disastrous losses king William had sustained, made attention to the citizens very needful. The queen, likewise, dined in state with the king at the new armory at the Tower, since destroyed by fire. It had been commenced by her father. The royal banquet was laid out in the

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<sup>1</sup> Evelyn says, in August, 1672 — "I dined with lord John Berkeley in his new house, or rather palace, for I am assured it cost him 30,000*l*. It is very well built, and has many noble rooms, but they are not convenient, consisting but of one *corps de logis* without *closets*, (dressing or retiring room.) The staircase is of cedar, the furniture is princely, the kitchen and stables ill placed, and the corridor even worse, having no report to the wings they join to. For the rest, the fore-court is noble, so are the stables, and above all the gardens, which are incomparable, by reason of the inequality of the ground, and the pretty *piccina*." This in plain English is a fishpond, which has probably been long filled up, but the inequality of the ground still makes Berkeley Square and its neighbourhood the most picturesque spot in the unpicturesque beau-monde of our metropolis. A terrace extended along the ridge of the hill. "The holly hedges on that terrace," continues Evelyn, "I advised the planting of; the porticoes are in imitation of a house described by Palladio, the very worst in the book, though my good friend, Mr. Hugh May, was the architect." Such were the now departed glories of Berkeley House. The site of its grounds and dependencies extended from Devonshire House to Curzon-street, and the Hay-hill Farm is to be traced in the present appellations of the adjacent streets, as Hill-street, Farm-street, besides the historical street of Hay-hill, which were all appertaining to the old farm, and were the grounds of the mansion which gave name to the present Berkeley Square.

great room, then considered the largest in Europe. The royal pair were waited upon by the master architects and their workmen, in masonic costume, with white aprons and gloves.<sup>1</sup>

The Jacobite war was virtually concluded; an efficient navy, appointed and supplied by honest ministers, would have been alone sufficient to guard the coasts of Great Britain from insult, and to protect commerce. Very far was the intention of king William from pursuing a line of policy consistent with the vital interests of England. His object was to obtain funds to maintain a great army in Flanders, where, every year, he lost a sharply contested battle; where the enormous sums raised by unheard of taxation in England were expended, and never circulated back again—a calamity which is, perhaps, a just punishment on insular kingdoms maintaining foreign armies; the feudal laws, with their forty days' military service, had provided, not without some statistic wisdom, against such injurious effects on national prosperity.

The queen's attention to business during her regencies, and her natural feelings as an Englishwoman, might have led her to protect the interests of her country; she was, notwithstanding, zealous in her exertions to appropriate all she could raise by taxation to the maintenance of the foreign warfare, which was the sole passion of her husband's life. When William was in England, she seemed wholly occupied in needle-work and knotting. Her panegyrists mention that she was oftener seen with a skein of thread about her neck, than attending to affairs of state. Sorry praise is this for a queen-regnant, yet it had the good effect of inducing harmless employment among the ladies of her court, and, of course, conduced to the encouragement of industry among her female subjects of the imitative middle classes.

"Her majesty," says a contemporary,<sup>2</sup> "did not disdain to busy her royal hands with making of fringes, or knotting, as it was then called. She was soon imitated, not only by her maids of honour, but by all ladies of distinction throughout the kingdom, and so fashionable was labour, of a sudden, grown, that not only assembly rooms and visiting (drawing) rooms, but the streets, the roads, nay, the very playhouses were witnesses of their pretty industry; it was considered a wonder that the churches escaped." The wonder was the greater because the Dutch and German ladies of the era always took their knitting to sermons. It were pity that queen Mary, when she made this handicraft the rage, had not introduced the construction of something useful or beautiful. Some of the knotted fringe, made after the royal examples, survives to the present day, in a vast old Japan chest well known to the author. It is made of white flax thread, and is as ugly, heavy, and tasteless an article as can be imagined. The contemporary who relates the circumstance, breaks into enthusiastic encomiums on this "pretty industry," and likewise informs us that her majesty, "resolving as much as in her lay to strike at the very root of vice and idleness, encouraged the setting up of a linen manufacture, in which many thousands of poor people were employed."<sup>3</sup> It would have been only just to the memory of Mary II.

<sup>1</sup> Toone's *Chronological History*.

<sup>2</sup> Tindal.

<sup>3</sup> Tindal's *Continuation*, p. 66



if the place and particulars of this right royal work had been pointed out, in order that she might receive equal credit with her great ancestress, queen Philippa. But Mary II. must have lavished her kindness "on many thousands of most ungrateful linen weavers," who have forgotten it in a very short time.

Those who have read queen Mary's letters, and noticed her almost agonizing struggle to obtain command of her countenance, will have a clue to her devotion to the useless industry of knotting fringe; the eyes that were fixed on the shuttle could not betray the inward emotions of the soul to watchful bystanders. The sedulous attention of the queen to the production of "thread fringe" is gently satirized in the verses of sir Charles Sedley, who combines in the little poem a much severer sarcasm on the expensive and disastrous Flemish campaigns of her husband.

"Oh, happy people, ye must thrive,  
While thus the royal pair does strive,  
Both to advance your glory;  
While he by his valour conquers France,  
She manufactures does advance,  
And makes thread fringes for ye.

"Blest we who from such queens are freed,<sup>1</sup>  
Who by vain superstition led,  
Are always telling beads;  
But here's a queen, now, thanks to God,  
Who when she rides in coach abroad,  
Is always knotting threads.

"Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste,  
And when thy summer show is past,  
Let all thy trumpets sound.  
The fringe that this campaign has wrought,  
Though it cost the nation but a groat,  
Thy conquests will surround."

It is easy to gather from these lines, and from some others on the wars of William III., that the witty sir Charles Sedley was no friend to the Dutch hero. He celebrated his return to England, in 1692, with another epigram:—

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|--|--|
| <p>"The author sure must take great pains,<br/>Who fairly writes the story,<br/>In which of these two last campaigns,<br/>Was gained the greatest glory.</p> | <p>"For while he marched on to fight,<br/>Like hero nothing fearing,<br/>Namur was taken in his sight,<br/>And Mons within his hearing."</p> |
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Sir Charles Sedley was at this period one of the courtiers at Berkeley House; he was no Jacobite, for he was full of indignation at the insult offered to his honour by James II.'s seduction of his daughter. James II. had, in the opinion of the outraged gentleman, made his wrong still more notorious, by creating Catherine Sedley countess of Dorchester. Sir Charles Sedley became one of the most earnest promoters of the Revolution; and after queen Mary was on the throne, said he, "I have

<sup>1</sup> Catharine of Braganza and Mary Beatrice of Modena. These lines were, it is probable, written just after queen Catharine returned to Portugal.

now returned the obligation I owed to king James; he made my daughter a countess—I have helped to make his daughter a queen.”

Queen Mary seemed destined to be the object of the repartees of the Sedley family. This countess of Dorchester had the audacity to come to court, and present herself before the queen at her drawing-room. Her majesty turned away her head, as if offended at her intrusion, on which the bold woman exclaimed—“Why so haughty, madam? I have not sinned more notoriously in breaking the seventh commandment with your father, than you have done in breaking the fifth against him.” Lady Dorchester had just been concerned in the Jacobite plot of Preston and Ashton, on account of which the queen had shed some blood, and had kept her elder uncle in prison. Lady Dorchester contrived to escape all bad consequences, and even dared defy her majesty, whose displeasure was merely occasioned by the political sins of the bold woman, for king William obliged her not only to receive, but to live with a woman as notoriously evil.

At the same Christmas occurs the only notice in existence of Anne's residence at Berkeley House, in a witty address to the bellman of St. James, written by some Jacobite, and a series of squibs, casting ridicule on the frequent arrests of her subjects which were ordered by Mary II. during the years of Anne's retirement at Berkeley House.

THE BELLMAN OF PICCADILLY'S VERSES TO THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK<sup>1</sup>

“Welcome, great princess, to this lowly place,  
Where injured loyalty must hide its face;  
Your praise, each day, by every man is sung,  
And in the night by me shall here be rung.  
God bless our queen, and yet I may, moreover,  
Own you our queen, in Berkeley-street and Dover;  
May your great prince and you live numerous years,  
This is the subject of our loyal prayers.”

Appended to these verses, is the following droll parody on queen Mary's orders in council, during her long suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act:

“The earl of Nottingham's orders to Mr. Dives, late clerk of the council, were as follows:—Ye are to take a messenger and to find out the dwelling-house of the Bellman of Piccadilly, and when you meet with him, search his fur-cap, his night-cap, and above all his bell, and whatever verses you find upon him you are to bring to me. You are privately to acquaint him, if he never heard of it, with the reasons of her majesty's displeasure with the princess, of which I herewith give you an account in writing. Ye are to charge him, on pain of forfeiture of his employment, that he do not proceed to sing such verses about those streets without our license. Ye are to charge him not to pay the ceremony to the princess in his night-walk, as he usually does to the rest of their majesties' subjects, and that are not under their majesties' displeasure. Ye are to charge him to take care of thieves and robbers, but to waive that part of his duty to the princess, for since her guards

<sup>1</sup> Collection of popular Songs for the earl of Oxford. Lansdowne Papers.

are taken off, she is neither to be regarded by day, or guarded by night. Any one is to rob her who may choose to be at the trouble. Ye are to acquaint him that his majesty's displeasure is so great against the princess, that his government designs to stop her revenues, and starve her, as well as many other Jacobites, into humble submission. Ye are to go from him to Dr. Birch, and charge him to introduce no ceremonies of bowing, as he will answer to his grace of Lambeth, (it being contrary to his [archbishop Tillotson's] education.) Lastly, you are to acquaint both the bellman and the parson, that her majesty expects exact compliance, as a mark of their duty, but as for waits, fiddlers, and others, her orders are sent to Killigrew about them."<sup>1</sup>

There are one or two points in this *jeu-d'esprit*, that have reference to circumstances on which this biography has previously dwelt. "That the princess is neither to be *regarded* by day, or *guarded* by night," and "that any one may rob her," alludes to the highway robbery, either real or pretended, she had suffered the preceding spring, when travelling from London to Sion, after the malice of her brother-in-law had deprived her of her guards. And as for the evil report at Lambeth, to be made of Dr. Birch for his bowings at St. James's, he is threatened with the anger of Dr. Tillotson, because that archbishop, when a presbyterian, had not been used to any church ceremonial.

A settled, but more quiet hostility, was now established, between the royal sisters, during the remainder of queen Mary's life. The princess Anne, divested of every mark of her royal rank, continued to live at Berkeley House, where she and her favourite amused themselves with superintending their nurseries, playing at cards, and talking treason against queen Mary and her Dutch Caliban, as they called the hero of Nassau. Lady Marlborough wrote all the news she could glean to the court of St. Germain's, where her sister, lady Tyrconnel, the once beautiful Frances Jennings, was resident. Lady Tyrconnel gossiped back all the intelligence she could gather at the exiled court. The letters of Marlborough himself were more actively and deliberately mischievous. He sent over to the exiled king all the professional information he could betray. But, in most instances, James II., in utter distrust of his falsehood, refused to act on his intelligence. He well knew that the exaltation of his grandson, the young duke of Gloucester, and not the restoration of the prince of Wales, was the object of the party at Berkeley House.

England was once more placed under the regnal sway of the queen, in March, 1693. As the king meant to embark for Holland from Margate, he requested her majesty to bear him company to the coast. When they arrived at Margate, the wind turned contrary, on which the king chose to wait at Canterbury till it was fair. The queen, who meant to have returned that night to London, resolved to go there with him;

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<sup>1</sup> Harley's Collections, Lansdowne Papers, p. 73, No. 852. The date given here is 1690, but this must be an error of the transcriber, since Anne herself distinctly points out the day in 1692, when she first treated for that residence, nor were the differences between the royal sisters public in 1690.

"for," adds the Hooper manuscript, "the king's request was too high a favour to be refused. Though her majesty had no other attendance than lady Derby and Mrs. Compton, who were in the coach with her and the king, the royal party drove to the largest house in the city."

"The mansion was owned," says our authority,<sup>1</sup> "by a lady of great birth and equal merit, but by no means an admirer of the king. She had received notice of the approach of the king and queen, and she not only fled from her house, but locked up, or carried off, every possible convenience there. All was wanting that could make the house habitable. Queen Mary said to her vice-chamberlain, who was one of the representatives of Canterbury in parliament, 'Look about anywhere for a house, for I must remove from this to pass the night.' Mr. Sayer told her majesty, that he believed 'the deanery was the next largest house in Canterbury.' 'Oh,' said the queen, 'that is Dr. Hooper's. Why did not I think of it before? I will go there.'" Her majesty actually arrived at the deanery before fires could be lighted, or the least preparation made for her; but there she stayed some days, and passed the Sunday at Canterbury, after the king had sailed from Margate. Dean Hooper was then at his living of Lambeth, and did not hear that her majesty had been at his house until it was too late to go down.

The queen returned to London, and directly she arrived, dean Hooper waited on her, to excuse himself for not being at the deanery to entertain her majesty, who thus gave him an account of her sojourn under his roof: "It was impossible," she said, "that you should know I was there; yours is the cleanest house I ever was in, and there is a good old woman there, with whom I had a great deal of discourse. The people were very solicitous to see me; but there grew a great walnut tree before the windows, which were, besides, so high, that I could not gratify them." This little trait casts some light on Mary's inclinations. Her majesty continued the description of her sojourn at the deanery: "I went to Canterbury cathedral in the morning, and heard an excellent sermon from Dr. Battely (once chaplain to archbishop Sancroft); in the afternoon, I went to a parish church, where I heard a very good sermon by Dr. Cook; but," added the queen, "I thought myself in a Dutch church, for the people stood upon the communion-table to look at me."<sup>2</sup>

Dean Hooper told the queen, "that she had condemned the walnut tree and the windows at the deanery;" for her majesty intimated, "that she should come again to Canterbury on the like occasion," she never did so; yet dean Hooper gave orders to sash the antique windows, and cut down the walnut tree. "Some little time after the visit of queen Mary to the deanery at Canterbury, the queen sent for dean Hooper again, and led him to her dressing-room, where she showed him some pieces of silver stuffs, and purple-flowered velvets. These, her majesty told him, "if he approved," she would give to Canterbury cathedral, as she observed the furniture to be dirty; but as there was not enough of

<sup>1</sup> Hooper MS., printed in Trevor's William III., vol. ii. p. 474. There is no date, but as authors maintain, the king was baffled by the wind, and returned from Margate this spring, it was probably 1693.

<sup>2</sup> Hooper MS., vol. ii. p. 476.

the figured velvet, she had sent to Holland to match it." The queen, when all was ready, despatched to the cathedral a page of her back stairs, who always arranged matters regarding her gifts, with the rich velvets. The altar at the cathedral was furnished with the figured velvet, and a breadth of the gold stuff, flowered with silver, let in. The archbishop's throne was covered with plain velvet; the fringe for the whole was a *rust* one of gold, silver, and purple; it alone cost the queen 500*l*.<sup>1</sup>

The queen was considered as the protectress of public morals, which were, indeed, at the lowest ebb; in that capacity she exerted herself to suppress an offensive exhibition, at Southwark Fair, representing the great earthquake, which subverted Port Royal, in Jamaica;<sup>2</sup> a convulsion of nature which was alarmingly felt all over the continent of Europe, and even in London. It had, withal, nearly cost king William his life,<sup>3</sup> he being then in his camp at Flanders, at dinner, in an old deserted house, which shook fearfully before his majesty could be induced to rise and quit it, and fell directly he issued from under its roof.

Yet queen Mary, in her attempted reforms among the lower classes, was far from successful. The reason was, as Dr. Johnson observes, "she was not consistent, because she was a frequenter of the theatre of that day, and a witness of its horrible profaneness."<sup>4</sup> Certain it is, that "the idle and vicious mock-show of the earthquake," as it is called by a contemporary,<sup>5</sup> was not replete with a thousandth part of the vice coolly exhibited in the atrocious comedies of her era, of which she was the constant and delighted spectatress. She never willingly omitted being present at the representation of the "Old Bachelor," of Congreve, a preference which obtained for her the honour of an elegy from the pen of that dramatist, at her death. But the author whom her majesty honoured with her especial patronage, was an ill-living and loathsome person, named Thomas Shadwell, a suborner, deep in the iniquities of Oates's plot. The writings of this man were at once foul and talentless; his memory only exists by the fact, that queen Mary deprived Dryden of the laureateship, and bestowed it on Thomas Shadwell. She did worse; she went to see the plays of this odious author, and in most of them there was a passage of adulation prepared for her. Thus, in the "Volunteers or the Stockjobbers," one of the female characters observes, "Would you have me set my heart on one who may be lost in every rencontre?" She is answered by her lover, who offers the example of queen Mary, in these words, "Does not our royal mistress do the same, and bears it with a princely magnanimity? She and our country have the greatest stake in Europe. She is to be revered and admired; but hard it is to imitate so glorious an example, and methinks a private lady may be happier?"

These are, perhaps, the only lines which can be quoted out of the last production of Mary's laureate; it is useless to aver that the taste of

<sup>1</sup> Hooper MS., vol. ii. p. 476.

<sup>2</sup> An earthquake sank the town of Port Royal, in Jamaica, and destroyed 3000 persons, Sep. 8, 1692. Evelyn, Toone, &c. The shock was felt in England.

<sup>3</sup> Life of Ed. Calamy.

<sup>4</sup> Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

<sup>5</sup> Evelyn.

her era was gross, for was it not her duty to lead that taste, and to reform what was so deeply objectionable in it? Why could she not have "put down" the vicious plays of Shadwell, as well as the poor puppet show at Southwark Fair, instead of encouraging them by her royal presence? All the writers of her age did not agree with her in this detestable predilection. Collier, a nonjuring divine, who had been deprived of his benefice at the same time that the queen ejected archbishop Sancroft, represented to his country, in a well-known essay, the infamy into which the drama had fallen, and its bad effect on the happiness of the community. In time, his moral lessons were heeded, but not by queen Mary, for Collier was "not among her friends."

The same year, the queen ordered for her dramatic regale the "Double Dealer," one of Congreve's plays. The actor Kynaston, who had figured on the theatre in her majesty's youthful days, was now to perform before her as "lord Touchwood;" he was taken ill, and the notorious Colley Cibber, then a stage-struck youth who had only distinguished himself by his awkwardness, was permitted to perform the part in the presence of royalty. Her majesty was received with a new prologue, written by Congreve, and spoken by Mrs. Barry; two lines of it are preserved—

"But never were in Rome or Athens seen  
So fair a circle and so bright a queen."<sup>1</sup>

William III. usually bears the blame of persecuting Dryden, and encouraging Shadwell; but the deed was done in his absence, and he cannot be accountable for the tasteless preference, since it would be very difficult to prove that he ever read an English book. The fact, that Shadwell had been a tool of Oates in his plot, was probably the cause of his favour in the eyes of the Dutch monarch, since the only literary persons he ever patronised were those implicated with that perjurer; and the pensions and gifts bestowed on them were apparently more from necessity than choice. William and Mary were, like all monarchs whose resources are consumed by foreign warfare, poor and parsimonious; difficult would it be to discover any disbursement to a literary person, with the exception of Shadwell, their most loathsome laureate. This person likewise received the appointment of their historiographer—on what he founded his claims to be considered an historian we have not discovered; but he wrote, besides his unseemly comedies, a long panegyric in rhyme, on the perfections of queen Mary, and another on the success of king William, in establishing the revolution in 1688.

Dryden felt himself more aggrieved at the transfer of his laurel to so dishonourable a brow as that of Shadwell, than at the loss of his pension; he attributed both misfortunes to the queen's hostility. He was old, sick, and poor, and dependent on his pen for bread; yet the queen con-

<sup>1</sup> Colley Cibber who relates this anecdote in his *Apology*, says expressly "the queen came and was received." He does not mention that the "obohr dramatic" were transferred to Whitehall or St. James's—therefore, it must be concluded that she went to the public playhouse. (*Apology of Colley Cibber*, Bell-chambers' edition, pp. 193, 196.)

descended to act as his personal enemy, by suborning writers to attack his dramatic works. "About a fortnight ago," so wrote the unfortunate author to his publisher, Jacob Tonson,<sup>1</sup> "I had an intimation from a friendly letter, that one of the secretaries, (I suppose Trenchard,) had informed the queen that I had abused her government; there were the words in the epistle to lord Radcliffe; and that thereupon she had commanded her historiographer, Rymer, to fall upon my plays, which he assures me he is now doing."

A more serious visitation of her majesty's displeasure awaited poor Dryden, when, in the time of sickness and destitution, his play of *Cleomenes*, the Spartan hero, was interdicted, on account of its alleged Jacobite tendency; had he written on the subject of Agis, we may imagine that the daughter of James II. might have dreaded the effects of an English audience being led to form comparisons between her conduct and that of the divine Chelidonis; but *Cleomenes* bears little reference to the relative situations of the parties, save that *Cleomenes*, with his faithful consort, are in exile, and suppliants to a foreign power for aid in their reverse of fortunes, and to deliver Sparta from a foreign yoke. Queen Mary, however, who then exercised the whole functions of the crown in the absence of William, commanded the lord-chamberlain to prohibit the representation of the play. Dryden addressed an agonizing appeal to the queen's maternal uncle, the earl of Rochester. The daughters of this literary nobleman, who were the first-cousins of her majesty, and great admirers of Dryden's genius, likewise pleaded for him very earnestly. The queen had taken these young ladies into favour since their father had been induced to acknowledge her title, and thus urged, her majesty took off her interdict. "*Cleomenes*" was performed, but a very strong party was raised against it by her majesty's court; and, though the purest of all Dryden's productions, it scarcely lived out the nine nights which were then requisite to make a play profitable to a dramatic poet. On queen Mary's side, it has been urged that Dryden had previously provoked her by his prologue to his former play of the *Prophetess*, in which he had ventured to introduce some sarcastic allusions to the female regency, the war in Ireland, and to reflect on the revolution itself; all this had given great offence to Mary, and she had forbidden its repetition.

As the young duke of Gloucester lived at Campden House, he was, when his royal aunt kept court at Kensington, taken daily there; her majesty usually gave him audience whilst superintending the progress of her workmen, who were fitting up and finishing the interior of the palace. The infant duke likewise took much interest in watching these proceedings, and usually made up his mind to become a carpenter, a smith, or a painter, according to the prevalence of the operations he beheld. The queen seemed fond of him, and took pleasure in hearing him prate.<sup>1</sup> She presented him with a box of ivory tools, on account of the predilection he showed to handicrafts. The gift cost her twenty pounds

<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Dryden*.

<sup>2</sup> Lewis Jenkins' *Life of the duke of Gloucester*

which was rather pompously announced in the gazette. The child had thriven pretty well at Campden House, but his speech and intellect were far more advanced than his physical strength, for he was scarcely able to walk, at four years old, without support.

The queen's regency lasted until the 27th of October, when king William arrived at Harwich. The results of the naval war under her majesty's guidance at home, and of the regimental war conducted by king William in Flanders, had been dreadfully disastrous. The naval defeat at Saint Vincent—that cape whose name has since been so glorious in the annals of British marine warfare—had taken place in Mary's regency; twelve English and Dutch men-of-war were destroyed by Tourville, who thus revenged himself for the loss he had sustained the preceding year at La Hogue, likewise by the plunder of the rich Turkey fleet. King William had lost another hard-fought and bloody battle in Flanders, that of Landen. The defeat of admiral Benbow, when bombarding the Breton town of St. Malo, was the last disaster in queen Mary's regency; the naval captains who were to have supported Benbow, probably out of dislike to the government, refused to fight, and a darker shade was cast on the British name than that of defeat, for executions ensued for cowardice. Such were the troubles of a divided nation.

These disasters were very freely commented upon in the speech from the throne, wherewith the king opened parliament, November 7th. The loss of his battle he acknowledged, but he attributed it to insufficiency of money-supplies. The naval defeats he likewise admitted, and said "they should be inquired into." The people of England were aghast at the enormity of taxation; they groaned under their burdens, and manifested such a tendency to mutinous faction, that after long contests in parliament, the king declared in privy-council, "that as they seemed better satisfied with the government of the queen, he would leave her to rule them, and retire wholly to his native country."<sup>1</sup> This threat was of course a very alarming one to a devoted wife like Mary; but his majesty was induced to think better of his resolution, and in place of abdication, to try the effects of a change of administration, composed of personages belonging to the old nobility, to whom appertained such vast hereditary estates, that they would be inaccessible to the corruption practised by the dishonest prime minister who had, at various times, during the last twenty years, governed England, under the oft-changing epithets of sir Thomas Osborne, lord Danby, marquis of Carmarthen, and duke of Leeds. It was this man who had exalted Mammon into the supremacy of which the king and church had been deprived at the revolution. He had systematically devoted a large share of the unexampled taxation, raised since the revolution, to purchasing a majority in the House of Commons. The queen always looked up to this wily veteran with considerable deference, while he was president of her council. From her letters to her husband, her reasons have been quoted, because, when lord Danby, he had negotiated her marriage.

The venerable primate of England, William Sancroft, died November

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<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple's History of the Revolution.



23, 1693, in his humble paternal cottage at Fressingfield, in Suffolk, where he led a holy, but not altogether peaceful life. Ever and anon, on the rumours of Jacobite insurrections, the queen's messengers were sent to harass the old man with inquisitions regarding his politics.<sup>1</sup> The queen gained little more from her inquiries than information of his devotions, his ascetic abstemiousness, and his walks in a bowery orchard, where he spent his days in study or meditation. Death laid a welcome and gentle hand on the deprived archbishop, at the age of seventy-seven years. Far from the pomps of Lambeth, he rests beneath the humble green sod of a Suffolk church-yard. There is a tablet raised to his memory, on the outside of the porch of Fressingfield church, which is still shown with pride and affection by the inhabitants of his native village.

A poet of his native country has nobly illustrated the retreat of Sancroft; his words, however beautiful and touching, do not exaggerate the truth:

"He left high Lambeth's venerable towers,  
For his small heritage and humble bowers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now with his staff in his paternal ground,  
Amid his orchard trees he may be found,  
An old man late returned, where he was seen,  
Sporting a child upon the village green.  
How many a changeful year had passed between?  
Blanching his scattered hair, but leaving there,  
A heart kept young by piety and prayer;  
That to the inquiring friend could meekly tell,  
'Be not for me afflicted, it is well,  
'For 'twas in my integrity I fell.'"<sup>2</sup>

"Sancroft had died a year before in the same poor and despicable manner in which he had lived for some years." This sentence is in Burnet's own hand, in his manuscripts; it is likewise in his printed history. But just opposite, on the next page of the latter, appears the self-contradiction of these words, when lauding Tillotson for dying poor. "So generous and charitable was he in a *post*, out of which Sancroft had raised a great estate." Thus Sancroft is despised for his poverty in one page, and taunted with his riches in the next.

The fate of archbishop Sancroft had a remarkable effect on the mind of the most original genius of his times, who was then rising into the first conscientiousness of great and varied powers. When Sancroft died, all hope and trust in the possibility of the prosperity of goodness left the mind of Swift. Every vision of virtue, purity, and divine ideality, which haunts the intellect of a young poet, was violently repudiated by him in an access of misanthropic despair. Ambitious, and replete with mighty energy, and sorely goaded by want and impatience of dependence, Swift, nevertheless, resolved to swim with the current of events, and float uppermost on the stream of politics, howsoever corrupt the

<sup>1</sup> D'Oyley's Life of Sancroft.

<sup>2</sup> These lines are by the Rev. John Mitford; the last words embody an answer, which the venerable Sancroft made to his chaplain when on his death-bed.

surface might be. He took his farewell, in his "Ode to Sancroft," of all that was beautiful and glorious in the animus of his art, to devote himself to the foulest and fiercest phase of satire.

How can a documentary historian read without emotion that magnificent invocation with which Swift, the young kinsman of John Dryden, commences his elegy<sup>1</sup> on the fall of Sancroft?—

"Truth, the eternal child of holiest heaven!  
 Brightest effluence of the immortal ray!  
 Chief oherub and chief lamp of that high seven  
 Which guard the throne by night, and are its light by day!  
 First of God's mighty attributes,  
 Thou daily seest him face to face,  
 Nor does thy essence fixed depend on giddy circumstance  
 Of time or place.  
*How shall we find thee, then, in dark disputes?  
 How shall we search thee in a battle gained?  
 Or a weak argument by force maintained?*

"For where is e'en thy image on our earth,  
 Since heaven will claim thy residence and birth?  
 And God himself has said, "Ye shall not find it here!"  
 Since this inferior world is but heaven's dusky shade,  
 By dark reverted rays from its reflection made.

"Is not good Sancroft in his holy rest,  
 In the divinity of his retreat,  
 The brightest pattern earth can show?  
 But fools, for being strong and numerous grown,  
 Suppose the truth, like the whole world, their own,  
 And holy Sancroft's course irregular appears,  
 Because entirely opposed to theirs.

"Ah, Britain, land of angels! which of all thy sins—  
 Say, hapless isle, although—  
 It is a bloody list we know—  
 Has given thee up a dwelling place for fiends?  
 Sin and the plague ever abound,  
 In easy governments and fruitful ground;  
 Evils which a too gentle king,  
 Too flourishing a spring,  
 And too warm summers bring.

"Our Britain's soil is over rank, and breeds  
 Among the noblest flowers a thousand poisonous weeds;  
 And every noxious weed so lofty grows,  
 As if it meant to o'ershade the royal rose;  
 The royal rose, the glory of our morn,  
 But ah! too much without a thorn.  
 Forgive (original mildness) this ungoverned zeal,  
 'Tis all the angry muse can do.  
*In the pollution of these days  
 No province now is left her but to rail,  
 For poetry has lost the art to praise,  
 Alas! the occasions are so very few."*

<sup>1</sup> These extracts are from a copy in Cole's Miscellaneous MSS., in which the poem is far superior in perspicuity and polish to the copies printed in the editions of Swift's works, where, however, it is very rare.

Swift fulfilled the determination here expressed so completely, that the quotation of this historical poem will excite no little surprise: for it is forgotten or stifled among the profusion of his productions of a contrary tendency. Nevertheless, Swift, as a contemporary memorialist, throws true light on the events of his era, when his historical notations were not garbled for premature publication.

Having lamented the undeserved adversity of the disinterested primate of the English church, Swift buckled his fortunes on those of that primate's mortal enemy, William III. The king, on becoming acquainted with Swift at the house of sir William Temple, offered him a troop of horse; and after wondering wherefore a man of his unclerical mind refused an occupation more fitting to it than that of Christian tuition, he left him with no other benefit than teaching him the Dutch way of cutting asparagus from the beds of Moor Park, when his majesty visited sir William Temple. King William likewise inculcated the propriety of his mode of eating this vegetable, which was to devour the whole of the stalks. Swift insisted on all his guests practising the same refined royal method, when, in after-life, he became dean of St. Patrick's; but more out of satire on the "glorious memory," and to vex its Irish adorers, than for any sincere admiration of this Dutch custom.<sup>1</sup>

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## MARY II.,

### QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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#### CHAPTER X.

Gossip of the court—Anecdotes of Mary II.—Her attention to her nephew—Princess Anne's arrangements for him—His vicinity to the queen at Campden House—Often visits her majesty—Their conversations, &c. &c.—Departure of the king—Queen founds Greenwich Hospital—Anecdotes of the queen and her nephew—Disasters in the queen's government—Return of the king—Archbishop Tillotson struck with death in the queen's presence—Queen's observations regarding Dr. Hooper—Queen appoints Dr. Tennison archbishop—Lord Jersey's remonstrance—Her reply—Queen taken ill at Kensington—Sits up to destroy papers—Fluctuations in her disorder—Proceedings of her sister—Queen's illness proves small-pox—Her danger—Anguish of the king—Princess Anne sends lady Fitzharding with message to the queen—Queen's sufferings from erysipelas—Her life despaired of—Preparations for death—Delirious fancies—Dangerous state of the king—Death of Mary II.—Great seal broken—News of her death carried to St. Germain by a priest—Conduct of her father, and his remarks on her death—Letter she left for her husband—Duke of Devonshire's verses on her death—Burnet's eulogy—Lord Cutts' elegy, &c

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<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift.

—Jacobite epigrams on the queen—Sermons, funeral, and wax statue in Westminster Abbey—Anecdotes in her praise—Burnet's panegyrical epitaph.

THE new prime minister, destined to be president of the queen's council when she again reigned alone, was Charles Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, who had been permitted to take his seat as premier earl of England, on a very doubtful renunciation of the Roman-catholic religion, in which he had been educated. Scandal feigned that he was the object of queen Mary's passionate affection. This gossip arose from the reports of "one Jack Howe," her dismissed vice-chamberlain, who was, in 1693-94, purveyor of scandal to the princess Anne's inimical little court. Lord-chamberlains and vice-chamberlains have always been very formidable personages, as connected with slander in regard to queens, either as the subjects of gossip tales, or the inventors of them. There is a story afloat concerning the successor of this Jack Howe. Queen Mary did not often indulge in badinage or playfulness; once, however, she forgot her caution, and gave rise to an anecdote, the tradition of which was handed down to Horace Walpole. One day the queen asked her ladies, "What was meant by a squeeze of the hand?" They answered, "Love." "Then," said the queen, laughing, "vice-chamberlain Smith must be in love with me, for he squeezes my hand very hard."

Among many other circumstances, which contradict the report that queen Mary bestowed any undue partiality on lord Shrewsbury, is the undoubted fact, that the vacillations of that nobleman regarding his acceptance of office, were settled by the negotiations of her husband's female favourite, and Mrs. Lundee, a woman dishonourably connected with Shrewsbury.<sup>1</sup> Thus was the appointment of a prime minister of England arranged in a manner equally disgraceful to king William and to himself. Shrewsbury's political intrigues with a woman deservedly abhorred by the queen, were not likely to recommend him to her majesty. Neither is the description of lord Shrewsbury, as "a charming man, wanting one eye," very attractive.

The young heir of England, at this period, began to occupy the attention of his aunt the queen, in a greater degree than heretofore. The princess Anne continued to reside at Berkeley House, as her town residence, while her boy usually inhabited Campden House, close to Kensington Palace. The princess had suites of apartments at Campden House for her own use, therefore it is evident that she occasionally resided with her son,<sup>2</sup> although the entrée at Kensington Palace, open to him, was for ever barred to her. All the provisions for his table were sent daily from Berkeley House; these consisted of plain joints of meat,

<sup>1</sup> Coxe's Correspondence of the duke of Shrewsbury. See the Letters to and from Mrs. Villiers and Mrs. Lundee, p. 18 to 30.

<sup>2</sup> This is gathered from the tract full of puerilities written by Lewis Jenkins, a Welsh usher to the little duke's chamber. The usher's memoir has, however, thrown light on the residence and daily life of queen Mary and her sister, for which it is vain to search biography or history. The localities of this narrative of small facts are often quoted, as in the bed-chamber, cabinet, or sitting-room of the princess Anne, at Campden House; likewise, that she resided at Berkeley House, until she took possession of St. James's Palace.

to which an apple-pie was added as dessert, but he was never permitted to eat confectionary. The predilection all young children take for the glitter and clatter of military movements, was eagerly fostered by his attendants, as an early indication of love of war; and to cultivate this virtuous propensity to the height, he was indulged with warlike toys in profusion, miniature cannon, swords, and trumpets, and, more than all, with a little regiment of urchins about his own age.

The princess Anne, finding her son afflicted with the ague in 1694, sent for Mr. Sentiman, an apothecary, and required him "to give her a prescription approved of by her uncle Charles II.," for her royal highness said, "it cured every kind of ague." Mr. Sentiman had the recipe for the nostrum, which was a mixture of brandy and saffron; it made the poor child excessively ill, but did not cure him. Her royal highness had a great ambition to have her young son elected a knight of the garter, and soon afterwards sent him to visit the queen and king William with a blue band passed over his shoulder, to put them in mind that there was a blue ribbon vacant by the death of the duke of Hamilton. Queen Mary received her young visitor, but did not take the hint respecting the coveted garter, which she gave the duke of Shrewsbury, as a reward for having, after much political coquetry, agreed to become her secretary of state. The queen bestowed on her little nephew a gift much more consonant to his years; this was a beautiful bird, but it appears that the child had been rendered, either by his mother or his governess, expectant and ambitious of the blue ribbon; he therefore rejected the bird, and very calmly said, "that he would not rob her majesty of it."

The poor little prince was evidently afflicted with hydrocephalus, or water on the brain, a complaint that often carries to the grave whole families of promising infants. Such was, no doubt, the disease that desolated the nursery of the princess Anne; very little was known regarding it by the faculty at that period. The symptoms are clearly traced, by the duke's attendant, Lewis Jenkins, who says, "The duke of Gloucester's head was very long and large, insomuch that his hat was big enough for most men, which made it difficult to fit his head with a peruke;" a peruke for an infant born in July, 1689!—it was then only Easter, 1694! The unfortunate child with this enormous head, is nevertheless described in glowing terms by his flattering attendant. After lamenting the difficulties of fitting the poor babe with a periwig, because the doctors kept a blister in the nape of his neck, he continues,<sup>1</sup> "The face of the young duke of Gloucester was oval, and usually glowed with a fresh colour, his body easy, his arms finely hung, his chest full, his legs proportionable to his body, made him appear very charming; turning out his toes as if he had really been taught to do so. I measured him, and found his height was three feet four inches. Although he was active and lively, yet he could not go up and down stairs without help, nor raise himself when down." How any child could be active and lively, in such a pitiable state, passes the comprehension of every one but Lewis Jenkins! "People concluded it was occasioned by the over

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the duke of Gloucester, p. 12.

care of the ladies. The prince of Denmark, who was a very good-natured pleasant man, would often rally them about it, and Dr. Ratcliffe, in his accustomed manner, spoke very bluntly to Mrs. Lewen, his sub-governess, about it.<sup>1</sup>

The young prince was chiefly managed by his governess, lady Fitzharding, lord Fitzharding, master of the horse to the princess his mother, and Mrs. Lewen. The Kensington quakeress, his wet-nurse, had likewise great authority in his household. Mr. Pratt, one of the chaplains of the princess, was his preceptor. "After due consultation with the prince, her husband, the princess Anne considered that it was time that their heir should assume his masculine attire, seeing how active he was, and that his *stiff-bodied coats* were very troublesome to him in his military amusements (for nothing but battles, sieges, drums, and war-like tales afforded him recreation); the princess and prince of Denmark therefore ordered my lady Fitzharding, his governess, to put him into male habitiments, which was accordingly done on Easter-day." Does the reader wish to know the costume of the heir of Great Britain, on Easter-day, 1694? His suit was white camlet, with loops and buttons of silver thread. He wore stiff stays under his waistcoat, which hurt him—no wonder! Whereupon Mr. Hughes, the little duke's tailor, was sent for, and the duke of Gloucester ordered a band of urchins from the boys' regiment, which he termed his horseguards, to punish the tailor for making the stiff stays that hurt him. The punishment was to be put on the wooden horse, which stood in the presence-chamber at Campden House,<sup>1</sup> this horse being placed there for the torment of military offenders. Now, tailor Hughes had never been at Campden House, and knew none of its customs; and when he found himself surrounded by a mob of small imps in mimic soldiers' gear, all trying, as far as they could reach, to pull and push him towards the instrument of punishment, the poor Welshman was not a little scared, deeming them freakish fairies, very malignly disposed towards him. At last, Lewis Jenkins, the usher, came to the rescue of his countryman. An explanation was then entered into, and the Welch tailor was set at liberty, after he had promised to amend all that was amiss in the stiff stays of his little highness.

The young duke had a mighty fancy to be prince of Wales, and often asked Jenkins, "Why he was not so?" The question was perplexing, since the princess Anne had solemnly charged lady Fitzharding, and all her son's attendants, never to make any allusion to his grandfather, king James II., or to the unfortunate prince of Wales, her brother; her child was not to know that they existed. Lewis Jenkins told him, "It was not impossible but that, one day, he might be prince of Wales; and if he ever were, he hoped he would make him his Welsh interpreter."<sup>2</sup> It seems always to have been a custom in the royal family of England, since the era of Edward I., to propitiate the principality, by appointing some Welsh persons as servants of the princes of Wales, and by employing Welsh tradesmen for their households. These little observances

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins' Memoirs of the duke of Gloucester, p. 11.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. p. 10

conciliate and please, when national differences of language sometimes occasion mutiny and discontent.

One day, just before his uncle's departure for the campaign in 1694, the little duke had a grand field-day in Kensington Gardens, king William condescending to look on. The infant Gloucester very affectionately promised him the assistance of himself and his whole troop of urchins for his Flemish war; then turning to queen Mary eagerly, he said, "My mamma once had guards as well as you; why has she not them now?" The queen's surprise was evident and painful. King William presented the young duke's drummer, on the spot, with two guineas as a reward for the loudness of his music, which proved a seasonable diversion to the awkward question of his young commander. The child must have heard the matter discussed in his household, or between his parents, since he was but a few months old when his mother was deprived of her guards. Queen Mary received a visit from her nephew on her birthday, April 30, 1694. After he had wished her joy, he began, as usual, to prate. There were carpenters at work in the queen's gallery at Kensington, the room in which her majesty stood with the king. The young duke asked the queen, "what they were about?" "Mending the gallery," said queen Mary, "or it will fall." "Let it fall, let it fall," said the young duke, "and then you must be off to London." A true indication that he had not been taught to consider their royal vicinity as any great advantage to Campden House.

William III. went to visit his infant nephew at Campden House, the following Sunday. It was in vain that lady Fitzharding lectured her charge, and advised him to make the military salute to his royal uncle; not a word would the boy say on that subject until he had demanded leave of his majesty to fire off his train of miniature artillery. The king was rather charmed with this military mania, so well according with his own. Three cannons were fired off, and a deep lamentation made by the little duke that the fourth was broken. King William promised to send him a new one, but forgot it. The child then, of his own accord, thanked him for coming to see him, and added, "My dear king, you shall have both my companies, with myself, to serve you in Flanders"—meaning the urchins who formed what he called his regiments; these boy-soldiers were no slight annoyance to Kensington, for on their return homewards from drill, presuming on being the duke of Gloucester's *men*, they used to enter the houses on the road to London, and help themselves to whatever they liked;<sup>1</sup> a proceeding in complete coincidence with the times, since it appears that this was only an imitation of the practices of soldiers quartered in the environs of London at the same era.

Whether queen Mary approved of the new administration, it would be extremely difficult to discover. Her consort, who best knew her mind, once warned her minister "not to take it for granted that the queen was of his opinion every time she did not contradict him." A hint illustrative of the diplomatic reserve of her character. Her letters prove that com-

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<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins' *Memoirs of the duke of Gloucester*, p. 15.

mand of countenance was her systematic study, and that she likewise anticipated the political deductions that those around her drew from the fluctuations of her spirits. Few women ever lived in such an atmosphere of bodily and mental restraint, or so sedulously calculated the effect of her words, looks, or manners, as Mary of England. Her ancestor, James I., made a remarkable clatter about an art that he fancied he had invented, called by him *king-craft*, which his extreme loquacity and sociability prevented him from practising; but queen Mary, if we may judge by her own written admissions, had silently reduced queen-craft to a system, and acted thereon to the last moment of her existence. The abstinence from contradiction into which she had been schooled, from girlhood, by the waspishness of her partner, caused her to be given credit for a host of virtues to which she had small claims. Among others, she had led her chamberlain, lord Nottingham, to imagine that, in case of widowhood, it was her intention to restore her father to his throne.<sup>1</sup> It is startling indeed, that so dutiful a spouse should have suffered her thoughts to stray towards the independent state of widowhood, to which, however, though much younger than William, she never attained. Whether the queen wished some filial affection to be attributed to her by lord Shrewsbury and lord Nottingham, whom she had reason to believe were in secret attached to her father, or whether her taste was justly offended by the indelicacy of the conduct of lord Halifax, it is difficult to decide. Nevertheless, king William thought proper to warn his ministry not to offend the queen as lord Halifax had done, who had infinitely disgusted her by breaking his rude jests on her father in her presence. "And on this account," added king William, "the queen at last could not endure the sight of lord Halifax."<sup>2</sup> This singular warning appears to have been given by the king just before his departure to Flanders, which took place May 6, that year, by way of Margate.<sup>3</sup>

A report has arisen that queen Mary was accustomed to supply her father with money in his exile; this has solely sprung from a false

<sup>1</sup> Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> King William was passing through Canterbury to go to Holland, when his approach excited the loyalty of a ne'er-do-well lad called Matthew Bishop, a resident there, but on the point of running away, and seeking his fortune by sea, in the manner of Robinson Crusoe. This worthy seems never to have wholly digested the dry manner in which his Dutch majesty received his zealous homage. "I gathered," he said, in his autobiography, "all the flowers out of our own garden and several more, to adorn the High-street, as he came along, and then, with some others [boys] ran by the side of his coach from College-yard, almost two miles huzzaing and crying at the top of our voices, 'God bless king William!' till his majesty put his hand upon the glass and looking upon us, said, with the most disgusting dryness, 'It is enough.'" King William could not well say less, yet contrived to offend his admirer so implacably, that he declares the news of the king's death when it occurred gave him sensible satisfaction. Thus were the people of England weaned from their close and familiar approximation with royalty, in which they had heretofore both delighted, and given delight. The monarchs of England had formerly lived in the presence of their commonalty—the chivalric Plantagenet, the powerful Tudor, the graceful Stuart, enjoyed no high festival, no gorgeous triumph, without their people for audience.



statement of Voltaire. We have found that the unfortunate king sent a fruitless request to Whitehall even for his clothes; <sup>1</sup> we have found that his indignant subjects recognised trifling property that had belonged to him, or to his queen, in the possession of his daughter; we have found the greedy inquisition that daughter made about the beds and toilets at Whitehall, assuredly to see whether the basons and ewers, and other furniture of solid silver, had been removed; <sup>2</sup> but we cannot find a single trace, or even an offer of any restitution from his private estates. <sup>3</sup>

The summer of 1694 brought its usual anxieties to the heart of the queen, in the shape of lost naval battles and fruitless expeditions. Time has unveiled the mystery of these failures. The defeat of the expedition against Brest took place in June; general Tollemache and sixteen hundred men were left dead on the French coast they had been sent to invade. There is some excuse to be offered for the utter abhorrence in which queen Mary held lord Marlborough, when it is found, from the most incontestable documentary evidence, <sup>4</sup> that this person betrayed his countrymen to their slaughter, by sending information to France of the projected attack, with many base protestations of the truth of his intelligence, and some reproaches that his former master, king James, had never, on any other occasion, availed himself of his information. The present intelligence cost Tollemache his life, for to that general Marlborough had peculiar malice; it likewise caused the destruction of many hundreds of unfortunate soldiers, who had given him no offence. Thus the earnest desire of queen Mary to separate the Marlboroughs from her sister, was a mere act of self-defence. Yet the course she pursued towards her sister excites contempt, on account of the series of low-minded petty attacks upon her, in which the spitefulness in regard to trifles strongly brings to mind the line:

"Willing to wound, but yet to strike, afraid."

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn. <sup>2</sup> They were afterwards coined into half-crowns by king William.

<sup>3</sup> The pretence on which Voltaire has hung his falsehood, was the chicanery (to use the very term of secretary Williamson who practised it) regarding the 60,000*l.*, which had been granted by the English parliament in payment of the dowry of the queen of James II., at the peace of Ryswick, and was supposed, both by the people of France and Great Britain, to have been paid to the unfortunate queen; but when the parliamentary inquiry took place, in 1699, into the peculations of Somers' ministry, it was proved that the queen's dowry never found its way further than into king William's pocket. From that moment, the supply was stopped, amidst vituperations of the House of Commons that nearly amounted to execrations. So shallow an historian as Voltaire, took it for granted that the dowry *had* been paid, and that James II. subsisted on it, because the charge was in the budget of supply, but he dived not into the whole of the incidents, and was mistaken in the chronology, or he would never have attributed such payments to "Mary, the daughter." There does not appear a circumstance besides this grant of the Commons (which was *never* paid), on which Voltaire, and the English historians who have echoed him, can found the assertion they have made.

<sup>4</sup> Stuart Papers, edited by Macpherson, vol. i. Coxe, the apologist for Marlborough, is obliged to own his hero guilty of this infamous act. His excuses for him seem to add to the guilt. Likewise, Dalrymple's *Memoirs of Great Britain*, where the reader may consult overpowering evidence of these treasons, and read Marlborough's letter. Vol. ii., pp. 44, 45.

One of queen Anne's historians affirms that the queen caused the name of her sister to be omitted in the Common Prayer-book; but against this assertion we beg to offer our own particular evidence, since we well remember, at six years old, in the innocence of our hearts, and without any papistical intentions, praying at church for king William, queen Mary, princess Anne, and the duke of Gloucester, out of old family prayer-books printed in that reign.

When the news arrived in the household of the princess Anne, of the disastrous defeat of Tollemache, the word went that he and his troops had been betrayed to death. "I was in waiting at Campden House," says Lewis Jenkins, "when told the news, that there had been an attempt to land men in Camaret Bay, which was ill-advised; for the French had had notice of our design, and general Tollemache and a great number of brave soldiers were killed or wounded; for the enemy were strongly entrenched near the bay, the king of France having posted his *arrière ban*<sup>1</sup> everywhere near Brest. We, who were in waiting, were talking of it to one another before the little duke of Gloucester. We thought he was busy at play, and did not attend to what passed; but when my lady-governess, Fitzharding, came in the afternoon, and began to tell the young duke the sad news, he stopped her, by repeating the story as exactly as if he had been taught it." From the same source, it is found, that at the period of this disaster, the princess Anne was on a visit with the guilty persons, the earl of Marlborough and his wife, at Sundridge, near St. Albans, to which seat, belonging to lady Marlborough, she often retired for some days.

It has been mentioned, that the gossips of the circle at Berkeley House, by the assistance of their ally, "Jack Howe," had thought proper to promulgate the fiction, that the one-eyed prime-minister, Shrewsbury, was the object of queen Mary's secret preference. They actually went so far as to affirm, that if king William died, the queen would have given her hand to Shrewsbury. Such tales certainly invest the despatches that premier wrote to king William in his absence with an interest they would not otherwise possess. The sole foundation for this report, is, that whenever lord Shrewsbury entered the presence of queen Mary, she was observed to tremble and turn pale—no very certain criterion of the nature of the passion that agitated the queen, which might be fear or hope concerning the tidings, of weal or woe, he was likely to bring her on matters of high import.

Assuredly, lord Shrewsbury himself had heard of these scandals; for he expresses himself with a certain degree of prudish stiffness, when he mentions the queen in his despatches to her absent consort, dated August, 1694. The question was, whether the fleet, commanded by Russell, should winter at Cadiz, or return to England. The privy-council were not united in their opinions, and the vacillation of Shrewsbury was almost proverbial.

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<sup>1</sup> Feudal militia.

"When they," he writes to king William,<sup>1</sup> "were so diffident, you may be sure I was much more so of *my own single*, and therefore I had not presumed to say any more to your majesty upon this subject, but that the queen did me the honour to send for me, and *chid me*, saying, 'that in so important and nice a point, I ought not only to give your majesty an account of my own thoughts, but as near as I could collect, the thoughts of the whole committee.' It is, therefore, in obedience to *her* commands, and no presumption of my own, that I venture to report to your majesty, that everybody agreed the decision should be left to admiral Russell."

These words give no very brilliant idea of the abilities of Mary's assistant in government; but they illustrate some of her difficulties, in eliciting the opinions of her council, and bringing them to an unanimous decision. Could queen Mary have examined their private *escrittoires*, and opened the autograph letters which we have opened, her spirit must have failed in utter despair, at witnessing their complicated treachery! And whether the intent of these double-dealing men was to betray her or her father, the disgust excited by their conduct is equal. A majority among the great body of the people, backed by the system of formidable standing armies, supported her, and the queen again steered the vessel of the state safely through all dangers; but the more the separate treasons are considered, the higher ought her abilities in government to be rated.

The queen expedited the legal completion of her best good work, the foundation of Greenwich Hospital, a few days before the return of her husband. The letters patent for this foundation are dated October 25th, 1694. It was destined for the use of those seamen of her royal navy who, by age, wounds, or other accidents, should be disabled from further service at sea. There was afterward established a liberal naval school for their children. The legal instrument sets forth, "that the king and queen granted to sir John Somers, lord keeper, and other great officers of state, eight acres of their manor of Greenwich, and that capital messuage, lately built by their royal uncle, king Charles II., and still remaining unfinished, commonly called the Palace of Greenwich, and several other edifices and buildings standing upon part of the aforesaid ground bounded by the Thames, and by admeasurement along that river 673 feet, to the east end of an edifice, called 'the Vestry,' southward on the 'old Tilt-yard' and the 'Queen's-garden,'<sup>2</sup> and westward on the 'Friar's-road,' and bounded by other lands belonging to the crown."<sup>3</sup>

In the subsequent confirmation of this grant by William III. in 1695, the king mentions the foundation "as a particular wish of the queen;" thus the conversion of this unfinished palace (which remained a national reproach) into an institution which is one of its glories, originated with Mary II., who nevertheless contributed nothing towards the endowment or

<sup>1</sup> Coxe's *Shrewsbury Correspondence*, p. 66.

<sup>2</sup> One of the landing-places at Greenwich is still called Garden Stairs. These names are almost the only vestiges that remain of the ancient palace and convent there.

<sup>3</sup> Halstead's *History of Kent*, vol. i. p. 22.

support of the charity from her own purse. Something, perhaps, she meant to give; yet that part called by her name remained unfinished as late as 1752, for want of funds. And when king William endowed the hospital with the sum of 8000*l.*, in 1695, that sum was taken out of the civil list, and thus was entirely the charity of the English nation.<sup>1</sup> No doubt, the queen would have been better pleased if she had been suffered to endow her hospital with her family spoils, than to have had the grief and shame of seeing them dispensed where they were.<sup>2</sup>

This explanation is needful to show wherefore queen Mary, with every good will to become a most munificent foundress, was forced to limit her benefactions to the grant of a deserted palace, and the simple permission of existence to this great charity. Nevertheless, there was no little intellect in the act of projecting and instituting such an establishment as Greenwich Hospital, and appropriating a palace, in which her husband delighted not to dwell, to so noble and beneficent a purpose.

England, perhaps, owed the firm establishment of her naval power to the delight which her sovereigns in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries took in their residence at Greenwich Palace, where they loved to dwell, with all their mighty navy anchored around them. The Tudors, and especially the Stuarts, then felt themselves monarchs of the ocean, and exulted in every gallant ship added to their navy, as the cavalier rejoices in a new battle-steed. These vessels being thus completely under the eyes of their sovereign, he and all his race took pleasure in, and became judges of those marine and colonial statistics, with which the true interests of this empire are vitally connected. The navy of England, likewise the mighty colonies founded in the intervals of peace in the seventeenth century, declined miserably for upwards of fifty years after the reigning sovereign had given up the naval palace of Greenwich.

The queen, in 1694, was required by *some* persons (who were, it is supposed, king William and his Dutch favourites) to demolish all the royal structures appertaining to Greenwich palace, before she commenced the Naval Hospital; but her majesty had enough regard for the place to resist this proposal. "I mean," she said, "to retain the wing, builded by my uncle, Charles II., as a royal reception-palace, on the landing of foreign princes or ambassadors; likewise the water-stairs, and approach

<sup>1</sup> An equal sum was collected from the munificence of private individuals in London. A scheme was afterwards arranged for the support of the hospital, by the deduction of sixpence a month from the wages of the seamen, a plan probably not intended by queen Mary.

<sup>2</sup> It is a fact, scarcely credible, but nevertheless true, that her husband seized upon the ancient inheritance in Ireland, her father's private property, possessions derived from Elizabeth de Burgh, by her descendants, through his ancestors the Mortimers, and endowed with them the infamous Elizabeth Villiers. To this woman he had granted 95,649 acres of land, the private estate of king James, valued at 25,995*l.* per annum. It is a satisfaction to find that the House of Commons, some years afterwards, in the lifetime of king William, enraged at this appropriation, forced this woman to give up her spoils, and likewise tore enormous estates from the Dutch favourites, Bentinck, Ginkle, and Keppel, and ordained their restitution, with all the income pertaining to them since the 13th of February, 1687. (Toone's Chronology.)

to the same." The beautiful structure in the lower park, (to this day called "the Queen's House,") which was built by Charles I. for his queen, Henrietta Maria, it was the intention of queen Mary still to retain, as a royal villa, for her own occasional retirement, telling sir Christopher Wren, "that she meant him to add the four pavilions at the corners, as originally designed by Inigo;" with this resolution, her majesty ordered to be left a 'head-road' from the landing-place leading to the small palace." Thus Mary had planned to dwell occasionally at Greenwich, perhaps for the purpose of watching, in the true spirit of a soundress, over the noble hospital she had designed to raise around. Such was "her majesty's absolute determination," to quote the words of her surveyor,<sup>1</sup>—such were her plans when looking forward to a long vista of years, not knowing how few weeks were really to be her own.

For several months, the queen had been in imminent danger from the machinations of a knot of dark conspirators among her guards, of whom the chief plotter, sir George Barclay, was lieutenant-general. He had been a violent revolutionist, and on some affront connected himself with the Jacobite interest. By means of his coadjutor, captain Williamson, of the same corps, he had, under feigned names, sounded king James regarding an assassination of William III. This scheme the exiled king forbade with detestation. Sir George Barclay then affected to adopt in his own name another plan. He wrote, "that he and sir John Friend hoped, by a stratagem, to seize 'the prince and princess of Orange,' and bring them to his majesty, their father, at St. Germain's."<sup>2</sup> As this plot was formed by noted revolutionists, employed in guarding her person, there actually existed a possibility that the daughter might have been dragged across the seas into the presence of her father. Nothing, after the success of two revolutions in one century, seemed, in fact, too wild or perilous to be undertaken by English political adventurers.

Queen Mary condescended to encourage a spy and tale-bearer in the family of the princess, her sister, who was one of the most influential persons in it, being the quaker-nurse of her nephew. When the duke was weaned, the wet-nurse was given the offices of breakfast-woman and dry-nurse. Nothing, however, could please her; she would be mistress over everybody, and would complain of every individual to the lady-governess (Fitzharding), who was heard to say, "that if the quakeress Pack was a year longer at court, she would be too much for all there."

<sup>1</sup> Life of sir Christopher Wren. Hawksmoor's Account of Greenwich Hospital, 1728. He was deputy-surveyor.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> State Papers, edited by Macpherson, vol. i. p. 467, and Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain, p. 74: this very clause must acquit James II. of all desire of assassinating his nephew. Two years afterwards, this strange scheme was matured by these men into an assassination plot against William III., then a widower, who was to have been murdered when returning from hunting, at Richmond. No less than ten gentlemen were put to death for this plot, called in history, "Sir John Friend's Conspiracy." It is worthy of remark, that the leaders or executors of all the assassination plots, in this reign and the next, had been revolutionists, or officers from William's own band of French refugees, as Granval and Guiscard; the latter, however, is supposed not to have joined the refugee corps till after the king's death.

Lady Fitzharding had found out that this woman had insinuated herself into favour with the queen, and particularly with the ladies who were not on friendly terms with the princess Anne, and busied herself with carrying tales out of the establishment at Campden and Berkeley Houses to her majesty—an inconvenience to lady Fitzharding, who had the same office to perform, but thought it safest to play a double game. The queen, at last, gave Mrs. Pack's husband a place in the Custom House. The quakeress-nurse, finding that her practices were suspected, requested to retire, under plea of ill-health. The princess consented, and gave her an annuity of 40*l.* per annum. Scarcely had the nurse retired from the healthy air of Kensington to Deptford, when she caught the small-pox. Whilst she remained very ill, the duke of Gloucester sent every day to hear how she was. No one among her fellow-servants at Campden House had the least idea of her danger. One morning, the duke of Gloucester was asked, "Whether he should send, as usual, to know how his nurse was?" "No," he said, "for she is dead." "How do you know, sir," asked his attendant. "That is no matter," replied the young duke; "but I am sure she is dead." Mrs. Wanley, one of his women, then observed, "that the young duke had told her yesterday, that he knew Pack would die next day." The child was right; his nurse actually died about the time that the discussion took place. This coincidence occasioned no little consternation in his household; for they said it was physically impossible that the child, or any one else, could have been informed of the fact by natural means. The young duke was taken to visit his aunt, queen Mary, next day. Perhaps, her majesty had heard this marvellous tale; for she led the way to it, by asking him, "If he were sorry to hear that his nurse was dead?" The child replied, "No, madam." And this most unsatisfactory reply was all the queen could elicit from her little nephew on the subject. Mrs. Atkinson succeeded the quakeress-nurse in her offices. "She was," says Lewis Jenkins, "niece to my good countrywoman, Mrs. Butt, who had the honour to see how the princess Anne was fed when a child."

The issue of a new coinage engaged the attention of the queen's government in this summer. So much had the coin been debased in her reign, that good guineas passed for thirty shillings cash. The circulation in England was greatly injured by base guineas, coined in Holland. The heads of the two regnant-sovereigns were impressed on the new coins—not like Philip and Mary looking into each other's faces, but in the more elegant manner of one profile appearing beyond the other. Philip Rotier, one of the artists patronised by James II., had positively refused to work for William and Mary. His son, Norbert Rotier, was not so scrupulous. In 1694, he was employed in designing some dies for the copper coinage, and a medal, charged with the double profile, and Britannia on the reverse, when it was discovered that William's head bore an impertinent likeness to that of a satyr; and this circumstance

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<sup>1</sup> This is, perhaps, the same name as *Bess*, who is mentioned, in the Clarendon Diary, as nurse to the princess Anne. According to Lewis Jenkins, she had the office of keeper of the privy-purse to the princess.

made a great noise, and was followed by the report that James II. was concealed in his house in the Tower. Norbert Rotier, finding himself an object of suspicion, retired to France.<sup>1</sup>

The queen had anxiously expected her husband from Holland, throughout the latter part of October and the beginning of November; he was detained by the French fleet. He arrived, however, at Margate on the 12th of November; his queen met him at Rochester, and they travelled safely to Kensington.<sup>2</sup> The king opened his parliament next day. After voting thanks to the queen for her courage and firm administration, the parliament proceeded to impeach her favourite prime-minister, then duke of Leeds, for the infamous corruption of his government; likewise sir John Trevor, the late speaker, for receiving bribes himself, and for distributing them in the house of commons. In the course of these inquiries the names of her majesty's immediate attendants, if not her own, were compromised. The following passage on this head is abstracted from the scanty details preserved in the journals of the house of lords. Sir Thomas Cooke, the chairman, had sent a bribe on the part of the East India company to the lord-president of queen Mary's cabinet-council, (the marquis of Carmarthen,)<sup>3</sup> by sir Basil Firebrass, which gentleman further deposed, "That they found great stops in the charters, which they apprehended proceeded, sometimes from my lord Nottingham, the queen's lord-chamberlain, and sometimes from others. That colonel Fitzpatrick received one thousand guineas on the same terms as the others, if the charter passed: That he pretended great interest with lord Nottingham, and that he could get information from the lady Derby [*mistress of the robes*] how the queen's pleasure was?"<sup>4</sup> Lord Nottingham, the same deponent declared, "rejected a bribe of five thousand guineas indignantly." It is found colonel Fitzpatrick died soon after the queen; no one, therefore, could ascertain whether he had been calumniated, or whether he had himself insinuated calumnies on her majesty and her mistress of the robes. All that need be said on this head is, that queen Mary, in her letters, displays no tendency to any unrighteous acquisition of the public money. The fatal illness under which her majesty succumbed immediately after the parliamentary inquiries on this head—which commenced in the house of commons on the king's return—at once interrupted the examination, and spared the queen the confusion of finding proved the foul deeds of which her ministers were capable. The long disputed bill, limiting parliaments to three years' duration, was brought in the same autumn; it did not seem more palatable to the elective king and queen, than to their predecessors.

<sup>1</sup> Where he designed several medals for the chevalier St. George. He was succeeded in his office by Harris, the player, an unworthy favourite of the Duchess of Cleveland, who was ignorant of the art. (*Fine Arts of Great Britain*, by Taylor.)

<sup>2</sup> Ralph's History, vol. ii. p. 535.

<sup>3</sup> Formerly lord Danby, afterwards marquis of Carmarthen, then duke of Leeds. The passage is from *Parliamentary Debates in England*, printed 1739. Vol. iii. p. 23.

<sup>4</sup> *Parliamentary Debates in England*, printed 1739, vol. iii. p. 23.

Whilst these troubles and disgraces were impending, a disaster occurred, which greatly agitated and distressed queen Mary. She was at Whitehall-chapel, November 24, when the service suddenly ceased; archbishop Tillotson, who was officiating before her majesty, was silenced with a stroke of paralysis; he never spoke again, but died a few days afterwards. Archbishop Tillotson had grown excessively fat and corpulent at the time of his death. His friends considered that his life had been shortened by the sorrow and troubles his elevation had brought on him. Like the Psalmist, when he spoke of peace, the furious parties around him "made themselves ready for battle."<sup>1</sup> Just as archbishop Tillotson expired, a lady came into the apartment where her majesty was sitting, and said, she believed "that all the dignified clergy had come to court that day to show themselves." The queen replied, "There is one I am sure is absent, which is the dean of Canterbury." Some of the company observed, "that not one was missing." A lady of the queen's household, who knew dean Hooper, went out to see; she returned and said, "He is not there." "No," replied the queen, "I can answer for him; I knew he was not there."

All trifles make a strong impression, when connected with unexpected death—superstition is at such times very active; it will be remembered, that Dr. Hooper had declared to queen Mary, that the great walnut-tree which kept the people from seeing her when she sojourned at his deanery at Canterbury, should be cut down; by a curious accident, it was felled at the very moment of Tillotson's death, who, as the story goes, had planted it with his own hand when he was dean of Canterbury.<sup>2</sup>

Again was queen Mary made responsible in the eyes of all England, for the choice of the primate of the English church; once more it fell on a man who had not been educated in its creed; this was Dr. Tennyson, who was soon after raised to the archbishopric of Canterbury. This nomination did not please all queen Mary's courtiers, among others lord Jersey, the brother of Elizabeth Villiers; he reminded her majesty "that Dr. Tennyson had been much contemned for preaching a funeral sermon, and at the same time, pronouncing a high panegyric over a woman so infamous as Nell Gwyn, for the lucre of fifty pounds, which that person had provided for the purpose in her will." Queen Mary showed more discomposure of countenance at this remonstrance, than she ever betrayed before on any occasion: "What then?" she replied, after a pause of great confusion; "no doubt the poor woman was severely penitent, or I am sure by the good doctor's looks, he would have said nothing in her praise."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Life of Tillotson. There were found, in the possession of archbishop Tillotson, numerous letters, containing the most furious threats against his life, and revilings of his character; he had endorsed these words on the packets, "I have read these letters, I thank God, calmly, and may the writers forgive themselves as easily as I forgive them."

<sup>2</sup> Hooper MS.; but a walnut-tree of thirty or thirty-three years' growth could not have been a large one.

<sup>3</sup> Bio. Brit. Mistress Nelly was in the enjoyment of 1500*l*. per annum, which had been secured to her by James II. (Clarendon Diary, Appendix, p. 654.) It



Queen Mary might have defended Dr. Tennison far better, by mentioning his conduct of Christian heroism in Cambridge, during the horrors of the plague, when he acted both as physician and clergyman. She knew it not, or she would have urged so noble a plea; her wishes really were that Dr. Stillingfleet should be promoted to the primacy. King William's nomination of Dr. Tennison was induced by his controversial sermons against the Roman-catholics. He had been bred as a physician, and practised as such in the time of Cromwell.

The queen for many days, could not mention Tillotson without tears; the king was likewise much affected by his death. Indeed, since her majesty had witnessed the primate's mortal stroke, she had neither appeared well, nor in spirits. The royal pair were residing at Kensington Palace, with the intent to pass the Christmas in retirement, when the queen became seriously indisposed, on the 19th of December. She took some slight remedies, and declared herself well the next day. Her illness returned in the course of a few hours. "I was above half an hour with the queen the day she first felt herself ill, but nothing of it appeared," wrote Burnet.<sup>2</sup> "The next day, which was the 20th of December, she went abroad, but could not disguise being ill." How truly the queen anticipated the result, may be found from her conduct and employment. She sat up nearly all that night in her cabinet, burning and destroying papers, on which she did not wish the public, at any future time, to pass judgment. Burnet praises this action, as one of great consideration towards "people whom these papers would have committed, if seen after she was no more."<sup>3</sup> Queen Mary was certainly anxious that these documents should not commit her memory, and took a sure way of depriving biographers of them. Yet by those which remain, dark mysterious surmises are raised regarding the portentous nature of those destroyed. What state secrets were those which could induce her to keep a solitary vigil in her closet at Kensington, in a December night, and, with death in her veins, devote herself to the task, at once agitating and fatiguing, of examining and destroying important papers? What thoughts, what feelings, must have passed through the brain of queen Mary, on that awful night, thus alone—with her past life, and with approaching death? Strange contrast between an unfortunate father, and a fortunate daughter: James II. preserved every document which could cast light on his conduct, valuing their preservation before life itself;<sup>4</sup> Mary II. destroyed all in her power which could give

is said that out of gratitude she turned papist, but recanted when times changed, or queen Mary would not have entered on her defence; Nelly had left fifty pounds for her funeral sermon. Dr. Tennison's panegyric, when earning this sum, caused no little scandal on the clerical character.

<sup>1</sup> Burnet's MS., Harleian Collection, 6584.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> This curious remark is in Burnet's first folio edition; it has been withdrawn in that of 1823. It is in neither of his three manuscript versions of Mary's death. Harleian, 6584.

<sup>4</sup> There can be little doubt that the box which James risked his life to preserve, when the Gloucester was sinking, contained his memoirs as far as they were written, and the vouchers on which they were founded.

the stamp of certainty to her personal history. The queen finished her remarkable occupations on that night, by writing a letter to her husband on the subject of Elizabeth Villiers, which she endorsed, "Not to be delivered excepting in case of my death," and locked it in an ebony cabinet in which she usually kept papers of consequence.

As might have been anticipated, queen Mary was exceedingly indisposed, on the day succeeding these agitating vigils. Her disorder was, however, supposed to be only the measles, some two or three days afterwards, and great hopes were entertained of her recovery; but on the identity of her malady her physicians could not agree; Dr. Radcliffe declaring that she would have the measles, and Dr. Millington the small-pox.<sup>1</sup> Burnet affirms, that the fatal turn of her malady was owing to Dr. Radcliffe, in remarkable words, which are not to be found in his printed history, as follows: "I will not enter into another province, nor go out of my own profession," says Burnet's MS., "and so will say no more of the physician's part, but that it was universally condemned, so that the queen's death was imputed to the unskilfulness and wilfulness of Dr. Radcliffe, an impious and vicious man, who hated the queen much, but virtue and religion more. He was a professed Jacobite, and was by many thought a very bad physician, but others cried him up to the highest degree imaginable. He was called for, and it appeared but too evidently his opinion was depended on. Other physicians were called, when it was too late; all symptoms were bad, yet still the queen felt herself well."<sup>2</sup> Radcliffe's mistake was taking the small-pox for the measles; but this is an idle charge, since the proper treatment for the one eruptive disease would by no means render the other mortal. The truth was, the queen was full and large in person, somewhat addicted to good living, both in regard to food and wine; she likewise drank rich chocolate at bed-time. Small-pox, and even measles, are dangerous visitations to patients of thirty-two, with similar habits. Nor is Dr. Radcliffe answerable for the queen's high-fed condition and luxurious habits, as he was not her household physician,<sup>3</sup> and therefore not bound by his duties to give advice in regard to dietary temperance. The domestic physicians were the traitors, who had failed to counsel the queen on the regulation of her appetites.

While this desperate malady was dealing with the queen, her sister, the princess Anne, and her ambitious favourite, lady Marlborough, were startled from the torpor they had long suffered at Berkeley House, into a state of feverish expectation of the sudden importance which would accrue to them if her majesty's illness proved fatal. The princess Anne was then in a dubious state of health herself, for dropsical maladies impaired her constitution. She flattered herself with hopes of an increase

<sup>1</sup> Ralph's History, p. 539.

<sup>2</sup> So written. Burnet's MS., Harleian. 6524.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Radcliffe was considered the most skilful physician of his day. He really was a Jacobite; he attended the revolutionary sovereigns very unwillingly, and studied to plague them with vexatious repartees. Nevertheless, they all insisted on receiving his medical assistance. He has been separately blamed for killing queen Mary, king William, the duke of Gloucester, and queen Anne, either by his attendance or his non-attendance.

to her family; in consequence, she confined herself to the house, and passed the day constantly reclining on a couch.<sup>1</sup> Thus the princess was prevented by the infirmity of her health from visiting the sick-bed of her sister, from whose chamber there is every reason to believe she would have been repulsed. Although queen Mary was in a very doubtful state on the morning of the 22d of December, king William left Kensington, and gave his royal assent in the House of Lords to the important bill for passing triennial parliaments. It is supposed his foresight led him to this measure; since, in the case of the queen's death, and the consequent weakening of his title to the crown, he could not have yielded this concession with equal dignity.<sup>2</sup>

No regular intercourse took place between the palace at Kensington and Berkeley House; and all the intelligence of whatever passed in either household, was conveyed by the ex-official tattling of servants of the lower grade. Laundresses questioned nurses, or ushers carried the tales thus gathered. All was in the dark at the princess's establishment, as late as Christmas-day, O. S., respecting the malady of the queen, when Lewis Jenkins was sent to obtain information of Mrs. Worthington, the queen's laundress, regarding how her majesty really was. The news thus gained was, however, by no means correct.

"As I loved the queen much," says Lewis Jenkins, "I was transported with hearing she had rested well that night, and that she had not the small-pox, but the measles. The queen was much beloved; she had found the means of pleasing the people by her obliging deportment, and had, besides, the command of plenty of money to give away, which proved a powerful persuasive with many for loving her. I went into the duke of Gloucester's bedchamber, where I threw up my hat, and said, 'O be joyful!' The ladies asked me, 'What I meant?' I then related the good news; and the little duke said, 'I am glad of it, with all my heart!' But the next day, when I went to inquire at the palace after the queen, I was informed 'that, in consequence of being let blood, the small-pox had turned black, and that her majesty's death drew near, for nature was prevented from working her course.' I was this day in waiting, and talking over the ill news with Mrs. Wanley, one of the little duke of Gloucester's women, in a low tone, imagining that the child could not hear our conversation, as he was playing with George Wanley. His highness suddenly exclaimed, 'O be joyful!' I, hearing this, asked him, 'Where he learnt that expression?' 'Lewis, you know,' said his highness. 'Sir,' said I, 'yesterday I cried, O be joyful!' 'Yes,' rejoined the queen's nephew; 'and now, to-day, you may sing, 'O be doleful!' which I wondered to hear."<sup>3</sup>

The danger of the queen being thus matter of notoriety throughout the corridors and servants' offices of Campden and Berkeley Houses, the princess Anne thought it time to send a lady of her bedchamber with a message, entreating her majesty "to believe that she was extremely concerned for her illness; and that if her majesty would allow her the hap-

<sup>1</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 105.

<sup>2</sup> Ralph's History, p. 535

<sup>3</sup> Lewis Jenkins' History. Tracts. Brit. Museum.

piness of waiting on her, she would, notwithstanding the condition she was in, run any hazard for her satisfaction." This message was delivered to the queen's first lady, being lady Derby, who went into the royal bedchamber and delivered it to her majesty. A consultation took place; and after some time, lady Derby came out again, and replied to the messenger of the princess Anne, "that the king would send an answer the next day."

Had the queen wished to be reconciled to her sister, there was thus time and opportunity, for this message was sent some time before her death. No kind familiar answer was returned from the dying queen to her sister, but the following formal court notation from the first lady of her majesty to the lady of the princess:

"Madam,<sup>1</sup>

"I am commanded by the king and queen to tell you they desire you would let the princess know they both thank her for sending and desiring to come, but it being thought so necessary to keep the queen as quiet as possible, hope she will defer it. I am, madam, your ladyship's most humble servant,

"E. DERBY."

"P. S.—Pray, madam, present my humble duty to the princess."

The unusual civility of the postscript astonished the little court at Berkeley House; the deductions drawn from it were prophetic of the fatal termination of the queen's illness, but not a single expression indicative of human feeling, or yearning kindness towards the sufferer, is recorded by lady Marlborough as falling from the princess Anne, whether such were the case or not. The politeness of lady Derby's postscript, who had been previously remarked for her insolence to the princess, "made us conclude," observes lady Marlborough, "more than if the whole college of physicians had pronounced it, that her disease was mortal."

Many persons, and even some individuals belonging to the household of the princess, were allowed to see the queen in her sick-chamber; therefore it was concluded, that deferring the proposed visit of the princess was only to leave room for continuing the quarrel, in case the queen should chance to recover, while, at the same time, it left a possibility of a political reconciliation with the king, in case of her majesty's death.<sup>2</sup>

Such were the surmises and proceedings at Berkeley House, while death, every hour, approached nearer to queen Mary. The king certainly despaired of his consort's life; "for the next day (December 26)," says Burnet, "he called me into his closet, and gave a free vent to the most tender passion; he burst into tears, and cried out aloud, 'That from being the happiest, he was going to be the most miserable creature on the earth;' adding, 'that, during their whole wedlock, he had never known one single fault in his queen; there was, besides, a worth in her that nobody knew besides himself, though I (Burnet) might know as much of her as any other person did.'"

As the queen's illness fluctuated, the princess Anne and lady Marlborough became ungovernably agitated with their hopes and fears; and as they could obtain no intelligence which they could trust, they at last

<sup>1</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid, p. 106

resolved to despatch lady Fitzharding to Kensington Palace, where she undertook to see the queen and speak to her. Accordingly, charged with a dutiful message to her majesty, the lady Fitzharding "broke in," whether the queen's attendants "would or not," and approaching the bed where her majesty was, made her speech, to express "in how much concern the princess Anne was." The dying Mary gasped out, "Thanks," and the lady went back to her princess with a report that her kind message had been very coldly received.<sup>1</sup> Lady Fitzharding had means of knowing the private feelings of the queen towards the princess, because her majesty was surrounded by the brothers and sisters of that lady. The real tendency of the mind of the king, as well as that of the queen, was likewise known to lady Fitzharding, through the communication of her sister Elizabeth, his mistress; and if we may credit the testimony of the Marlborough, she reported that her majesty was most inimical to the princess Anne to her last gasp. Without giving too much belief to a witness of lady Marlborough's disposition, it may be observed that the whole bearings of the case tend to the same conclusion. Another contemporary lady of the household affirms that the queen "was sinking fast into unconsciousness when lady Fitzharding forced herself into her bed-chamber, and that the single word she spoke was indeed all she was able to utter."

The face of the queen was covered with the most violent erysipelas the Friday before her death. When this frightful symptom appeared, her physicians declared to her husband that there remained no hopes of her life. He received the intelligence with every symptom of despair. He ordered his camp-bed to be brought into the chamber of his dying consort, and remained with her night and day, while she struggled between life and death. It is possible that he was desirous of preventing anything she might say respecting the events of her past life. Our authority, however, declares that his demeanour was most affectionate; and that, "although greatly addicted to the pleasures of eating, he never tasted food during three successive dreadful days."<sup>2</sup>

"When the desperate condition of her majesty," says Burnet, "became evident to all around her, archbishop Tension told the king that he could not do his duty faithfully, without he acquainted her with her danger. The king approved of it, and said, 'that whatever effect it might have, he would not have her deceived in so important a matter.' The queen anticipated the communication of the archbishop, but showed no fear or disorder upon it. She said 'she thanked God she had always carried this in her mind, that nothing was to be left to the last hour; she had nothing then to do but to look up to God, and submit to his will.' She said 'that she had wrote her mind on many things to the king;' and she gave orders to look carefully for a small scrutoire that she made use of, which was in her closet, which was to be delivered to the king. Having despatched that care, she avoided giving herself or

<sup>1</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 107.

<sup>2</sup> Inedited MS., in the Bibliothèque du Roi, in French—of which the above is a translation. (No. 1715.)

her husband the tenderness which a final parting might raise in them both." When it is remembered that the casket the queen was thus careful to have put into his hands, contained the letter of complaint and reproof written by her, at the time of her memorable vigil in her cabinet at Kensington, it is difficult to consider that Mary died on friendly terms with her husband, or that her refusal to bid him farewell proceeded from tenderness. "The day before she died," continues Burnet, "she received the sacrament; all the bishops who were attending were permitted to receive it with her. God knows, a sorrowful company, for we were losing her who was our chief hope and glory on earth."<sup>1</sup> "The queen, after receiving the sacrament, composed herself solemnly to die; she slumbered some time, but said that she was not refreshed by it, and that nothing did her good but prayer. She tried once or twice to say something to the king, but could not go through with it. She laid silent for some hours, and then some words came from her, which showed that her thoughts began to break."<sup>2</sup> The queen's mind, in fact, wandered very wildly the day before she expired. The hallucinations with which she was disturbed were dreary, and the nature of them certainly indicates that somewhat remained on her mind, of which she had not spoken. Her majesty mysteriously required to be left alone with archbishop Tennison, as she had something to tell him, and her chamber was cleared in consequence. The archbishop breathlessly expected some extraordinary communication. The dying queen said, "I wish you to look behind that screen, for Dr. Radcliffe has put a popish nurse upon me, and that woman is always listening to what I want to say; she lurks behind that screen; make her go away; that woman is a great disturbance to me."<sup>3</sup>

The popish nurse, which the queen fancied that her Jacobite physician, Dr. Radcliffe, had "put upon her," was but an unreal phantom, the coinage of her wandering brain. Her father's friends, who were more numerous in her palace than she was aware, fancied that, instead of describing this spectre to archbishop Tennison, she was confessing her filial sins to him. A contemporary of queen Mary uses these remarkable words, when mentioning the interview: "But whether she had any scruples relating to her father, and they made part of her discourse with Tennison, and that arch-divine took upon his own soul the pressures, which, in these weak, unguarded moments, might weigh upon hers, must now remain a secret unto the last day."<sup>4</sup> The story, however, of the phantom-nurse that perplexed queen Mary's last moments, was told by Tennison himself to the historian, bishop White Kennet."

<sup>1</sup> Burnet's History of his Own Times. This writer (or his interpolator) slurs over the circumstance of the queen's departure, without reconciliation with her sister. Sarah of Marlborough's testimony is, we think, better deserving belief, because her words are supported by circumstantial detail and documents. She asserts "that queen Mary departed in enmity to her sister, that *no message was sent to the princess*." Moreover, in three several versions of the queen's death among Burnet's MSS., Harleian Collection, Brit. Museum, the passage does not occur; neither is the name of the princess mentioned in the course of them.

<sup>2</sup> Burnet.

<sup>3</sup> Ralph, vol. ii. p. 541.

<sup>4</sup> MS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris, (No. 1715.)

It was supposed, on the Sunday evening, that the queen was about to expire, which information was communicated to the king, who fell fainting, and did not recover for half an hour; that day he had swooned thrice. Many of his attendants thought that he would die the first.<sup>1</sup> Queen Mary breathed her last between night and morning, on the 28th of December, 1694,<sup>2</sup> in the sixth year of her reign, and the thirty-third of her age. The moment the breath left her body, the lord-chancellor commanded the great seal to be broken, and another made, on which the figure of William III. was impressed *solus*.<sup>3</sup>

The great seal of William and Mary represents them enthroned, sitting with an altar between them; upon it is placed the globe of sovereignty, on which they each place a hand. In the reverse, London is represented in the background, but it is *old* London before the fire, for old St. Paul's is very clearly represented, and, to make the matter stranger, the monument is introduced. Mary and William are equestrian figures uncrowned; he is like a Roman emperor in profile, while the queen turns her face full on him; her hair is dressed high in front, and streams over the shoulder before her; she is represented wholly without ornament.

A Roman-catholic priest,<sup>4</sup> who was a spy of the Jacobites, had been roaming round Kensington, watching for intelligence during the awful three days while Mary II. struggled between life and death. He had the opportunity of receiving the earliest news of her demise, probably from lord Jersey, who was secretly of his religion. The priest departed before dawn on the night of the queen's death; he meant to take his speediest course to St. Germain's, but he fell ill of a violent fever at Abbeville, probably the result of his nocturnal perambulations in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, in December. This intelligencer of Mary's demise himself remained between life and death for three days. At last, he recovered sufficiently to despatch a messenger to James II. at St. Germain's, who sent forthwith, one of his gentlemen to hear his tidings.<sup>5</sup>

The report of the illness of Mary II. had been current in France for several days; but, in the absence of authentic intelligence, all sorts of rumours prevailed—among others, “that she had recovered, and that William III. was dead.” The right version of the tidings spread over France when king James's messenger returned from the priest's sick-bed at Abbeville, January 13th, N. S. Madame de Sévigné mentions these circumstances in her letters, and she gives Mary II. as an instance of the transitory nature of all mundane glories. “She was,” says her illustrious contemporary, “but thirty-three; she was beautiful, she was a reigning queen, and she is dead in three days. But the great news is that the prince of Orange (William III.) is assuredly very ill; for though the malady of his wife was contagious, he never quitted her, and it is the will of God that he will not quit her long.” William III., however, bore on his face marks which entirely secured him from any danger respecting

<sup>1</sup> MS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris, (No. 1715.)

<sup>2</sup> This is old style. The French date her death January 7, 1695.

<sup>3</sup> MS. of the Bibliothèque du Roi.

<sup>4</sup> Dangeau, vol. iii. p. 512.

<sup>5</sup> An inedited MS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, in French, marked (1745.)

the contagious malady of which his queen died, and if he was very ill at the time of her death, his malady did not arise from the small-pox. When the news was confirmed of the death of Mary, her father shut himself up in his apartments, and refused all visits; he observed the mourning of solitude, tears, and groans, but he would not wear black for her death.<sup>1</sup>

James II. likewise sent to Louis XIV. to request him not to wear mourning for his daughter, and not to order a court-mourning. Otherwise, as she was so nearly allied to the king of France, being the granddaughter of his aunt, this order would have appeared, although it would have been a great absurdity, considering the deadly war subsisting, which seemed more personal than national, between the families of Orange, Stuart, and Bourbon. Some of the old nobility of France claimed kindred with the house of Orange; among others, were the dukes de Bouillon and Duras, who thought fit to assume mourning; they were sternly commanded by Louis XIV. "to put it off."<sup>2</sup> The duke de St. Simon blames the royal order, as a petty vengeance. This acute observer is among the few writers who do justice to the great abilities of Mary in government; at the same time, he bears the testimony of a contemporary, "that she was much more bitter against her father, than was her husband." The conduct of James II. was influenced by the horror which he felt at ascertaining that his once beloved child had expired, without any message or expression of sorrow and regret at the sufferings which she had been the means of causing him. He observes, "that many of his partisans fancied that her death would pave the way for his restoration;" but he made no additional efforts on that account; indeed, he says, "the event only caused him the additional affliction of seeing a child whom he loved so tenderly, persevere to her death in such a signal state of disobedience and disloyalty, and to find her extolled for crimes as if they were the highest virtues, by the mercenary flatterers around her."

"Even archbishop Tension reckoned among her virtues," adds king James, "that she had got the better of all duty to her parent, in consideration of her religion and her country; and that even if she had done aught blameworthy, she had acted by the advice of the most learned men in the church, who were answerable for it, not she."<sup>3</sup> When king James heard this reported speech, he cried out, "Oh, miserable way of arguing—fatal to the deceiver and to the deceived! Yet by this very saying, she discovered both her scruple and her apprehension." He declared himself "much afflicted at her death, and more at her manner of dying," and affirmed, "that both his children had lost all bowels of compassion for him; for the princess of Denmark, notwithstanding her professions and late repentance, now appeared to be satisfied with the prince of Orange (William III.); though he had used her ill, and usurped her right, yet she preferred that he should remain, rather than her father, who had always cherished her beyond expression, should be restored."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dangeau, vol. iii. p. 512.

<sup>2</sup> Dangeau, vol. iii. p. 512, and St. Simon, vol. i. p. 255.

<sup>3</sup> Memoirs of James II., edited by Stanier Clarke.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.



Archbishop Tennyson delivered to the king the deceased queen's posthumous letter, together with a reproving message she had confided to him. At the same time, he took the liberty of adding a severe lecture to his majesty, on the subject of his gross misconduct in regard to Elizabeth Villiers. The king took this freedom in good part, and solemnly promised the archbishop to break off all intimacy with her. The queen's letter expressed to her husband the great pain which his connexion with her rival had always given her.<sup>1</sup> True to the personal forbearance which is a remarkable feature in her conjugal life, she never complained, or told the pangs she suffered from jealousy, till after her own death had taken place. But whether she could be considered to expire in perfect peace and forgiveness to her husband when she left written reproaches, exposing him at the same time to the schooling of a stranger of rude manners, on so delicate a subject, is matter for consideration.

It ought to be reckoned among the other pains and penalties of William III., that he was subjected to the admonitions and exhortations of the dissenting-bred clergy, whom he had placed in the wealthiest church preferments, he having avowedly not the best opinion of their disinterestedness of conversion. For Burnet, he always manifested loathing, which was uncontrollable—a feeling, in which we have seen, by her letters, his lost queen fully participated. Burnet, nevertheless, was among the most active of his lecturers on the subject of future good behaviour, and, with infinite self-satisfaction, notes the result. “King William began then the custom, which he has observed ever since very exactly, of going to prayers twice a day; he entered upon very solemn and serious resolutions of becoming, in all things, an exact Christian, and of breaking off all bad practices whatsoever. He expressed a particular regard to all the queen's inclinations and intentions. He resolved to keep up her family.”<sup>2</sup> Such declaration need not excite astonishment—the *family* Burnet means consisted, not of the queen's near relatives of the exiled royal house, but merely of her household-servants; and if the duchess of Marlborough is to be believed, the king afterwards grumbled excessively at paying them the pensions he had promised, in the height of these his well-behaved resolutions.

“I confess,” pursues Burnet, “that my hopes are so sunk with the queen's death, that I do not flatter myself with further expectations. If things can be kept in tolerable order, so that we have peace and quiet in our days, I dare look for no more. So black a scene of Providence as is now upon us, gives me many dismal apprehensions.”<sup>3</sup>

As to any reconciliation of the princess Anne with the queen, it is improbable that Burnet believed it took place, since the Harleian contains three different copies of the queen's death, from the bishop's pen; and although he speaks as an eye-witness from beginning to end, he mentions not the name of the princess therein. Indeed, the odd and maladroit manner in which that assertion is introduced into the printed history, many pages after its natural date, gives the whole incident a very suspicious aspect. The words are thrust among the current events far into

<sup>1</sup> Shrewsbury MSS., edited by Coxe.

<sup>2</sup> Harleian MS., 6584.

<sup>3</sup> Burnet's MS., Harleian Collection.

the year 1695; they are apropos to nothing connected with chronological order, and are as follows: "The queen, when she was dying, had received a kind message from, and had sent a reconciling message to, the princess, so that breach was made up. 'Tis true, the sisters did not meet; 'twas thought that might throw the queen into too great a commotion."<sup>1</sup>

While preparations were making for the queen's funeral, a great number of elegies and odes were written in praise of her majesty. But poetic talent, excepting in the line of lampoons, was very scarce among the revolutionary party, and as the elegies excited either laughter or contempt, the public press of the day indulged in furious abuse of Dryden, because no panegyric on the queen appeared from his pen. "It is difficult," observes sir Walter Scott,<sup>2</sup> "to conceive in what manner the deprived poet-laureate of the unfortunate James could have treated the memory of his master's daughter." He granted her, at least on that occasion, the mercy of his silence. Dryden was, however, appealed to, in order to decide "which of the numerous effusions to the memory of queen Mary was the best?" "Bad was the best," was the very natural answer of one of the immortal authors of England; but being pressed to pronounce a more distinctive verdict, he said, "that the ode by the duke of Devonshire<sup>3</sup> was the best."

Among the royal elegies, were included some perpetrations in the pathetic line, by the hard, sarcastic profligates, Prior, Congreve, and Swift.<sup>4</sup> Sir Walter Scott suspects, that the ducal strains were in reality the worst, but they eluded his research. They exist at length in the Harleian Collection, and prove that Dryden spoke as an honest critic, for they are far superior to the professional poetry published on the occasion; they preserve withal some historical allusions; thus the queen is given the credit of tears, she either shed, or feigned to shed, at her coronation; although other witnesses have recorded dark words, which escaped her on that occasion, against her father's life:—

<sup>1</sup> Burnet's Own Times, edition 1823, with Dartmouth's, Onslow's, and Hardwick's Notes, vol. iv. p. 157.

<sup>2</sup> Life of Dryden.

<sup>3</sup> "Its memory," says Sir Walter, "only survives in an almost equally obscure funeral poem to the memory of William, duke of Devonshire, in which these lines occur.

"'Twas so when the destroyer's dreadful dart  
Once pierced through ours to fair Maria's heart;  
From his state helm, then some short hours he stole,  
T' indulge his melting eyes and bleeding soul;  
Whilst his bent knees to those remains divine,  
Paid their last offering to that royal shrine."

No wonder that sir Walter Scott suspected the merits of the Devonshire tribute after quoting this abstract of its contents, from some writer of less talent than his grace. The duke of Devonshire was, at that time, one of the state ministers, and had always formed one among the council of nine.

<sup>4</sup> Swift was at that time an expectant of place and profit from William III. under the patronage of sir William Temple.

## ODE BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE ON THE DEATH OF MARY II.

"Long our divided state,  
 Hung in the balance of a doubtful fate;  
 When one bright nymph, the gathering clouds dispelled,  
 And all the griefs of Albion healed—  
 Her the united land obeyed;  
     She knew her task, and nicely understood,  
 To what intention kings are made,  
     Not for their own, but for their people's good.  
 'Twas that prevailing argument alone,  
 Determined her to fill the vacant throne;  
 And with sadness she beheld,  
 A crown devolving on her head—  
 By the excesses of a prince misled,  
 When by her royal birth compelled,  
 To what her God, and what her country claimed;  
 Though by a servile faction blamed,  
     How graceful were the tears she shed!

"When waiting only for a wind,  
 Against our isle the power of France was armed;  
 Her ruling arts in their true lustre shined,  
     The winds themselves were by her influence charmed;  
 Secure and undisturbed the scene  
 Of Albion seemed, and like her eyes serene.  
 Fatal to the fair and young,  
 Accursed disease! how long  
 Have wretched mothers mourned thy rage?  
 Robbed of the hope, and comfort of their age;  
 From the unhappy lover's side,  
 How often hast thou torn the blooming bride!  
 Common disasters sorrow raise,  
 But Heaven's severer frowns amaze  
 The queen, a word, a sound!  
 Of nations once the hope and firm support.  
 That name becomes unutterable now,  
 The crowds in that dejected court,  
 Where languishing Maria lay,  
 Want power to ask the news they come to know:  
 Silent their drooping heads they bow,  
 Silence itself proclaims the universal woe.  
 Even Maria's latest care,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whom winter's seasons, nor contending Jove,  
 Nor watchful fleets,<sup>2</sup> could from his glorious purpose move,  
 Now trembles, now he sinks beneath the mighty weight,  
 The hero to the man gives way."<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> William III.

<sup>2</sup> This historical allusion is to the circumstances of that king's last voyage from Holland, which are not very creditable to the once triumphant navy of Great Britain, especially when joined to the Dutch marine force. November, Tuesday 16, 1694. "The prince of Orange (William III.) embarked to go to England; the wind beat him back twice, but he persevered and finally sailed with a fine day. His squadron was strongly reinforced, as he had been told that Jean Bart was watching for him." *Memoirs of Dangeau*. William had been waiting all the month for a passage, lest Jean Bart should intercept him.

<sup>3</sup> The elegy would extend over many pages; the necessity for brevity obliges us to present only an abstract, including all the personal allusions possible.

Swift's Pindaric Ode on the queen of his supposed patron exists in the Athenian Oracle; it cannot be worse. In the Life of Sir William Temple, supposed to be written by Swift, it is asserted "that lady Temple died within a month of her majesty out of sheer grief for her loss." A great compliment to the queen, but a doubtful one to sir William Temple, who survived his lady.

The queen's memory was illustrated by an historical sermon or oration, preached on occasion of her death, by Burnet. These pages cannot, however, be illumined from it by words that glow and burn, such as flowed from the lips of the gifted son of the herdsman of Meaux, the eloquent Bossuet, when the character and misfortunes of Henrietta Marie were given him for his theme.

Burnet's obituary memorial on Henrietta Maria's grand-daughter scarcely rises to the level of quaintness, and his distress for facts on which to hang his excessive praises makes him degenerate into queerness; for after lauding to the utmost the love of queen Mary II. for sermons (being perfectly ignorant of the bitter contempt she had expressed for his own,) he falls into the following comical commendations:—

"She gave her minutes of leisure with the greatest willingness to architecture and gardenage. She had a richness of invention, with a happiness of contrivance that had airs in it that were *freer and nobler than what was more stiff*, though it might be more regular. She knew that this drew an expense after it; she had no inclinations besides this to any diversions that were expenceful, and since this employed many hands, she was pleased to say 'that she hoped it would be forgiven her;' yet she was uneasy when she felt the weight of the charge that lay upon it."

"The gardenage" that had airs in it "freer than those that were more stiff," was, at the close of the seventeenth century, completely on a par with the Dutch architecture perpetrated by Mary and her spouse. Neither were worth placing in the list of a queen-regnant's virtues. Perhaps the following eulogy may seem not greatly adapted for funeral oratory, yet it has the advantage of giving a biographer an insight into the routine of the pretty behaviour and neat sampler way of life, that Mary II. mistook for high Christian virtues. "When her eyes were endangered by reading too much, she *found out* the amusement of work." It was no doubt a great discovery, on the part of her majesty; but her bad eyes had nothing to do with it, for needle-work, point-stitch, tent-stitch, tapestry-stitch, and all the other stitches—to say nothing of matching shades of silks and threading needles—require better eyesight than reading.

"In all those hours that were not given to better employment, she wrought with her own hands; and, sometimes, with so constant a diligence, as if she had been to earn her bread by it. It was a new thing and *looked like a sight*, to see a queen work so many hours a day. She looked on idleness as the great corruption of human nature, and believed that if the mind had no employment given it, it would create some of the worst sort to itself; and she thought that anything that might amuse and divert, without leaving a dreg and ill impressions behind it, ought to fill up those vacant hours which were not claimed by devotion or business. Her example soon wrought on not only those that belonged to her, but the whole town to follow it, so that it became as much the fashion to

work, as it had been formerly to be idle. In this, which seemed a nothing, and was turned by some to be the subject of raillery, a greater step was made, than perhaps every one was aware of, towards the bettering of the age. While she diverted herself thus with work, she took care to give an entertainment to her own mind, as well as to those who were admitted to the honour of working with her—one was appointed to read to the rest, the choice was suited to the time of day, and to the employment—some book or poem that was lively, as well as instructing.

"Few of her sex—not to say of her rank—gave ever less time to dressing, or seemed less curious about it. Those parts *which required more patience were not given up entirely to it.*"

This sentence is somewhat enigmatical; indeed, the whole sermon would prove a useful collection of sentences for those grammarians who teach a clear style, by the means of exposing faulty instances of involved composition. The truth is, that the man's conscience was at war with his words—therefore, those words became tortuous and contradictory. He has dared to praise Mary II. for "filial piety," knowing, as he must have done better than any one else, how differently she had conducted herself as a daughter. He himself has recorded, and blamed her disgusting conduct at her arrival at Whitehall. But whether it is true, that Mary sat complacently to hear this very man grossly calumniate her mother, rests on the word of lord Dartmouth. There is one circumstance, which would naturally invalidate the accusation, which is, that it was thoroughly against her own interest—a point which Mary never lost sight of; for if Anne Hyde was a faithless wife, what reason had her daughter to suppose that she was a more genuine successor to the British crown than the unfortunate brother, whose birth she had stigmatized? Nevertheless, the same strain of reasoning holds good against her encouragement of the libellous attacks of the Dutch polemical writer, Jurieu, on Mary queen of Scots. The hatred which her revolutionary policy caused her to express for her unfortunate ancestress, seems the more unnatural, on account of the resemblance nature had impressed on both, insomuch that the portrait of Mary queen of Scots, at Dalkeith, bears as strong a likeness to her descendant, Mary II., in features, when the latter princess was about eighteen, as if she had assumed the costume of the sixteenth century, and sat to the painter. The similarity of the autographs of signature between the two Mary Stuart queens, is likewise very remarkable.

Perhaps the following odd passage, in the Burnet panegyric, means to affirm, that queen Mary II. was unwilling to be praised in public addresses:—

"Here arises an unexampled *piece of a character* which may be well begun with; for I am afraid it both begun and will end with her. In most persons, even those of the truest merit, a studied management will, perhaps, appear with a little too much varnish; like a nocturnal piece that has a light cast through even the most shaded parts, some disposition to *set oneself out*, and some satisfaction at being commended, will, at some time or other, show itself more or less. Here we may appeal to great multitudes: to all who had the honour to approach her, and particularly to those who were admitted to the greatest nearness, if at any one time anything of this sort did ever discover itself. When due

acknowledgments were made, or *decent things* said upon occasions that had well deserved them, (God knows how frequent these were!) these seemed scarce to be heard, they were so little desired, that they were presently passed over, without so much as an answer that might seem to entertain the discourse even while it checked it."

Among other of queen Mary's merits, are reckoned her constant apprehensions, "that the secret sins of those around her drew down many judgments on her administration and government," a theme on which she very piously dilates in her letters to her husband. Assuredly, an unnatural daughter, and a cruel sister, needed not to have wasted her time in fixing judgments on the secret sins of other people.

Amidst this mass of affection and contradiction, some traits are preserved, in regard to the queen's personal amiability in her last illness, which redound far more to her credit than any instance that Burnet has previously quoted; they have, moreover, the advantage of being confirmed by a person more worthy of belief than himself. This is archbishop Tennyson, who says, "As soon as the nature of the distemper was known, the earliest care of this charitable mistress was for the removing of such immediate servants as might, by distance, be preserved in health. She fixed the times for prayer, in her own chamber, some days before her illness attained its height; she ordered to be read to her, more than once, a sermon by a good man, now with God, (probably archbishop Tillotson,) on this text: 'What, shall we receive good from the hand of God, and not receive evil?'"<sup>1</sup> Burnet adds, "Besides suffering none of her servants to stay about her, when their attendance might endanger their own health, she was so tender of them, when they fell under that justly-dreaded illness, that she would not permit them to be removed, though they happened to be lodged very near herself." Such conduct comprehended not only the high merit of humanity, but the still more difficult duty of the self-sacrifice of personal convenience.

It does not appear from Burnet's narrative, that any part of the Greenwich or Virginian endowments were bequeathed by the queen from her personal economy—a circumstance very needful to ascertain, when estimating the degree of virtue appertaining to royal charity. The funds came from the means of the miserable and over-taxed people, then groaning under the weight of government expenditure, increased, at least, thirty-fold, partly by the profligate corruption of the triumphant oligarchy, and partly by her husband's Flemish campaigns. Yet, as a legislatress, Mary deserves great praise for the projects of such institutions, since she occasioned a portion of the public money to be directed to virtuous uses, which would have been applied to the above worthless purposes. From Burnet's narrative, it is plain, that the Virginian College was indebted to her as legislatress, and not as foundress:

"The last great project," says Burnet,<sup>2</sup> "that her thoughts were working on, with relation to a noble and royal provision for maimed and decayed seamen,

<sup>1</sup> Narrative of the death of queen Mary, by Dr. Tennyson. Printed in White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 673. The sermon is by Tillotson.

<sup>2</sup> Discourse on the Memory of the late Queen, by Gilbert Burnet, lord-bishop of Sarum.

was particularly designed to be so constituted, as to put them in a probable way of ending their days in the fear of God. Every new hint that way was entertained by her with a lively joy; she had some discourse on that head the very day before she was taken ill. She took particular pains to be well informed of the state of our plantations, and of those colonies that we have among infidels; but it was no small grief to her to hear that they were but too generally a reproach to the religion by which they were named, (I do not say which they professed, for many of them seem scarce to profess it.) She gave a willing ear to a proposition which was made for erecting schools, and the founding of a college among them [*the Virginian foundation*]. She considered the whole scheme of it, and the endowment which was desired for it; it was a noble one, and was to rise out of some branches of the revenue,<sup>1</sup> which made it liable to objections, but she took care to consider the whole thing so well, that she herself answered all objections, and espoused the matter with so affectionate a concern, that she prepared it for the king to settle at his coming over."

Burnet thinks proper to assert, that William III. had "great liking for good things," meaning religious and charitable foundations; and adds, with more veracity, "that the queen always took care to give him the largest share of the honour of those effected by her means."

The public papers notified, with great solemnity, the circumstance, that upon the queen's first indisposition, the greatest and eldest lion in the Tower, who had been there about twenty years, and was commonly called "King Charles II.'s Lion," sickened with her, and died on the Wednesday night, forty-eight hours before her, "which was ominous," continues our authority, "affording us so much the more matter of curiosity, because the like happened at the death of Charles II., when another of these royal beasts made the same exit<sup>2</sup> with the prince." Such coincidences occur frequently enough in English history to raise the idea, that the wardens of the wild beasts at the Tower considered it a point of etiquette, privately and discreetly, to sacrifice a lion to the manes of royalty on the decease of any sovereign.

One of the most extraordinary of the contemporary elegies, written to the memory of the queen, commences thus:<sup>3</sup>—

"The great Inexorable seals his ears,  
Deaf to our cries, unmelted by our tears;  
The irrevocable posting mandate flies,  
Torn from three kingdoms' grasping arms, she dies!"

After upbraiding Providence, with some profane rant, an allusion to the queen's tastes occurs in an apostrophe to her favourite garden at Whitehall, which, a notification explains, led to the privy-stairs, or private entrance, into the royal apartments of that ancient palace. As the name Privy Gardens is still retained in the vicinity of the Banqueting House, this locality may be ascertained:—

<sup>1</sup> This assertion proves that the queen herself was not the foundress, as her income and property would have been at her own disposal. When the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet queens founded colleges and hospitals, they required their consort's consent to appropriate the fruits of their own economy for these purposes, not the public revenue.

<sup>2</sup> Life of Mary II., 1695.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

"And you once royal plants, her little grove,  
 'Twixt heaven's and William's dear divided love;  
 Her contemplative walk, close by whose side,  
 Did the pleased Thames his silver current glide!

• • • • •  
 No opening, no unhallowed hand may draw  
 The widowed curtains of her loved Nassau.  
 Despair, death, horror! Oh, be strong, great heart  
 Thou'st now to play thy mightiest hero's part;  
 Yes, great Nassau, the parting call was given,  
 Too dire divorce, thy happier rival, Heaven,  
 T' its own embrace has snatch'd that darling fair,  
 Translated to immortal spousals there."

The reader is spared some rather popish apostrophes to St. Peter, the patron saint of Westminster Abbey, and the great civility he is expected to show to her defunct majesty's remains, in opening, with his own hand, the portals of the holy fane, to allow the sumptuous velvet hearse to pass in, and the still greater alacrity and joy with which he had admitted her beautiful spirit at the narrow gate. An imaginary monument, of the most costly and enduring marble, is also addressed, under the supposition, that William would pay that tribute of respect to the memory of his queen.

Lord Cutts, whose headlong valour was infinitely esteemed by king William, turned poet on the solemn occasion of Mary's death. Poetry from lord Cutts was as great a miracle as "honey from the stony rock," since his qualifications have descended to posterity, in a terse line of Dryden or Parnell, describing him,

"As brave and brainless as the sword he wears."

King William professed the utmost esteem for the headlong valour of the poetical martialist, whose elegy is here presented in abstract.<sup>1</sup> There are some good lines in it; but, unfortunately, it is scarcely possible to read it with elegiac gravity, on account of the intrusion of absurd epithets:—

"She's gone—the beauty of our isle is fled,  
 Our joy cut off, the great Maria dead;  
 Tears are too mean for her, our grief should be  
 Dumb as the grave, and black as destiny.

"Ye fields and gardens, where our sovereign walked,  
 Serenely smiled and *profitably talked*;  
 Be gay no more, but wild and barren lie,  
 That all your blooming sweets with here may die,—  
 Sweets that crowned love, and softened majesty.

• • • • •  
 "Nor was this angel lodged in common earth,  
 Her form proclaimed her mind as well as birth;  
 So graceful and so lovely ne'er was seen,  
 A finer woman, and more awful queen."

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<sup>1</sup> Harleian MSS.



Lord Cutts breaks into strains of tender sympathy with the queen's mourning maids of honour, all dressed in the deepest sable.

"Ye gentle nymphs, that on her throne did wait,  
And helped to fill the brightness of her state;  
Whilst all in shining gold, and purple placed,  
Your beauties in the fairest light were placed."

The king is then panegyricized in very droll strains:—

"See where the glorious Nassau fainting lies,  
*The mighty Atlas falls*—the conqueror dies!  
O sir, revive, to England's help return,  
Command your grief, and like a hero mourn."

But when reading these eulogiums, it is requisite to call to mind, that such sentiments were not felt by all the English nation; for Mary had governed a divided people—half of whom were only kept down by terror of a standing army, ruled by the lash, and by the nearly perpetual suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. Numbers of opponents took pleasure in circulating, not elegies, but epigrams on her memory. The following have been preserved in manuscript, and were handed about in coffee-houses, where the literary lions of the day congregated; every person of decided genius, from Dryden to the marvellous boy, Alexander Pope, being adverse to her cause:—

#### JACOBITE EPITAPH ON MARY II.<sup>1</sup>

"Here ends, notwithstanding, her specious pretences,  
The undutiful child of the kindest of princes;  
Well, here let her lie, for by this time she knows,  
What it is such a father and king to depose;  
Between vice and virtue, she parted her life,  
She was too bad a daughter, and too good a wife."

The observations preserved in the pages of Dangeau and of madame Sévigné, relative to the expectation that William III. would die of grief for the loss of his partner, are alluded to in the second of these epigram epitaphs:—

"Is Willy's wife now dead and gone?  
I'm sorry he is left alone;  
Oh, blundering Death, I do thee ban,  
That took the wife and left the man  
Come Atropos, come with thy knife,  
And take the man to his good wife;  
And when thou'st rid us of the knave.  
A thousand thanks then thou shalt have."

When the news arrived at Bristol that the queen was dead, many gentlemen gathered together in the taverns, and passed the night in dancing and singing Jacobite songs, while a large mob assembled at the doors, shouting, "No foreigners, no taxes!" These turbulent scenes were repeated at Norwich, in Warwickshire, and in Suffolk.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Coles' MSS. Collections, vol. xxi., p. 65.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Inedited MS. Bibliothèque du Roi; likewise Warwickshire News Letter, January 10, 1694-5.

Political malice also showed itself in another spiteful epigram :

ON THE DEATH OF MARY II.<sup>1</sup>

"The queen deceased, the king so grieved.  
As if the hero died, the woman lived ;  
Alas, we erred i' the choice of our commanders,  
He should have knotted and she gone to Flanders."

Dr. Kenn the deprived bishop of Bath and Wells, who was formerly chaplain to queen Mary in the first years of her marriage, when she was in Holland roused himself from his peaceful retirement, to write an indignant remonstrance to Dr. Tennison on his conduct at the queen's death-bed. Kenn charged the archbishop with compromising the high functions of a primate of the English church, by omitting "to call queen Mary to repent, on her death-bed, of her sins towards her father." Kenn reminds Tennison, in forcible terms, "of the horror that primate had expressed to him of *some circumstances in the conduct of the queen at the era of the revolution*," which he does not fully explain ; but whatsoever they were, he affirms that "they would compromise her salvation without individual and complete repentance."<sup>2</sup>

And here it is not irrelevant to interpolate, that a few weeks before the death of queen Mary, her political jealousy had been greatly excited by the fact that Kenn, the deprived bishop of Bath and Wells, was regarded by the reformed catholic church of England as their primate, on account of the recent demise of Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury. Mary had, therefore, molested her old pastor and almoner—nay, it may be said personal protector, in her Orange court,—with a privy-council warrant, and dragged him to be questioned before her council. Kenn made his appearance in patched gaberdine ; notwithstanding his pale face and thin grey hairs, he was animated by moral courage of a high tone, and the queen and council heard what they did not like. For want of other crimes, our church-of-England bishop was charged with the offence of soliciting the charity of the public, by a petition in behalf of the starving families of the nonjuring clergy. "My lord," said he, "in king James's time, there were about a thousand or more imprisoned in my diocese, who were engaged in the rebellion of the duke of Monmouth, and many of them were such as I had reason to believe to be ill men, and void of all religion ; and yet, for all that, I thought it my duty to relieve them. It is well known to the diocese that I visited them night and day ; and I thank God I supplied them with necessaries myself as far as I could, and encouraged others to do the same ; and yet king James, far from punishing me, *thanked* me for so doing."<sup>3</sup>

The dreadful eruptive disease of which the queen died did not prevent the usual process of embalming, the account of which is extant in MS. dated 29th December, 1694.

<sup>1</sup> State Poems.

<sup>2</sup> The pamphlet printed at the time may be seen among the collections at the British Museum.

<sup>3</sup> Kenn's own Minutes of his Examination before the privy Council, April 28, 1696. See Hawkin's life of Kenn, edited by J. J. Round.

THE BILL FOR THE *Embalment of the Body of HER MAJESTY, BY DR. HARRIS,*  
HER MAJESTY'S APOTHECARY.

"For perfumed Sparadrape, to make Cerecloath, to wrap the Body in, and to Line the Coffin; for Rich Gummes and Spices, to stuff the body; for Compound drying powders perfumed to lay in the Coffin Under the Body, and to fill up the Urne [*where the heart or viscera were enclosed*]; for Indian Balsam, Rectified Spirits of Wine Tinctured with Gummes and Spices, and a stronge Aromatized Lixivium to wash the Body with; for Rich Damask Powder to fill the Coffin and for all other Materialls for Embalminge the Body of the High and Mighty Princes, Mary, Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c.

"As alsoo for the Spices and Damask Powders to be putt between the twoo Coffines with the perfumes for the Cambers [*chambers*]; alsogether 200lb. 00s. 00d.<sup>1</sup>

"Jo. HUTTON."

The mourning for queen Mary was deep and general; it is alluded to in the following MS. of the times, which gives at the same time a remarkable specimen of the style of writing the English language at this period of retrograded civilization—

"The greatest p<sup>t</sup> of this Town are p<sup>r</sup>pareing for Mourning for y<sup>e</sup> Queen, who died y<sup>e</sup> 27th instant ab<sup>t</sup> 2 Afternoon; some say not till 2 fryday morning; the King is extreemly grieved and has sownd away once or twice; yesterday y<sup>e</sup> Parliament resolved *namine Contradisente* y<sup>e</sup> an humble address bee drawn and Presented to his Ma<sup>ty</sup> to condole y<sup>e</sup> death of y<sup>e</sup> Q., and y<sup>e</sup> likewise they will stand by him with their lives and fortunes ag<sup>t</sup> all enemies at home and abroad."<sup>2</sup>

It will be observed from this MS. that the addresses of the houses of parliament were prepared within a few hours of the queen's decease. Deputations from the dissenters went up with condoling addresses to king William, to whom, almost as early as the houses of parliament, an oration was pronounced on the occasion, by their great speaker, Dr. Bates, who, it may be remembered, was the deputy who proposed a union between the dissenters and the church of England, at the time of queen Mary's landing and proclamation. "I well remember," says Dr. Calamy, "that upon occasion of the speech of Dr. Bates, on the loss of the queen, I saw tears trickle down the cheeks of that great prince, her consort, who so often appeared on the field of battle. I was one that endeavoured to improve that melancholy providence at Blackfriars, [*the place of his meeting-house,*] and was pressed to print my sermon, but refused because of the number of sermons printed on that occasion."<sup>3</sup>

There was a contest respecting the propriety of the parliament being dissolved, according to the old custom at the death of the sovereign; but this was overruled, and all the members of the House of Commons were invited to follow as mourners at her funeral, which took place, March 5th, at Westminster Abbey.

The bells in every parish church throughout England tolled on the day of Mary II.'s burial, and service was celebrated, and a funeral sermon preached generally in her praise at every parish church, but not universally, for a Jacobite clergyman had the audacity to take for his text the verse, "Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her, for she is a king's daughter." The same insult, if our memory holds good, had been

<sup>1</sup> Add. MSS., 5751, Fol. 52 r.

<sup>2</sup> Add. MSS., 6684, p. 602.

<sup>3</sup> Life of Calamy, vol. i., p. 356.

offered to Mary, queen of Scots, the ancestress of Mary II., by a puritan—so nearly do extremes in politics meet.

The funeral procession of queen Mary was chiefly remarkable on account of the attendance of the members of the House of Commons, a circumstance which it is improbable will ever take place again. A wax effigy of the queen was placed over her coffin, dressed in robes of state, and coloured to resemble life. After her funeral, it was deposited in Westminster Abbey; and in due time that of her husband, William III., after being in like manner carried on his coffin at his funeral, arrived to inhabit the same glass case. These funeral effigies, in general, were thus preserved to assist sculptors, if a monumental portrait was designed, with the costume, proportions, and appearance of the deceased. There is little doubt but that, "when the wax-chandlers did their office about the royal dead," part of that office was to take a cast of the bust for the waxen effigy. No other monument than these figures was raised to the memories of William and Mary. They left no children, and died at enmity with all their near relatives.

It is singular that William III. did not take the opportunity of raising a monument to the wife he appeared to lament deeply, but sovereigns who are for ever at war are always impoverished; and all the funeral memorials of Mary and her spouse are contained in the said glass case, which is now shut up, in dust and desolation, from the view of the public. The perpetual gibes which were made at these waxen moulds of the royal dead, by those who knew not for what purpose they were designed, have occasioned their seclusion from the public eye. They are, however, as authentic memorials of historical customs and usages as anything within or without the abbey; they are connecting links of the antique mode of bearing the "dead barefaced on the bier," like the son of the widow of Nain, and as they are, to this day, carried to the grave in Italy.

In all probability, centuries elapsed before the populace—"the simple folk," as our chroniclers called them—believed that the waxen effigy, in its "parell and array," was otherwise than the veritable corpse of their liege lord or lady. It was meant to be so taken; for the ancient enamelled statues of wood or stone, coloured to the life, on the monuments at Fontevraud and elsewhere, exactly resembled in costume the royal dead in the tombs below. The wax effigy formed the grand point of interest in a state funeral, to which all the attendant pomp ostensibly pertained. So difficult was it to divorce this chief object from public funerals, that one of the wax effigies in the abbey actually pertained to the present century.<sup>1</sup> There were other figures in the Westminster Abbey collection in the preceding age, as we learn from the lines on the wax effigy of Charles II.:

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<sup>1</sup> That of lord Nelson, who is dressed in his exact costume; he is represented with only one arm; the sleeve of his admiral's coat looped to the breast as he wore it; whether his effigy was thus laid on his coffin, and borne on the grand car, is another question. Lord Chatham's wax effigy, in the costume of his day, had, in all probability, been carried at his public funeral.

I saw him shown for twopence in a chest,  
 Like Monk, *Old Harry, Mary*,<sup>1</sup> and the rest;  
 And if the figure answered its intent,  
 In ten more years 't would buy a monument.

At the extreme ends of a large box, glazed in front, are seen the effigies of queen Mary and king William. They seem to be standing as far as possible from each other; the sole point of union is the proximity of their sceptres, which they hold close together, nearly touching, but at arms' length, over a small altar. The effigy of the queen is nearly six feet in height; her husband looks diminutive in comparison to her; and such was really the case, when, as tradition says, he used to take her arm as they walked together.

Queen Mary's wax effigy represents a well-proportioned, but very large woman. The reports of the angry Jacobites regarding her devotion to the table, are rather confirmed by this representation of her person at the time of her death; for thirty-two is too early a time of life for a lady to be embellished with a double chin. The costume of the queen nearly assimilates to the court-dress of the present day. Her large but well-turned waist is compressed in a tight velvet boddice of royal purple velvet, cut not only as long as the natural waist will allow, but about an inch encroaching on the hips; thus the skirt and girdle are put on somewhat lower than the waist—a very graceful fashion, when not too much exaggerated. The waist is not pointed, but rounded, in front. The boddice is formed with a triangular stomacher, inserted into the dress, made of white miniver; three graduated clusters of diamonds, long ovals in shape, stud this stomacher from the chest to the waist. Clusters of rubies and diamonds surround the bust; and a royal mantle of purple velvet hangs from the back of the boddice. The bosom is surrounded with guipure, and large double ruffles of guipure, or parchment-lace, depend from the straight sleeves to the wrist. The sleeves are trimmed lengthways, with strips of miniver and emerald brooches. The skirt of the robe is of purple velvet; it forms a graceful train, bordered with ermine, and trimmed at an inch distance with broad gold lace, like the bands of footmen's hats, only the gold is beautiful and finely worked. The skirt of the dress is open, and the ermine trimming is graduated to meet the ermine stomacher very elegantly; the opening of the robe shows an under-dress of very beautiful shaded lutestring, the ground of which is white, but it is enriched with shades and brocadings of every possible colour. The whole dress is very long, and falls round the feet. The throat necklace, *à la Sévigné*, is of large pearls, and the earrings of large pear pearls. The head-dress is not in good preservation; the hair is dressed high off the face, in the style of the portrait of her step-mother, Mary Beatrice of Modena; three tiers of curls are raised one over the other, and the Fontange is said to have been twisted among them, but there is not a vestige of it now, only a few pearls; two frizzed curls rest on the bosom, and the hair looks as if it had originally been powdered with brown powder. The sceptre of sovereignty, surmounted by a fleur-de-lis and cross, is in one hand, and the regnal globe in the

<sup>1</sup> Henry VIII. and his daughter, Mary I.

other; there are no gloves. On the little pillar-shaped altar, which separates her from her husband, is the sovereign crown, a small one with four arches.

Many medals were struck on the occasion of Mary's death; they chiefly represent her as very fat and full in the bust, with a prodigious amplitude of double chin. The hair is stuck up in front some inches higher than the crown of the head, as if the queen had just pulled off her high cornette cap; the hair thus is depicted as standing on end, very high on the forehead, and very low behind, a fashion which gives an ugly outline to the head. On the reverse of one of her medals is represented her monument as in Westminster Abbey; there never was one, excepting it might be a hearse and *chapelle-ardente*, which, indeed, it seems to be by the design. The queen's costume is nearly the same as that of her fine portrait, by Kneller, in St. George's Hall, Windsor.

On the death of any sovereign of Great Britain, the theatres were closed for six weeks; such was the case at the death of queen Mary,<sup>1</sup> whose demise at the period of sports and carnival was a serious blow to the players.

More than one benefaction is mentioned in history as bequeathed by Mary; yet we can find no indications of a testamentary document any way connected with her papers. A sum of 500*l.* per annum was paid to the pastors of the primitive church of the Vaudois, as a legacy of queen Mary II. This sum was divided between the pastors of Vaudois, in Piedmont, and the German Waldenses, in her name, until the close of the last century,<sup>2</sup> when the Vaudois became the subjects of France. What fund was appropriated by Mary for the supply of this annuity, is not ascertained. But it seems to have been paid through the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts—a good work, originally founded under the auspices of this queen.

The natural inclinations of Mary were evidently bountiful; like her ancestors, she strove sedulously to become a foundress of good institutions. The hard nature of her consort, to whose memory no anecdote in any way connected with a gift pertains, impeded her efforts. Queen Mary founded an institution at the Hague for young ladies, whose birth was beyond their means; it was endowed with lands in England, which made the charity, however kind to Holland, not very benevolent to this country, and we think contrary to English law.

All terms of praise and eulogy were exhausted to exalt the memory of Mary II. beyond every queen that had ever existed. In an obscure history, two facts are adduced in support of a flood of wordy commendation. They are as follows: the first is quoted in illustration of "her bright spirit of devotion;" either it does not possess any very great merit, or the merit has evaporated with the change of dinner-hours. "A lady of quality coming to pay her majesty a visit, on a Saturday in the afternoon, she was told that the queen was retired from all company, and kept a fast in preparation for receiving the sacrament the next day. The

<sup>1</sup> Colley Cibber's *Life and Apology*, 425.

<sup>2</sup> *Narrative of an Excursion to Piedmont*, by the Rev. W. S. Gilly, p. 277

great lady, however, stayed till *five o'clock in the afternoon*, when queen Mary made her appearance, and forthwith ate but a slender supper, "it being incongruous," as she piously observed, "to conclude a fast with a feast."<sup>1</sup> Strange, indeed, that so pharisaical an anecdote is the best illustration of queen Mary's piety. The whole is little in unison with the scriptural precepts respecting fasting. The other anecdote is in illustration of her charity. "Her charity's celestial grace was like the sun, nothing within its circuit was hid from its refreshing heat. A lord proposed to her a very good work that was chargeable. She ordered a hundred pounds to be paid. The cash was not forthcoming. The nobleman waited upon her, and renewed the subject, telling her that interest was due for long delay, upon which the queen ordered fifty pounds to be added to her former benefaction;" but whether either sum was actually paid cannot be ascertained. The anecdote proves that the queen was willing to give, if she had had wherewithal. Her means of charity were, however, fired away in battles and sieges in Flanders.

Bishop Burnet probably intended the following inimitable composition as an epitaph on queen Mary. For many years, it was all that the public knew concerning her, excepting the two dubious anecdotes previously quoted:—

THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN MARY II. BY BISHOP BURNET.

"To the state a prudent ruler,  
To the church a nursing mother,  
To the king a constant lover,  
To the people the best example.  
Orthodox in religion,  
Moderate in opinion;  
Sincere in profession,  
Constant in devotion;  
Ardent in affection.  
A preserver of liberty,  
A deliverer from popery;  
A preserver from tyranny,  
A preventer of slavery;  
A promoter of piety,  
A suppressor of immorality;  
A pattern of industry.  
High in the world,  
Low esteem of the world,  
Above fear of death,  
Sure of eternal life.

What was great, good, desired in a queen  
In her late majesty was to be seen;  
Thoughts to conceive, it cannot be expressed  
What was contained in her royal breast."

Such was the last poetic tribute devoted to the memory of the queen, who was so "sure of eternal life!"

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<sup>1</sup> Burnard's History of England, p. 584.

## POSTSCRIPT.

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WHILE the present volume was passing through the press, the author has been favoured, by the courtesy of sir Denham Norreys, Bart., with the following extracts from the Secret Service accounts of William III. in Ireland, and as they corroborate, in more than one instance, the correspondence of Mary II. inserted in her biography, this hitherto inedited document ought to be appended for reference. When the author commented on the patronage afforded by William and his queen to the infamous Oates, proofs were still wanting to identify his actual secret connexion with them, although the whole current of history, in every circumstance of the Popish Plot, bore strongly that way. Such connexion, after perusal of this paper, cannot be doubted.

*Extract from Secret Service Account of William III., from 29th Sept., 1690, to the 25th Dec., 1690—15,480*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.**

WILLIAM R.

Whereas we were pleased on the 19th day of Nov. last, 1690, under our Royall Signe Manuall to allow and approve of an accompt of money received and paid by Wm. Jephson, Sr., for our secret services for the 24 June, 1690, to the 29 Sept. following, incl. Upon which accompt the said Wm. Jephson was indebted to Us the sum 637*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* Since which time to the 25th Dec. 1690 incl., the said Wm. Jephson has received at the receipt of our Excheq<sup>r</sup> the sum of 15,847*l.* 10*s.*, both which sums make up together 16,484*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.* Out of which we have directed him, the said Wm. Jephson, to make the payments following, viz..

To Sir R. Onslow for immediate service . . . . . £1000 0 0

Solomon Penn, upon his all<sup>ts</sup> of x<sup>s</sup> per week, for 8 weeks, &c. . . . . 4 0 0

Sir John Trevor, Speaker of our House of Commons, upon the respective daily allowances hereinafter men<sup>d</sup>, that is to say, 310*l.* on his all<sup>ts</sup> of 5*l.* per diem, during the sitting of the Parliament, 197*l.* 10*s.* on his all<sup>ts</sup> of 50*s.* per diem for 79 days, during the several prorogations, all which days do commence from the 14<sup>th</sup> May last excl., and end the 2<sup>d</sup> Oct. following, incl. . . . . 507 10 0

Sir Charles Porter, whom we have appointed Chancellor of Ireland, as of our free gift and royall bounty, to defray the charge of his equipage . . . . . 1000 0 0



|   |      |   |   |
|---|------|---|---|
| <i>Lady Mountjoy's</i> <sup>1</sup> children upon our allowance of 3 <i>l</i> . per week to them . . . . .  | 12   | 0 | 0 |
| Dame <i>Elizabeth Lenthill</i> , upon her all <sup>m</sup> of 2 <i>xl</i> . per annum, &c. 1 qu <sup>r</sup> . . . . .  | 5    | 0 | 0 |
| Anne, <i>Countess of Newburgh</i> , 1 q <sup>m</sup> rent of Rysht . . . . .  | 25   | 0 | 0 |
| Various small payments to different individuals.  |      |   |   |
| Dr. <i>Titus Otes</i> , <sup>2</sup> upon his all <sup>m</sup> of 2 <i>xl</i> . per week, and is for four weeks, commencing on the 9th Oct. and ending on the 6th Nov. . . .  | 40   | 0 | 0 |
| (Note.—This payment is regularly repeated through the account, and gives him 520 <i>l</i> . per annum. Hume states 400 <i>l</i> . per annum to be the amount.)  |      |   |   |
| Dan <sup>t</sup> . <i>Earl of Nottingham</i> , by a Bill of Exchange payable to the <i>Lord Dursley</i> , our Envoy Extraordinary at the Hague . . .  | 5000 | 0 | 0 |
| <i>Ourself</i> . . . . .  | 3000 | 0 | 0 |
| <i>Sir Stephen Evans</i> frequently receives large sums as a free gift.   |      |   |   |
| <i>Ant. Rowe</i> , to be by him distributed as a reward to the persons employed by the L <sup>t</sup> Marquis of Winchester, E. of Macclesfield, Sir H. Capell, Sir H. Goodrich, in seizing horses belonging to Papists or reputed Papists, pursuant to the act of Parl <sup>t</sup> in that behalf, during the French fleets being on the coasts, during the last summer . . . . . | 23   | 0 | 0 |

Signed at Kensington,

W. R.

There are various entries of payments extending to five sheets, and amounting to 15,480*l*. The account is up to the 24 April, 1691.

<sup>1</sup> See queen Mary's letters; there is no doubt that the interest which the queen expressed for this desolate family on the death of their mother, caused this allowance to be made, which is small indeed when compared with that allowed to the foul Titus Oates. Lord Mountjoy was then prisoner in the Bastille, for his warm partisanship of the cause of William and Mary.

<sup>2</sup> It ought to be remembered that while the infamous perjurer, Oates, was thus draining the bankrupt funds of William and Mary for his *secret services*, the parliament had been with the utmost difficulty prevailed upon to remit the severe punishment awarded him by the government of James II., and still left him, as a perjurer, bereft of his civil rights. (See Parliamentary Journals for 1689–1690.)

# ANNE,

## QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

### CHAPTER I.

Life, as princess, under the reign of William III.—Retrospect of her proceedings immediately before her sister queen Mary's death—Princess Anne fears infection for her son—Removes him from the vicinity of Kensington—Influx of courtiers to visit her, Christmas-day, 1694—Emotion at hearing of her sister's death—Seeks reconciliation with her brother-in-law, William III.—Her letter of condolence to him—Course of the negotiation—Interview at Kensington-palace—Alliance between the princess Anne and the king—Anecdote of her levees—Court honours permitted to her—Alteration of her correspondence with her father—His observations concerning her—Departure of William III.—Recovery of the princess—Her baths—Her hunting—Her embarrassments regarding etiquette—Incidents concerning her home life and the education of her son, the duke of Gloucester—Her maternal anxieties—Residence of the princess and her son at Twickenham—Returns with her son to Campden House—Goes to an oculist in Bloomsbury—Morning interviews with her son at her toilet—Dialogues with him—Forbids his Welsh usher to give him desultory instruction—Other occurrences in her domestic routine—The princess writes a congratulatory letter to king William—His contemptuous neglect of it—The princess's son visited by the king—Princess receives studied marks of disrespect from the king—She instigates parliamentary inquiry on his granting away the appanages of the princes of Wales—Disregard shown by the king to her rank—Princess is neglected in his drawing-room—Her part taken by the people.

THE events of the life of the queen-regnant, Mary II., would have been utterly inexplicable, if the contemporary portion of those of her younger sister had not been blended in the narrative. Although the parliamentary change in the laws of the succession to the crowns of Great Britain did not permit the princess Anne to occupy her place for years as the natural heiress of her childless sister, still the death of that queen drew the princess insensibly into a more ostensible position, and rendered her public life more important, notwithstanding her habitual feebleness of purpose, arising from infirm health and bad education.

It has been shown, in the preceding chapters, that the princess Anne lived like a private person, from 1692, in Berkeley House, hired by herself, her sole distinction being derived from her only child, who was recognised by parliament as heir-presumptive to the throne, after Mary II., William III., and herself. The princess, despite of her sister's remonstrances, pertinaciously continued to lavish favour on the lady Marlbo-

rough, and on lord Marlborough, for her sake. Anne likewise continued to write letters, professing duty and loyalty to her father, who, having suffered much from her previous conduct in the Revolution, was dubious regarding her sincerity.

In her domestic conduct there is much to commend in this princess. Anne was a fond mother and a tender wife, perfect in all her conjugal duties, and sacrificing even her personal ease to nurse and attend on her husband and son, when either were suffering from ill health. She was likewise a gentle and indulgent mistress to her dependants in her household, even to those whom she did not view with any particular favour. It is true that no evidence exists of her kindness or benevolence, in the early period of her life, or the least trait of feminine tenderness or sympathy, towards any living creature not included in the narrow circle of her home, neither is a single instance of charity quoted. But as such virtues appeared indisputably, directly she emerged from under the overpowering dominion of the Marlboroughs, no doubt can exist that the imperious favourite kept the good qualities of her mistress as much in the shade, as she brought out her evil ones in strong relief.

It has been likewise shown, that, at the close of 1694, the princess Anne was residing with her son at Campden-house, close to the back gate at Kensington Palace, in a state of health that precluded, not only invigorating exercise, but progression of any kind; she could only move as she was carried. When it was declared on Christmas day, 1694, that her sister, queen Mary II., was dying of the small-pox, the first care of the princess Anne was to remove her child from the infected vicinity of Kensington Palace, where many of the royal household were suffering from the same pestilence of small-pox, which threatened to be fatal to her sister, queen Mary. At that period, this pest had neither been abated by the discovery of inoculation nor vaccination; there was no escape from its terrors but in flight. The princess Anne, therefore, had her son conveyed to Berkeley House, directly she ascertained the nature of the queen's malady. The princess herself was secure from danger, having, in her youth, experienced the disease, during the marriage of her sister<sup>1</sup> with the prince of Orange, at the close of the year 1677.

At the fatal crisis when the recovery of queen Mary was declared utterly hopeless, vast crowds of the nobility and gentry, then resident in London, in consequence of this report, took the opportunity of its being Christmas-day, to pay their compliments of the season at Berkeley House, and at the same time to make their court to the princess Anne.<sup>2</sup> Most of these flatterers had passed her by with utter neglect, during the sway of her sister and brother-in-law; they now, by swarming round her, indicated infallibly the sudden improvement in her prospects, owing to the mortal danger of her royal sister. Queen Mary's courtiers had previously affected to consider the probabilities of the prospects of Anne and her boy to the succession, as very remote indeed; they had calculated, that according to all human chances, the sickly life of Wil-

<sup>1</sup> Life of Mary II., vol. x. chap. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Inedited MSS., Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris.

liam III. would be but a short one, that his royal widow would marry again, and then it was possible that very great changes might happen regarding the heirs to the crown.

It will be remembered, that queen Elizabeth was beset with a similar influx of visitors, who besieged her retreat at Hatfield when her sister queen Mary was in her last gasp; she always mentioned the circumstance with irrepressible horror. Such movements seem to have been customary in English court routine; and courtiers had not improved in delicacy, or disinterested attachment, at the close of the seventeenth century.

Three days subsequent to this extraordinary influx of courtiers, the princess Anne received the tidings of her sister's death. Her ungrateful favourite, Sarah of Marlborough, was certainly present when the news came, and she, when impelled by pique, asserted, that the heart of the princess was hard, and that she never saw her shed a tear, or manifest an emotion of tenderness, on that or any other occasion. A witness of humbler degree,<sup>1</sup> however, declares, that the princess was deeply affected by the loss of her sister, and that she felt grief very bitterly. He says, that her tears were flowing fast, when she sent for her little son the duke of Gloucester, and communicated to him the demise of his royal aunt. On this occasion, Lewis Jenkins, who was the young duke's attendant in waiting at Berkeley House, owns, that he was much disappointed at the utter want of sympathy manifested by the child, whose insensibility to the loss of queen Mary, with whom he had been familiar, as a frequent visitor and petted plaything, greatly scandalized all his mother's ladies;<sup>2</sup> but such is often the case when similar communications are made to young children. "What should they know of death?" as Wordsworth pathetically asks. All they can be aware of is, that the person they have been used to meet, returns no more; yet if they actually witness mortal suffering, and the demise of one they have been accustomed to see, such grief and terror is more than their tender natures can bear; therefore, this insensibility to tidings of death is a merciful dispensation of Providence in favour of children, and they ought not to be blamed for their usual indifference to facts of which they cannot form an abstract idea, neither do they understand, that "to affect a sorrow though they feel it not," is a conventional decency that is expected from them. The young heir of England was, at this time, little more than five years old, and all that ought to be said, is, that he received the important intelligence which agitated every adult in the kingdom to which he was the reversionary successor, like every other infant of his age.

The personal aversion which William III. had ever displayed towards his sister-in-law, it was well known was met by equal loathing on her part; yet the dispensations of Providence had rendered the king in some degree dependent on the forbearance of her who was very lately the object, not only of his contempt, but of actual persecution. The princess was, however, in the most pitiable state of health, rendered still

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins' Life of the Duke of Gloucester.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

more painful by muscular infirmity. Premature old age had fallen upon her, she was moreover suffering grief for the deplorable death of her sister — perhaps, not the less because Mary had departed in a state of enmity to her. The royal sisters had loved each other fondly, as well in early womanhood as in infancy, and every one knows that when such has been the case, if the grave closes over an object once loved and irrevocably lost, all the involuntary affections awake, and melt the soul into natural grief. Although but one simple-minded menial mentions the sorrow of Anne, yet his testimony may be implicitly believed, because it is in full accordance with her actions and with the movements of the human heart. The desperate grief of William III. for the loss of his devoted wife was touching even to one whom he had hated and persecuted, because he mourned for her on whose account the heart of the princess was sore and sad.

It is certain that she took the first step in the reconciliation that ensued between herself and her brother-in-law, and it is as certain that it was wholly against the will and wishes of her imperious ruler, Sarah of Marlborough, who thus spoke her mind on the subject: "I confess, for my own part, that in point of respect to the king, (and to the queen when living,) I thought the princess did a great deal too much, and it often made me very uneasy."<sup>1</sup> This testimony is of some value in regard to the private character of the princess Anne, since it proves that she had always to strive against domestic tempters, whensoever she was desirous of doing her duty, if not to the king and queen, at least to the people of Great Britain, whose sufferings would have been infinitely aggravated by court factions flaming out into civil war.

William obstinately remained at Kensington Palace,<sup>2</sup> instead of following the usual royal etiquette of leaving the abode where death was triumphant, to the defunct, and the attendants presiding over the funereal ceremonials. No person, even those most familiar, dared break on his mental agony, which was not soothed by the idea that he had not only lost in Mary the most devoted wife and friend, but an indefatigable agent and able regal ruler, whose study it was to adorn him with all the praise and credit due to her own great talents, and with all this he had lost the only shadow of hereditary right that pertained to his sceptre. Henceforth he felt that he should hold no higher rank in Great Britain than he had done in Holland — that of a mere elective magistrate "whom a breath had made, and a breath could unmake."

Such was the mood in which, on the day of his dreadful bereavement, the king was sitting at the end of his closet at Kensington Palace, absorbed in an agony of grief more acute than could have been expected from his disposition. Lord Somers, whose private and personal interests were deeply connected with the support of William's regality, entered the room, but the king took not the least notice of him. Somers plunged at once into the cause of his intrusion, by proposing to terminate the hostility that the court had for years maintained against the princess Anne.

<sup>1</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, p. 112.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., p. 110.

"My lord, do what you will, I can think of no business, was the reply of the king."<sup>1</sup>

Lord Somers took this sufferance for consent; he negotiated the reconciliation with the old treacherous courtier lord Sunderland, once, as we have seen, the object of the hatred of Anne;<sup>2</sup> he was now in a sort of incognito, prime minister of William III., and the agent of the political armistice she concluded at once with the English government, and with her inimical brother-in-law.

By advice of lord Sunderland, the princess Anne wrote to king William the following letter:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO KING WILLIAM III.<sup>3</sup>

"Sir,—I beg your majesty's favourable acceptance of my sincere and hearty sorrow for your great affliction in the loss of the queen. And I do assure your majesty, I am as sensibly touched with this sad misfortune, as if I had never been so unhappy as to have fallen into her displeasure.

"It is my earnest desire your majesty would give me leave to wait upon you as soon as it can be, without inconveniency to you, and without danger of increasing your affliction, that I may have the opportunity myself, not only of repeating this, but assuring your majesty of my real intentions to omit no occasion of giving you constant proofs of my sincere respect and concern for your person and interest, as becomes, Sir,

"Your majesty's affectionate sister and servant,

"ANNE."

This formal and rather polished missive brings internal evidence that Queen Mary actually died at enmity with her sister. For it was a mere piece of state machinery conducive to the coalition of two political parties; in all probability, it was very different to the letter the princess herself would have written had she held an unbiassed pen.

The favourable reception of her royal highness's condolence was negotiated by archbishop Tension, who probably presented it to the king, as from this time that prelate took an active part in this treaty of amnesty. The circumstance of the deceased queen having confided to the charge of archbishop Tension, the casket that contained her letter of remonstrance to the king concerning the anguish that his preference of her maid, Elizabeth Villiers, had given her during the whole of her married life,<sup>4</sup> caused that prelate to exercise extraordinary power over William III. at this crisis, and indeed for the rest of his life. Irritable and impracticable as the king was in regard to all remonstrance, or even implied contradiction, he permitted henceforth the archbishop to take great liberties in lecturing him.

The letter of the queen has hitherto eluded research. The only historian<sup>5</sup> whoever read it did not deem it *proper* for publication, neither could he comprehend the allusions the queen made to persons unknown. Had her majesty been less reserved in her lifetime, it is possible that

<sup>1</sup> Letter of Mrs. Burnet to the duchess of Marlborough, quoted, p. 58, vol. i., of Coxe's Life of Marlborough. We have vainly searched for the original.

<sup>2</sup> See her letters of extreme aversion regarding Sunderland and his wife, addressed to her sister Mary, quoted Chapter ii. of this biography, vol. x.

<sup>3</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 108.

<sup>4</sup> Coxe's Shrewsbury Correspondence.

<sup>5</sup> Sir John Dalrymple.

her husband would have altered his conduct, especially after their establishment in England, since, in deference to Dr. Tennyson's remonstrance, he actually broke his *public* intimacy with Elizabeth Villiers, and about a twelvemonth afterwards gave her in marriage to a nobleman base enough to take her.<sup>1</sup> It is said, in the course of the same year, that the lady expressed herself greatly surprised why she never saw the king after the death of the queen.<sup>2</sup> As her majesty had endured her wrongs silently while in life, it seems nearly inexplicable why she should make her complaints known not only to her unfaithful husband, when remedy was impossible, but to Tennyson, to whom they were both almost personal strangers. There can be but one explanation to this enigma—the queen must have dreaded lest her husband should marry her rival, and took this means of preventing it. In the course of a few months after the marriage of Elizabeth to Orkney, the king was as intimate with her as ever, and she was as busy in public affairs;<sup>3</sup> but to prevent the animadversions of

<sup>1</sup> Shrewsbury correspondence, edited by Coxe. Elizabeth Villiers married lord George Hamilton, fifth son of the duke of Hamilton. William III. created him earl of Orkney, the worthy pair being enriched by the spoils the wife had gathered from her royal paramour. All that is known regarding the personal qualifications of this woman, is left by the graphic pen of lady Mary Wortley Montague: "Mrs. Villiers had no beauty, but she contrived to thaw the phlegmatic heart of William III., and make him very bountiful, by granting her the private estates in Ireland belonging to his uncle James II. After the death of her royal lover, she became a high Tory, if not a Jacobite, and was very busy with Harley and Swift in expelling the Whigs." Swift calls her "the wisest woman he ever knew," and leaves her portrait as a legacy in his will. We presume it did not exactly correspond with that sketched by lady Mary, whose wit was equalled, if possible, by her malice. She describes her walking at George II.'s coronation: "She that drew the greatest number of eyes was indisputably lady Orkney; she displayed a mixture of fat and wrinkles, and no little corpulence. Add to this the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which, by good fortune, stood directly upright, and it is impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual." So far lady Mary; but she does not finish the most noted portion of the lady Orkney's adventures at the accession of George II., but left it to a wit wickeder than herself, Horace Walpole—who affirms that lady Orkney thought fit to present herself in queen Caroline's drawing-room, which succeeded the coronation, with two ladies, her equals in an evil notoriety, being the infamous duchess of Portsmouth, then in extreme old age, and Catharine Sedley, countess of Dorchester. As was natural, the virtuous matronage of England left these women to their own society, and they found themselves forming a triangular group, and standing by themselves. Their isolation was noted, by the coarse audacity of Catharine Sedley, with a loud laugh, and an exclamation, in her own shameless phraseology, at the odd chance that had brought three women of their character all together in the same room. Lady Mary does not mention that lady Orkney had squinted, but Swift declares, in the *Journal to Stella*, that "she squinted like a dragon." He saw her when the wear and tear of many years had passed over her. Elizabeth Villiers perhaps did not squint when she won from the princess Mary the heart of her Orange bridegroom, in 1677, although she might "squint like a dragon" in 1713. Lady Orkney's remarkable rencontre with the duchess of Portsmouth and lady Dorchester, in queen Caroline's coronation drawing-room, seems the last public act of her eventful life.

<sup>2</sup> Devonshire MSS., Letters of Lady Halifax, 1695.

<sup>3</sup> *Bibl. Birch*, vol. 4245, p. 108.

archbishop Tennyson and the English court, the lady took the trouble of meeting his majesty at Loo.

Archbishop Tennyson did not confine his exertions to the reproof and conviction of the *sia*, which her late majesty had commissioned him to bring home to her husband during the first consternation occasioned by her loss, for bishop Kennet informs us that "His grace, the new archbishop of Canterbury, on this favourable opportunity to reconcile the royal family, represented to his majesty the prudent and loyal conduct of her royal highness and the prince of Denmark during their recess from court; that they had been so far from giving any obstruction to his majesty's affairs, that they were always in the same public measures with him, and that those members of either house of parliament who had places had always appeared forward in promoting his majesty's interest." All this the king knew to be mere factless verbiage, although archbishop Tennyson might believe it to be true. King William was as well aware as those who have read our transcripts of Anne's letters and those of her confidant, Marlborough, to St. Germain, what was the real nature of their devotion to his interest. His majesty, however, with his usual sagacious appreciation of minds of their cast, placed surer reliance on their fidelity to their own interests, which were at this juncture inextricably linked with his own. The archbishop therefore offered the foregoing reasons, "as comment on the letter of the princess," not only without interruption, "but worked so effectually on the heart of the king that, as a mark of his favour and affection, he did immediately present her royal highness with most of the late queen's jewels, with his sorrow for the loss of so good a wife was, in some measure, alleviated by the reconciliation of so kind a sister."<sup>1</sup> The bishop of Peterborough, who records this remarkable pacification, lived too near the time to view events in their true light. According to an inedited authority of some importance,<sup>2</sup> the interview took place the day *before* the king received the condolences of parliament on the death of the queen.

Whensoever the interview between the princess Anne and king William took place, it was appointed through the intervention of archbishop Tennyson.<sup>3</sup> The princess came to Campden House, and from thence was carried in a sedan chair to Kensington Palace; it was impossible for her to walk a step; her sedan and bearers, therefore, brought her into the presence-chamber at Kensington, and into the very presence of the royal widower. Lewis Jenkins was in waiting at that time; according to his duty, he walked by the side of the sedan of her royal highness, and as she could not move without assistance, he was perforce witness to the first meeting of these kindred enemies. "When the princess waited on the king at Kensington Palace," says Lewis, "her royal highness was forced to be carried up stairs in her chair to the presence-chamber. I, as was my duty, opened the door of her chair, and, upon her entering, the

<sup>1</sup> White Kennet, bishop of Peterborough, p. 674, vol. iii. He does not mention either the date of the visit of Anne, or the visit itself.

<sup>2</sup> Jacobite Portfolio, Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris.

<sup>3</sup> Lewis Jenkins. Tracts, Brit. Museum.



king came and saluted her. She told his majesty in faltering accents, that 'she was truly sorry for his loss.' The king replied, that 'he was much concerned for hers.' Both were deeply affected, and could not refrain from tears, or speak distinctly. The king then banded the princess in, who stayed with him three-quarters of an hour."<sup>1</sup> The interview of the bereaved sister and husband probably took place in the king's private sitting-room, or closet, since it was strictly private; had it proceeded in the presence-chamber, many eyes and ears would have been on lawful duty; and the whole conference would have been matter of history, instead of which, no particulars further than the simple detail of the usher, Lewis, have ever transpired. But the commonest capacity can divine that then and there the widower king and his sister-cousin came to an understanding, that the island crowns could never be transmitted to the duke of Gloucester, without his majesty and her royal highness stifled and suppressed all memory of the mutual injuries and disgusts which each felt against the other, and combined their personal and political interests once more against James II. and his son. King William was even reduced to submit to an amnesty with the object of his moral contempt and loathing, the earl of Marlborough, who was undoubtedly in diplomatic co-operation with his old ally, Sunderland, throughout the whole movement, although he durst not appear ostensibly in it, because his imperious wife had set her face against it.

There is no inconsistency in attributing to William III. the contempt he never attempted to conceal, for such deeds as led Marlborough and his wife to the ascent of the ladder of wealth and ambition. Whether the royal diplomatist ever scanned his own conduct with equal severity, is another question. But it was among the peculiarities of his singular character to be minutely fastidious regarding honour, fidelity, truth, high spirit, and integrity in man, as well as of virtue, beauty, grace, and fine temper in woman. Perhaps it was part of the punishment of the crowned politician to see himself, before he left this world, deprived of or deserted by the few he loved or esteemed, and allied with all he despised and abhorred. The faithful friend of his youth, Bentinck lord Portland, for some mysterious reasons withdrew himself from all possible communication with his once beloved master, and after the peace of Ryswick seldom visited him, excepting on formal business. History tells us, that Bentinck was out of favour with William III.; but the true sources and well-springs of biography will show, in the course of a few pages,—thanks to the candour and liberality of one of England's greatest nobles, who has thrown open to us those in his keeping,—that William III. was out of favour with Bentinck, and that no courting, no solicitation, could win this only surviving friend back to his former habits of confidential affection, although, when urged, he sometimes held conferences with him. Bentinck was, at this juncture, consulted officially regarding his opinion of the pacification between his king and the princess Anne and her partisans: his response was an earnest warning against any trust being put in the professions of either the princess or the Marlboroughs.

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins. *Tracts*, Brit. Museum.

The prime minister of England (the duke of Shrewsbury) thus identifies the fact; that lord Marlborough was one of the high contracting powers of this political armistice, which is proved by one of the duke's letters to admiral Russell. "Since," he says, "the death of queen Mary and the reconciliation between the princess Anne and king William,<sup>1</sup> the court of the latter is as much crowded as it was before deserted. She has omitted no opportunity to show her zeal for his majesty and his government; and our friend Marlborough, who has no small credit with her, seems very resolved to contribute to the continuance of this union: he has not yet kissed the king's hand."<sup>2</sup> It was not probable that king William, oppressed as he was with personal grief and political care, could endure the intrusion of the man for whom his scorn and dislike had hitherto proved uncontrollable. And if William III. had heretofore abhorred Marlborough before he had received aught but benefit from him, purely for his treachery to James II., what could have been his feelings towards him after he had betrayed Tollemache and his troops to slaughter at Camaret Bay? However, time was given to the king to stifle the indignation which his own line of conduct scarcely justified him in manifesting; and the change of his affairs, by the death of his queen, obliged his majesty to be, subsequently, not only tolerant to lord Marlborough, but, if we must trust printed history, courteous and caressing.

The house of peers went in a body to Kensington Palace, on Monday, 31st of December, and presented his majesty with an address deploring the death of the queen:

"We, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lords spiritual and temporal in parliament assembled, do, with inexpressible grief, humbly assure your majesty of the deep sense we have of the loss your majesty and the whole kingdom doth sustain by the death of that excellent princess, our late sovereign lady, the queen, most humbly beseeching your majesty that you would not indulge your grief on this sad occasion to the prejudice of the health of your royal person, in whose preservation not only the welfare of your own subjects, but all Europe, is so much concerned."

To this address his majesty was pleased to give this "decent answer:"—

"I heartily thank you for your kindness to me, but much more for the sense you show of our great loss, which is above what I can express."

The house of commons arrived in person the same afternoon at Ken-

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<sup>1</sup> The duchess of Marlborough says the interview took place quickly after the queen's death. Macpherson does not mention it; neither does White Kennet describe or date the interview. Barnard relates it before he quotes the addresses, on which he bestows no date. Lewis Jenkins seems to imply that the interview between the king and princess took place within a few hours of the queen's death. The inedited paper in the Jacobite Portfolio, found for us by the kind exertion of M. Champollion, Bib. du Roi, Paris, says it took place the day *before* the parliamentary addresses; and the natural current of circumstances leads us to believe that this is the truth, and as such we have followed it in our inferences. In general history the date is not mentioned. Burnet slurs over the whole fact.

<sup>2</sup> Coxe's Shrewsbury Papers.

<sup>3</sup> White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 674.

sington, with an address similar to that of the lords, but longer and more laudatory in regard to the queen, and recommending attention to his own preservation with greater earnestness. To which the royal widower was pleased to reply :—

"Gentlemen, I take very kindly your care of me, especially at this time when I am able to think of nothing but our great loss."<sup>1</sup>

January passed on, but the royal widower remained still inconsolable, for his pitying prime minister, while bewailing his own complication of personal maladies, wrote again to admiral Russell :

"You will excuse me not writing to you with my own hand, which I can scarcely do at present. Certainly there never was any one more really and universally lamented, than the queen, but the king particularly has been dejected, beyond what could be imagined; but I hope he begins to recover out of his great disorder, and that a little time will restore him to his former application to business."<sup>2</sup>

"The misfortunes of my own, joined with the affliction his majesty has been under, and still expresses to a passionate degree, has hindered me from making any steps towards what you commanded me in your late letters. I dare not yet be too bold in writing to him."<sup>3</sup>

The concourse of courtiers that flocked to Berkeley House, for the purpose of worshipping the rising fortunes of the princess Anne and her son, excited the derision of the party that had remained stanch to their interests, while their prospects were not so promising. A ludicrous incident occurred at one of these levees. Lord Caernarvon, a nobleman who was considered as half-witted, felt some jealous astonishment when he saw the crowds that filled the reception-rooms of the princess, which occasioned him to say aloud, as he stood close to her in the circle, "I hope your highness will remember that I always came to wait on you, when none of this company did."<sup>4</sup> This speech caused a great deal of mirth, which was not decreased by the fact, that some of the time-servers appeared out of countenance.

The pacification between the princess and the king had not occurred too soon; for the adversaries of the revolutionary government had already begun to moot the point, of whether Anne was not, at this period, queen of Great Britain and Ireland *de facto*? On this question, agitated by M. Renaud, French minister for Jacobite affairs, either James II. or Louis XIV. thus expressed themselves: "The king<sup>5</sup> finds your reflections on the death of the princess of Orange well founded; but it appears, that if the declaration of the lords and commons, assembled at Westminster February 13, 1689, are examined thoroughly, one cannot come to the same conclusion as you do—namely, 'that the princess Anne has been

<sup>1</sup> White Kennet's History, vol. iii. p. 674.

<sup>2</sup> Cox's Shrewsbury Correspondence, p. 218, 219. The perpetual grumblings and discontent of admiral Russell, then stationed with the fleet off Cadiz, were the subjects of the required conferences with the royal widower.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid., p. 218.

<sup>4</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 110.

<sup>5</sup> Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris, inedited MS.

queen ever since the 6th of this month,<sup>1</sup> the day of the death of her sister, the *princess of Orange* (Mary II.), and that the prince of Orange, as a naturalized Englishman, is *her subject*,<sup>2</sup> since it is said by this act, that the exercise of the royal power will be vested solely in his person; but in the names of both the prince and princess of Orange, and such was during their lives. We shall discuss this matter more at large when we come to Paris, which will be next week. I have the idea, as well as you, that there is somewhat to be done, for I cannot lose all hope of the good intentions of the English."

The people at large, in fact, testified many symptoms of what was called, by the king over the water, "good intentions;" wheresoever the terrors of the standing army did not extend, as in Norwich, Warwick, and many other distant provincial places, the populace were agitated with the convulsive throes of civil war. Lancashire was in open revolt. The Jacobites in St. Germain and Great Britain believed that the English would never practically suffer their sceptre to pass from the next protestant heir, to a king who was merely elective. The example of Poland, then tottering to its fall, was not an inviting one to any part of the people who were not likely to draw pecuniary profit from the liberty of electing kings. The preceding centuries had witnessed, in the Germanic empire, similar miseries to those which were even then desolating Poland.

These were motives which would have impelled many persons to join the party of the princess Anne, rather than suffer any precedent to exist for subjecting England to the frequent recurrence of the corrupting anarchy, which is the constant scourge of nations whose rulers are elective. Many of the Jacobites would have joined the party of the princess Anne, from a romantic idea that her first movement would have been, if placed on the throne, to resign in favour of her father and brother, since her letters to her father were generally known among the party. These considerations may serve to show how formidable was the crisis which passed favourably owing to the prompt pacification of king William and the daughter of James II. Arrests of the most active among the Jacobite agitators of the public peace promptly followed the stable settlement of the revolutionary government. Oglethorpe, the same leader of the party who had reviled queen Mary on the memorable night of the fire of Whitehall, was as busy among them as the petrel in a storm, and like that bird he still flew free from danger himself.

"Mr. Oglethorpe," writes the indefatigable Renaud,<sup>3</sup> "has almost entirely supported Crosby in prison, who has confided to him the letters [to the Jacobites] in England which have since been destroyed by that gentleman. Oglethorpe has since aided the escape of divers of our people—among others, of a young lady, a relative of *Mr. Jones*,<sup>4</sup> who has been employed in sundry political messages, seldom confided to persons of her sex; all this became known to the prince of Orange, (William III.) who gave orders to arrest her, and she was thrown in prison."

<sup>1</sup> New Style is here reckoned. According to the computation of time then used in England, Mary II. died December 28, Old Style; the despatch is dated January 21, 1695, N. S.

<sup>2</sup> Inedited MS., Bib. du Roi, Paris, dated Jan. 19, 1695, N. S.

<sup>3</sup> *King James*, who is often thus designated in ciphered correspondence.

The gazette now began to bear witness to the king's recognition of the rank of the princess Anne, by the insertion of such notices as the following, which were the visits of condolence for the death of her sister queen Mary, paid her by all the foreign ministers resident in London :

"January 31st, 1694. This evening, count Aversberg, envoy-extraordinary from the emperor, had his first audience of her royal highness, the princess of Denmark, as also of the prince, being introduced by sir Charles Cotterel, master of the ceremonies. And the viscount de Font Arcada, envoy-extraordinary from the king of Portugal, was conducted to his audience of their royal highnesses in the same manner."<sup>1</sup>

The only son of the princess Anne was considered by the world promising in person as well as intellect, and though the princess knew his health was fragile, yet she had seen too many transitions from pining infancy to robust adolescence wholly to despair of one day beholding the coronal of the principality circle the brow of her Gloucester. Such expectations once more hardened the heart of the princess Anne to its original temperature to her father and the rival prince of Wales. Her penitent letters to her exiled parent having been merely instigated by revenge against William III., her actions now proved that she found it more profitable to be the friend than the foe of the monarch of the revolution. The princess, nevertheless, continued the correspondence with her father, and even continued to make promises which she intended not to fulfil. James II. was not deceived when this second alliance with his enemy took place, for he thus notes the circumstance in the journal of his life.<sup>2</sup>

"The princess Anne, notwithstanding her professions and late repentance, appeared now to be more satisfied that the prince of Orange [*William III.*] should remain, though he had used her ill, and usurped

<sup>1</sup> There are many other paragraphs, concerning audience to envoys, who waited on the princess on this occasion; it is thought not worth while to copy any more—the Spanish, Danish, Dutch, &c.

<sup>2</sup> Life of James II. Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 244. It is desirable to mention that these notations, which described the deposed king's inmost thoughts and feelings, are of a more personal nature than the memoir of public events, edited by the Rev. Stanier Clarke, and published under the patronage of his late majesty, George IV. His faithful servant, Nairne, preserved the king's advice to his son, Berwick, which is one of his best literary productions, and is totally free from any doctrinal bigotry. It is a solemn warning, "not to follow his example in sinning, but in repenting." Nairne appends, in explanation of the paper, "It was the constant practice of my royal master, James II., ever since he first appeared in the world, to write short notes from time to time of all that was remarkable in the affairs wherein he had any share; these memoirs of events, which occurred before his last escape out of England, have been happily preserved, although writ on loose papers, and they may possibly serve hereafter as materials for an authentic and complete history of his life, they being safely kept by his majesty's order in the library of the Scotch College at Paris. But these writ by him since the revolution are of a different nature from the former. In the first he sets down what passed abroad in the world wherein he was concerned; in these he describes what passed within his own soul. It may be truly said that his own picture is to be seen in them drawn to the life, as it was in his later days."

on her rights, than that her father, who had always cherished her beyond expression, should be restored. But his own children had lost all bowels of compassion and duty for him. He was much afflicted at the manner of his eldest daughter's death." He adds, "that he made no effort to disturb the revolutionary government when it took place."

The state funeral of the late queen did not occur until March 5, 1694-5. No part was taken in this high ceremonial by either the princess Anne, or even by her husband.<sup>1</sup> The duchess of Somerset filled the place of the former as chief mourner; this precedence devolved on the duchess as the wife of the duke of Somerset, surnamed "the Proud," who was first peer of the English blood royal, by descent from lady Katharine Grey. The princess Anne herself, had there been no other reasons, could not follow as chief mourner—she was actually unable to walk; being infirm and unwieldy in person, from a complication of dropsical maladies; her sufferings were, however, supported by the hope, that she was once more likely to increase her family, in which she was finally deceived.<sup>2</sup> The reasons of the exclusion of prince George of Denmark from the precedence at the royal funeral, which his rank and affinity as a near kinsman of Mary II. demanded, (if their mutual descent from Frederic II. of Denmark<sup>3</sup> be only considered,) has never been explained. Among the banners carried round the royal defunct, which marked her alliance with the royal blood of Europe, that of Denmark seems to have been omitted.<sup>4</sup>

Although Mary survived archbishop Tillotson but a month, she had faithfully redeemed her promise to him, by settling a pension on his widow.<sup>5</sup> Mrs. Tillotson was left but in narrow circumstances, for the archbishop, her husband, had possessed his great preferment little more than three years; in the course of which short time the example of the great charity of his predecessors, Sheldon and Sancroft, had been followed as far as the actual maintenance of a wife and family would permit; therefore he left no fortunes for them from the goods of the church.

The king, who had no longer the partner of his throne to rely on as his faithful regent in his absence, was forced to submit to the loss of most of the power that the revolution had left to the royal functions; nevertheless, there was no intention manifested of giving the princess Anne any share in the government during the long absences of his majesty as general of the confederated armies of Spain and Germany against France. In fact, the English oligarchy, since the death of Mary II., had attained the object which the writings of Marvel, Shaftesbury, and many other of minor political pamphleteers, had long aimed at.

<sup>1</sup> White Kennet, History, vol. iii. p. 682.

<sup>2</sup> Lewis Jenkins.

<sup>3</sup> Father of Anne of Denmark, and Mary II.'s great-grandmother, and of Christian IV., prince George's great-grandfather.

<sup>4</sup> White Kennet gives a minute account of the ceremonial, but makes no mention of the prince of Denmark, or of any alliance of the queen by blood with the Danish royal family, being manifested by banner or bannerol, vol. iii. p. 682.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid.

The regal power was vested in a council of nine, after the model of the Venetian Council of Ten.

Among the governing junta of nine regents was included the archbishop of Canterbury. A long lapse of years had intervened since any prelate had shared in the government of this country. The step was probably taken in consideration of the deep veneration testified by the princess Anne for the church, and on the calculation that her royal highness was not likely, during the king's absence, to unsettle, by the agency of her faction, any administration in which an archbishop of Canterbury was concerned. That influential class, the writers of doggerel lampoons, vented their spleen on this occasion by an abusive epigram to the following effect:

#### THE NINE KINGS.

Will's waisted to Holland on some state intrigue,  
Desirous to visit his Hogans at Hague;  
But lest in his absence his subjects repine,  
He cantoned his kingdoms and left them to Nine—  
Eight ignorant peers and a blockish divine.<sup>1</sup>

The princess Anne slowly recovered her health, and with it the use of her limbs, and power of progression without assistance. She made efforts to suppress, by the violent exercise of hunting, and by the practice of cold bathing, the tendency to corpulence which her habits of self-indulgence had brought upon her. Some traditionary traces still remain that such was the case.

A bath-house in a shabby old street between Soho-square and Long-acre, named "New Bolton-street," has lately been laid open in the course of the improvements in St. Giles's; it is called by tradition "Queen Anne's bath." The water is considered very salubrious, and is brought by pipes from Hampstead to a well-constructed bath in the aforesaid street, neatly finished with Dutch tiles, and retaining the traditional name of "Queen Anne's Bath" to this hour. It is nevertheless improbable that Anne resorted to this place when she was in possession of the palace of St. James and all its appurtenances, either before or after her disgrace with king William; it was most likely her occasional bath-room, at this period, when she resided at Berkeley House.

In regard to exercise, the princess Anne, whenever the muscular infirmity occasioned by access of gout and dropsy did not incapacitate her, was as indefatigable a huntress as queen Elizabeth. Anne had, from an early period of life, been accustomed to pursue this diversion with her father in the parks of Richmond and Windsor. After she had been barred, by the enmity of her brother-in-law and sister, from all approach to Windsor Castle and Park, she purchased a cottage lodge not far from the royal residence,<sup>2</sup> and every summer hunted the stag in Windsor Forest. There is a noble oak among its glades, which used to have a brass plate affixed to it, intimating that it was called "Queen Anne's oak," for beneath its branches she was accustomed to mount her

<sup>1</sup> MS. Harleian.

Duchess of Marlborough's MSS. Coxe Papers, British Museum.

horse for the chase, and view her officials and dogs assembled for the stag-hunt.<sup>1</sup> But these equestrian feats had been discontinued since the birth of the duke of Gloucester, after which her enormous increase of size precluded them. Anne, whether as queen or princess, after that period followed the chase in a light one-horse chair, constructed to hold only herself, and built with enormously high wheels.<sup>2</sup> In this extraordinary and dangerous hunting-equipage, she has been known to drive her fine strong hackney, forty or fifty miles on a summer's afternoon. It is well known, that Louis XIV. and his successors, during the last century, were accustomed to hunt in the forests of St. Germain and Fontainebleau in phaetons and cabriolets; how matters were arranged between them and the stag, in such cases, we leave those more learned in hunting than ourselves to decide. Notwithstanding the straight avenues in which the chases and forests of France are cut, likewise those of Hampton-court and Windsor to imitate them, the chaise-hunting of Anne, and the phaeton-hunting of the French kings and their courts, remain to us historical mysteries.

Whilst the king was absent (and he never remained a whole year in England), the case became rather embarrassing, how the council of regency were to conduct themselves if they happened to be by any chance altogether in the presence of the princess Anne, and, as most of them were her particular friends, and held the great state offices, this was not unlikely. As the whole together represented the majesty of the English government and sovereignty, it was according to etiquette for them to sit, and the princess to stand in their presence. This dilemma was, however, successfully modified by observing that a quorum (or four members) of this body never entered collectively the presence of the princess, who was thus able to retain her seat at her own receptions, as three of the council of regency were not entitled to this homage.<sup>3</sup> Anne, who was herself the most vigorous observer of court etiquette, thanked the lord-keeper for this considerate arrangement.

It has been asserted, that when the princess paid her remarkable visit of condolence to the king, his majesty had formally invited her to take up her residence at St. James's-palace, the usual abode of the heir to the throne of Great Britain. Many months, nevertheless, intervened before she left Berkeley House, which was but her hired dwelling, to take possession of the ancient palace of her ancestors. Her son, the young duke of Gloucester, continued to reside at Campden House, on account of its salubrity and its bracing air, which was withal so mild, that in sheltered spots in the grounds the wild olive<sup>4</sup> was planted, and was seen growing vigorously, and enduring the severity of English winters and springs. The health of the young prince, who was the hope of protestant England, was of that very precarious nature, that it was desirable to keep him not only in the most salubrious locality, but

<sup>1</sup> Pyne's Palaces.

<sup>2</sup> Swift notes this practice only a few months before her death.

<sup>3</sup> Roger Coke, 126, vol. iii.

<sup>4</sup> Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, 1st edition. (Olea.)



as much retired as possible from the view of the people, whose attention had been since the death of queen Mary anxiously directed towards him.

The real cause of the little prince's ill health was water in the brain. "His head was extremely long and large," says his biographer, "which made him very difficult to be fitted with a peruke!" His hat, poor infant, at five years old, was large enough for most men! The terrific malady of hydrocephalus it was that prevented him from walking freely long after the time when children usually run alone. The complaint seems to have been little understood; because, when, ever and anon, the suffering child craved the assistance of two persons to lead him on each side, especially when he went up and down stairs, his demand of support was treated as mere idle whim. Doubtless, the movement of the water, at such times, gave him vertigo; but the prince of Denmark was either advised to treat the child's caution of retaining assistance near him under his agonizing infirmity as an effeminate caprice, or he had worked his temper up to violence. The princess shut herself up with her little son for more than an hour, trying to reason with him that it was improper to be led up and down stairs at the age of more than five years: she led him into the middle of the room, and told him "to walk, as she was sure he could do so."<sup>1</sup> He obstinately refused to stir, without being led by, at least, one person. The princess then took a birch-rod, and gave it to prince George, who repeatedly slashed his son with it, in vain; at last, by dint of severe strokes, the torture made him run alone.

The little invalid, who had never before felt the disgrace and pain of corporal punishment, ever after walked up and down stairs without requiring aid.<sup>2</sup> The whole circumstance was revolting; for the difficulty is in general to keep a child of such age from perpetually frisking, in the exuberance of his animal spirits. Great, indeed, must have been the agony and confusion of the young prince's head, before this natural vivacity could be extinguished; nor could the struggle, induced by cruelty, have been likely to strengthen him, but, on the contrary, it would have greatly inflamed and aggravated a malady like hydrocephalus.

The cruelty in that era, regarding education, was one of its most disgusting and demoralizing features, too much of which is still retained in public schools; but such discipline exercised towards children in health seems light indeed, when compared to the regimen prescribed and administered by the prince of Denmark to his infirm child, in his utter ignorance of the physiology of disease. The prince probably was stimulated by his dread of the lampoons and caricatures, which had become efficient weapons of party attack in England. Since the day when Shaftesbury promulgated an axiom worthy of him, "that ridicule is the test of truth," lampoons had become positively atrocious at the close of the eighteenth century. Every calamity that poor frail human nature is heir to was held up to public scorn, in the most loathsome language or coarsest limning, by hired party scrawlers, who, merciless as demons, were as active in calumny at that era as persons of the same fraternity

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins' *Memoirs of the duke of Gloucester*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

were subsequently in the French revolution. We may be proud of the age we live in, when the tone of the periodical press of the present day is contrasted with the party strife in those centuries, which, in its malignant spirit of assault, spared no human suffering, and neither considered age nor sex, if it could excite that species of mirth, which debases the human face far below the brutes, to whom laughter is denied. Prince George of Denmark knew that the worst of the Jacobites in England would retaliate on his child all the brutalities that were daily issued against "the young pretender," if his infirmity in walking became matter of public discussion.

The habits of life of the little duke of Gloucester had been strangely divided between the feminine cherishing and petting that the princess, his mother, and her ladies thought needful to preserve his fragile existence, and the rudeness and ferocity which the prince, his father, considered ought to be inculcated into the mind and manners of the heir of a kingdom, where the cry of war prevailed over every other sound, and where brute strength and animal bravery were valued far above wisdom, benevolence, and even that majestic attribute of royalty—moral courage. The father, it has been seen, sought to whip a dire disease out of the young prince; the princess, on the contrary, if she only saw him totter as he crossed the room, expressed, by the fading of her colour and the cold dew breaking on her brow, that her maternal fears amounted to agony.<sup>1</sup> During the spring and summer of the same year, when prince George had forced the unfortunate child to walk, and go up and down stairs without the support his sad malady craved, illness attacked him repeatedly, owing to his preternatural exertions to seem robust and rollicking, when pain and infirmity insisted on their due. His illnesses were attributed to every cause but the evident one; even the smell of some harmless leeks was supposed by the sapient establishment of the prince and princess to have given him a fever.

The princess Anne, as in old times, wore a leek on St. David's-day, and the little Gloucester, to whom a leek had been given to put in his hat, was curious regarding the why and the wherefore. He was not content with his artificial court-leek of silk and silver, but insisted on seeing the plant. Jenkins, his Welsh usher, was charmed at having an opportunity of introducing the famous edible of the principality to the notice of the future prince of Wales. The child played with the bundle of leeks, by tying them round a toy-ship he had, which was large enough for his boys to climb the masts. He then being thoroughly tired, laid down and fell asleep. He awoke very ill, and the greatest alarm prevailed at Campden House<sup>2</sup> among the ladies, that the future prince of Wales had been poisoned by the smell of leeks, on St. David's-day. Doubtless, the Jacobites, of whom there were more than one in the household, deemed it a judgment. Dr. Radcliffe was sent for, from Oxford, at fiery speed. The princess Anne was terrified; she was not then able to walk, but was carried up into the chamber of her sick son in her sedan-chair, with short poles. Dr. Radcliffe, when he came, de-

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

clared that the young duke had a fever, but he recovered in nine days. The fever was, however, soon succeeded by a relapse, which again confined the child to his bed. The ladies sought to amuse the little invalid by presents of toys, while the male attendants, who, with his small soldiers, were permitted to surround his bed,—probably by the desire of the prince of Denmark, his father,—were of the hardening faction, and devised sports of a different nature. The boy-soldiers were posted as sentinels at his door; tattoos were flourished on the drum, and toy fortifications builded by his bed-side. So far, so well; but the zeal of the ladies of the princess, in seeking for him quieter amusements, produced a scene in opposition not remarkably edifying.

Mrs. Buss, the nurse of the princess his mother, who had previously purchased all his toys, (filling at that time the office of privy-purse in the household at Campden House,) thought proper to send him by Wetherby, one of his chairmen, an automaton, representing prince Louis of Baden fighting the Turks. As the young duke had given up toys since the preceding summer, his masculine attendants started the idea, that the present was a great affront, and it was forthwith sentenced to be torn to pieces—an execution which was instantly performed by the sick duke's small soldiers. The next notion adopted was, that the messenger ought to receive condign punishment for the crime of bringing a doll to the hope of England. Wetherby the chairman, however, taking warning by the ungracious reception of the present, had not waited for this determination, but decamped, and, rushing down Campden-Hill, had taken refuge in some hospitable nook in the depths of Kensington town. In the course of the afternoon, he was discovered and captured, and being detained all night in prison, the duke of Gloucester<sup>1</sup> ordered him to be brought into his presence next morning for sentence, which he pronounced—Wetherby was bound hand and foot, mounted on the wooden horse, and soused all over with water from enormous syringes and squirts. As four grown men, besides the small soldiers, were engaged in this execution, resistance was vain, and the victim received no mercy, because he had been the foremost in playing off similar practical jokes on others, for the amiable pastime of the heir to the British throne. When Wetherby was half drowned with his shower-baths, his executioners drew him on the horse into the bed-room of the duke of Gloucester, who exceedingly enjoyed the sight of the man's woeful condition.

The princess was extremely solicitous that her young son should never repeat any vulgar or profane expressions in his conversation: her precepts on which head, it may be supposed, were not much heeded while he witnessed similar amusements conducted by Robin Church and Dick Drury, the drunken and swearing coachmen, aided by the running footmen and chairmen of the palace, such functionaries being, in that era, many grades less civilized than their class at the present day. The fruits of this companionship soon were manifest by the conversation of the infant prince, which was garnished with expressions very startling to the

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<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins.

ladies of the household of the princess. The duchess of Northumberland,<sup>1</sup> when one day visiting her royal highness, was greeted by the little duke, in return for her caresses, with some expletives, which were anything but appropriate to courtly circles. The princess Anne was roused by this incident into strict inquiry as to the persons that had corrupted the conversation of her little son. She was told that he learned his ill language by hearing his small soldiers "becall one another."<sup>2</sup> After the evil had taken root, the princess in vain exercised almost teasing vigilance respecting its recurrence, but coarse and profane language on the lips of a child, in those days, was considered to give hopeful promise of a warlike manhood. One day, her royal highness was receiving a visit at her toilet from her little son, when he informed her that he was "Confounded dry." "Who has taught you those words?" demanded the princess. "If I say Dick Drury,"<sup>3</sup> whispered the duke of Gloucester, to one of his mother's ladies, "he will be sent down stairs. Mamma," added he, aloud, "I invented them myself." Another time, at one of these toilet visits, the young prince made use of the expletive, "I vow." The princess, his mother, demanded, "who he had heard speak in that manner?" "Lewis," replied the duke. "Lewis Jenkins shall be turned out of waiting, then," said the princess Anne. "Oh, no, mamma," said the child, "it was I myself did invent that word, now I think of it."

Surrounded as the royal boy was with attendants, having a preceptor who was a clergyman, likewise a chaplain who called himself his own, he appears to have learned the first elements of the Christian religion by mere accident; prayers, it is true, were read every day at eleven o'clock, by his preceptor, Mr. Pratt, before he took his reading lesson; but to these the young duke positively refused to give his attention, simply because he could not understand what they meant. That no explanation had been given to him, satisfactory to his infant mind, is apparent by his docility when instructed by a person who was in earnest.

Change of air had been recommended by Dr. Radcliffe, in the summer of 1695. The princess inquired for houses at Epsom, Richmond, and Hampstead; at last, her own early reminiscences led her to prefer Twickenham; but she no longer had the command of the old palace where she was nursed. She was offered three adjacent houses for her son's household and her own. They belonged to Mrs. Davies, an ancient gentlewoman of Charles I.'s court, who was more than eighty years of age. She was aunt to the old earl of Berkeley, and consequently great-aunt to the governor of the little prince, lord Fitzharding. She was devout, and lived an ascetic life on herbs and fruit, although a lady of family and property. Simple as were her habits, she enjoyed a healthy and cheerful old age. All the fields and hedge-rows of her estate she had caused to be planted with beautiful fruit-trees. The cherries were richly ripe when the princess came to Twickenham, and the hospitable gentlewoman gave the individuals of the princess's household leave to

<sup>1</sup> Wife of George Fitzroy, duke of Northumberland, Anne's illegitimate kinsman.

<sup>2</sup> Lewis Jenkins.

<sup>3</sup> The duke of Gloucester's coachman.

gather as much fruit as they pleased, on the condition "that they were not to break or spoil her trees." When the princess had resided at this lady's seat for a month, she told sir Benjamin Bathurst to take a hundred guineas, and offer them to their aged hostess, in payment for rent and for trouble she and her people had given her, but the old lady positively declared she would receive nothing. Sir Benjamin, nevertheless, pressed the payment on her, and put the guineas in her lap, but the loyal gentlewoman persisted in her refusal, and rising up, let the gold she rejected roll to all corners of the room, and left the comptroller to gather it up as he might. The princess Anne was astonished at generosity she had been little accustomed to, declaring, "that although it would have been pleasure to have rewarded this loyal gentlewoman to the utmost of her power, yet they must abstain from the further tender of money since her delicacy was hurt by it."<sup>1</sup>

There certainly exists instinctive affection between children and aged persons who are devoted to the practice of benevolent piety. The ancient gentlewoman and the little duke of Gloucester soon became confidential friends. Many younger and fairer faces were around him, all full of flattery and indulgence, yet, peradventure, the princely infant saw expression beaming from her wrinkled brow, which was more attractive to his childish instinct. From the lips of this old recluse he learned the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and several prayers which were satisfactory to his intelligence. There can be no doubt but that the devout lady accompanied her tuition by explanation and instruction suitable to his infant mind, for he never omitted repeating the aspirations she had taught him, with great exactness, every night and morning,<sup>2</sup> although he still remained utterly obtuse to the prayers read by his preceptor. These facts are detailed by Lewis Jenkins without the slightest perception of the touching providence which led the young child to imbibe the knowledge of prayer from the lips of this benevolent recluse of the church of England. Her religious influence over the neglected mind of the wayward little prince who had manifested active hatred to every semblance of the worship of God, must have been effected by conversations of vital interest to Christian civilization.

The princess was, one Sunday, preparing to go to Twickenham-church, when her little son came to her, and preferred a request to go to church with her for the first time. When he received her permission, he ran to "my lady governess, Fitzharding, who was," observes Lewis, "as witty and pleasant a lady as any in England." The duke of Gloucester told her that he was going to Twickenham-church with his mamma. My lady Fitzharding asked him, "If when there, he would say the Psalms?" for he had made great resistance to this part of his religious exercises. "I will sing them," replied the little prince. He became, henceforth, somewhat observant and critical regarding the ecclesiastical establishment of the palace, and the tendency of his thoughts soon was apparent at his usual visits to his mother's toilet. "Mamma," said he, "why have you two chaplains, and I but one?" "Pray," asked the princess Anne,

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

by way of an answer, "what do you give your one chaplain?" Now it is well known that this office in the royal household is merely titular and honorary. The little duke must have heard that fact by his reply, though he was unconscious that it was a repartee. "Mamma," said he, "I give him—his liberty!" At which answer, the princess laughed heartily, and often repeated it as a good instance of royal patronage and benevolence to the church of England.<sup>1</sup>

When the household of the princess Anne left Twickenham, the duke of Gloucester was brought back to Campden House, and here he found all his small soldiers posted as sentinels on guard; they received him to his great pleasure with presented arms and the honours of war. Their exercises were now occasionally transferred to Wormwood Common, perhaps Lewis means the place called Wormwood Scrubs or Shrubs. Here the young prince was walking one morning for the air with "a pistol in his hand;" he fell down and hurt his forehead against it. When he returned to Campden House, the ladies were very full of pity regarding his hurt, he told them "that a bullet had grazed his forehead, but that as a soldier he could not cry when wounded." Again he was very earnest in his desire to be prince of Wales, but he was as usual "checked by his mother."

The princess, finding that her child about this time suffered with inflammation in the eyes, became alarmed lest he should be as much subject to this distressing complaint as she was, and her sister, queen Mary. The idea grieved her so much that she went in person to Bloomsbury, where lived old Dr. Richley, who was, in the language of our narrator, "famous for bad eyes." It is to be feared that he was a quack doctor. He gave the princess a little bottle, and directed the liquid therein to be applied to the eyelids with a camel's hair brush. At that time, the duke of Gloucester's eyes were almost closed, so that he could not bear the light. He had been prescribed diet-drink, which he refused to take, until his father, prince George of Denmark had enforced obedience by another castigation; but when swallowed, "the diet-drink" did no good. The princess Anne, who had been harassed and vexed by these contentions, applied the nostrum of the oculist she had been to seek, which effected an immediate cure, upon which, her royal highness sent the Bloomsbury doctor a purse with fifty guineas, in token of gratitude.<sup>2</sup>

The faithful Welsh usher of the young duke was anxious to acquire the elements of many sciences for the purpose of imparting them to his young master. According to his own account he gave him his first ideas of fencing, fortifications, geometry, and mathematics. The child ran to his mother every day to display his new acquisitions in her dressing-room, yet they brought neither thanks nor reward to the unfortunate Welshman, but reproofs for presumption from enemies on all sides, and advice from the princess "to mind his own business." Mr. Pratt, the tutor, considered his office was invaded, and "my lady governess, Fitzharding, was particularly enraged at the very idea of the mathematics," which she evidently took for some species of conjuration. The follow-

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins.

<sup>2</sup> Lewis Jenkins.

ing scene and dialogue, ruefully related by the poor Welshman, is simple matter of fact, and took place before Swift or Goldsmith had dashed at the same incident in their fictitious characters.

"One day the young duke of Gloucester pulled a paper out of my pocket," says Lewis, "on which were some problems in geometry; he looked it over and found some triangles. 'Lewis,' said he, 'I can make these.' 'No question of that,' I replied, not much attending to what he said." It must have been this unlucky paper, carried off by the little prince to the toilet of the princess Anne, that excited the wrath of the fair Fitzharding. She possibly took the geometrical figures for magic. The same day the lady Fitzharding, having superintended the dinner of the young prince, her charge, sailed out of the room with Lewis Jenkins carrying her train; while they were proceeding thus down stairs, to the apartment of the princess, the courtly dame, turning her head over her shoulder, said disdainfully to the obsequious squire performing the office of her train-bearer, "Lewis, I find you pretend to give the duke notions of mathematics and *stuff*!"<sup>1</sup> Poor Lewis Jenkins answered widely enough from this accusation, by saying, meekly, "I only repeated stories from history, to divert and assist the young duke in his plays." Another angry askance over her shoulder was darted by the lady-governess on the hapless bearer of her train: "Pray," asked she, "where did you get your learning?" Such a question, it appears, was unanswerable; but the fair one's wrath was somewhat appeased by her lord, who told her, "that Lewis Jenkins was a good youth, had read much, and did not mean any harm." Lord Fitzharding, however, was commissioned by the princess Anne to hinder Lewis from teaching her son anything, "because it would injure him when he was learning fortification, geometry, and other sciences, according to the regular methods."

The princess had no sooner given this prohibition, than she saw her young son putting himself into fencing attitudes. "I thought I had forbidden your people to fence with you," observed her royal highness. "Oh, yes, mamma," replied the child, "but I hope you will give them leave to defend themselves when I attack them."

The poor little prince, although delicate, was, when relieved from the pressure of actual pain, high-spirited and lively. Unlike his parents, he showed marked indifference to food; his nurse, Mrs. Wanley, was forced to sit by him at his meals, to remind him that it was needful to eat, and even to feed him occasionally; he would turn from the food she presented, and pick up crumbs, eating them in preference to solid nourishment. His tutor, Pratt, passed through the room, and said reprovingly, "You pick crumbs as if you were a chicken." "Yes," replied the child, "but I'm a chick o' the game, though!" The tutor seems to

<sup>1</sup> All the comic literature of that era was taken from life, and the above seems to be the original of Swift's satirical lines.

"With their Ovids and Plutarchs, and Homers, and *stuff*,  
Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,  
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."

Goldsmith has re-echoed it in his poem of "Retribution."

have been an object of the princely boy's aversion, whose dislike to hear him read prayers amounted to antipathy. He used to beg Mrs. Wanley to have the prayers shortened, yet he was quite willing to repeat those his old friend at Twickenham had taught him. The prohibitions which the princess Anne gave repeatedly to the historical narratives told by Lewis to her son, are attributed to the jealousy that Mr. Pratt manifested, because more than once, in conversation, the young prince his pupil discussed with him incidents from ancient history, which the tutor was fully aware had not been learned from himself. Mr. Pratt complained to lady Fitzharding, his patroness, who represented the circumstance to the princess Anne, so as to excite her displeasure.

The princess Anne enjoyed, during the summer, at least in the regard of the people, the dignity of first lady of England; but the return of the king, her brother-in-law, in October, 1695, did not increase her tranquillity or happiness. His majesty's arms were more successful than usual, but many symptoms betokened that the royal temper was in a painful state of exasperation. Namur, it is true, had fallen into his possession, gained at an awful cost of blood and treasure; but no warrior was ever more ashamed of defeat than king William was at the flood of congratulatory addresses on this victory, which were poured on him from every town in England,—his gracious majesty distributed sarcasm on all sides by way of answers.

The princess Anne, considering herself eminently successful in her letter of condolence on the death of the queen, now penned her royal brother-in-law an adulatory epistle on his conquest of Namur;<sup>1</sup> to which his majesty had not the civility to return any answer. The mayor of Norwich, or of some other distant city, brought him up condolences for the death of queen Mary, and congratulations for the taking of Namur, and presented them with a speech which was rather smart and pithy for a civic address, saying, "I bring your majesty my hands full of joy and sorrow." "Put both in one hand, master mayor,"<sup>2</sup> interrupted the king, in a hoarse voice. The bystanders stood aghast, unable to tell whether his majesty meant to sneer or joke at the condolence for his queen; but William was tired at the expression of public sorrow so many months after date, and disgusted with being reminded of the tardy capture of Namur, which had cost him the lives of 12,000 men, and was indeed but a piece taken on the Flemish chess-board of war, where he and Louis XIV. had for many years amused themselves by playing away the blood, treasure, and commerce of their subjects. Among other victims of this dear-bought capture, was the deputy-governor of the Bank of England, Mr. Godfrey; he had waited on his majesty regarding money transactions from the bank, and being persuaded by the king himself to go into

<sup>1</sup> Conduct by the duchess of Marlborough. She gives the letter, which is mere verbiage, not worth quoting.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Dalrymple's History says it was the lord mayor of London; a mistake, for he had long before condoleed on the queen's death; it was evidently some of the disaffected cities which had rejoiced at the death of the queen, and now, being alarmed at the king's success in Flanders, had remembered the omitted condolences.



the trenches, to witness the glory of the confederate armies, a cannon ball killed him by his majesty's side. An odd chance of war, which, taking the man of money, and leaving the man of battles, strengthened more than ever William III.'s belief in fatalism.

The king paid a state visit to the princess Anne, or rather to her son, at Campden House; the young duke received his majesty under arms, and saluted him with the pike, according to the mode then in vogue of paying military honours. King William, who was fond of children, seemed pleased, and began conversing with him by the question of, "Whether he had any horses yet?" "Yes," replied the little duke, "I have one live horse, and two dead ones." The king laughed at him for keeping *dead horses*, and in a manner which exceedingly aggravated the child, informed him, "that soldiers always buried their dead horses out of their sight." The little duke had designated his wooden horses as dead ones, in contradistinction to the Shetland pony "no bigger than a mastiff," which occasionally carried him. He took the words of king William in their literal sense, and insisted on burying his wooden horses out of his sight, directly the royal visit was concluded; this he did with great ceremony, and even composed some lines as epitaph, which though childish doggerel, contradict the assertion, gravely recorded in history as one of his juvenile virtues, "that he showed a marked aversion to verses and poetry;" instead of which, more than one other instance is preserved of his early propensity for rhyming.<sup>1</sup>

Hostility was, soon after this visit, renewed, on the part of king William, towards the princess Anne; the reason undoubtedly was, because he guessed that it was at her instigation that the house of commons entered very severely into the subject of the vested rights of the princes of Wales, which the childless Dutch sovereign had thought proper to grant to his countryman and favourite, Bentinck earl of Portland, and his heirs for ever. William had permitted the appanage belonging to the heir apparent of England to rest in abeyance, while his queen was in existence, according to the hope her party continued to express while she lived, that she might one day have a son. At her death, he recklessly made a present of it to his friend, and for ever, too! The princess Anne and the country viewed the measure much as the people of the present century would have done, if his late majesty George IV. had given away the principality of Wales to one of his friends, after the death of his daughter.

Had lord Portland been put in as a mere *locum tenens*, the matter might have been endurable; but in the intense ignorance both of master and man on the subject of British history, they boldly seized on this unalienable property. The discussion in the house of commons would have covered them with disgrace, if the speeches pronounced therein had been reported to the public as they are at present. But this was liberty which the revolutionists had not dreamed of granting; pillory, loss of ears, and the lash, were castigations distributed by them with great liberality among the literati, who reported aught of the sayinge and

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<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins, Biographical Tracts, British Museum.

doings of the house of commons, or the house of peers, if in either a majority considered such reports to be breach of privilege. Even so late as the days of Dr. Johnson (the head and precursor of that mighty band of literary talent, the gentlemen reporters of the press) the most absurd subterfuges were resorted to, when information was given to the nation of the debates which took place in the house of commons; initials, and blanks of the members' names, with the cant name of "the parliament of Lilliput," took the places of the present regular reports.<sup>1</sup> Need we say, that much general reform among all parties followed the light afforded by the publicity of debate, even before the measure actually called "Reform" took place?

The speech, however, of a learned native of the principality, Price,<sup>2</sup> the member for Denbigh, became matter of history, for he probably reported his own analyzation of the enormity committed by the Dutch king, in his gift to his favourite of the appauage England expected one day to see possessed by the son of her princess. When lord Portland endeavoured to obtain the revenues of this absurd grant, his demand was met by a petition against his possession, from the country gentlemen of Denbigh, presented by Price, whose speech on the occasion presents an abstract of the immunities of princes of Wales, as heirs to the English crown.

"Give me patience and pardon," said he, "and I will lay before you the true facts upon the petition, of the manner of the grant, and what is granted. The great lordships of Denbigh, Bromfeld, and Yale, have been for some centuries the revenues of the kings of England and princes of Wales, where upwards of fifteen hundred tenants pay rents, and other royal services; these lordships are four parts in five of the whole country, and thirty miles in extent; there are great and profitable wastes of several thousand acres, rich and valuable mines, besides other great advantages which a mighty favourite and great courtier might make. Nor was such grant for any short time to lord Portland, it being to him and his heirs for ever, having only a reservation of 6s. 8d. per annum to the king and his successors."

"When the long parliaments in the reign of Charles II., passed the act concerning his fee-farm rents, they excepted these within the principality of Wales, a plain intimation that parliament thought them not fitting to be aliened, but preserved for the support of the future princes of Wales. There is a great duty lies upon the freeholders of these lordships: on the creation of the prince of Wales, they pay him 800*l.* for *mizes*, [probably these were robes and apparel,] which is a duty that cannot be severed, and it will be very difficult to find how this tenure can be reconcilable with the lord Portland's grant."

"If we are to pay these *mizes* to this noble lord, then he is *quasi* prince of Wales, for such duty was never paid to any other; but if it is

<sup>1</sup> In copies of magazines extant, printed about the middle of the last century, (*Gentleman's Universal and European*,) this subterfuge may be seen.

<sup>2</sup> In the very history from which this speech is transcribed, the name of Price is indicated thus: P - - co. *Life of William III.*, printed, 1705. See pp. 440 441.

to be paid to the prince of Wales and this noble lord too, then are the Welsh doubly charged. But I suppose that the grant of the revenues of the principality is the forerunner of the honour too! The story goes, that we were brought to entertain the nominee of Edward I., by being recommended as one who knew not a word of the English tongue; how we were deceived is known. I suppose Bentinck, lord Portland, does not understand our language either, nor is it to be supposed he will come amongst us to learn it, nor shall we be fond of learning *his*!"

The sturdy ancient Briton then quoted, with considerable aptness, various historical passages relative to the indignation the English people had always manifested against greedy foreign favourites of royalty, and concluded the most remarkable historical speech of his era with these remarkable words:

"By the old law it was part of the coronation oath of our kings, not to alienate the ancient patrimony of the crown without the consent of parliament. But now, when God shall please to send us a prince of Wales, he may have such a present of a crown made him as a pope did to king John, made by his father, king of Ireland, surnamed *Sans Terre*,<sup>1</sup> or *Lackland*, the pope confirmed the grant, but gave him a crown of peacock's feathers, in consideration of his poverty."

"I would have you consider we are Englishmen, and must, like patriots, stand by our country, and not suffer it to be tributary to strangers, and rejoicing that we have beat out of this kingdom *popery* and slavery, and now with as great joy entertain *socinianism*<sup>2</sup> and poverty; yet do we see our rights given away, and our liberties will soon follow. The remedies of our forefathers are well known, yet I desire not punishment, but redress."

King William used all the influence of his person and party to prevent the revocation of his Denbigh grant to Bentinck, but the house of commons inexorably resumed it. Had the intentions of the hero of Nassau been carried out, the present hope of England would have received only an income of 6s. 8d. yearly from his fair principality of Wales.

The insult offered to Anne in regard to her neglected congratulations was not the only one she had to endure. When William found that he remained on the English throne, notwithstanding the death of his partner, he repented him of the concessions he had made to his sister-in-law, and treated her with less respect than if she had been the wife of a Dutch burgomaster.<sup>3</sup>

His majesty's regal jealousy of the princess Anne particularly manifested itself in matters connected with the church of England. All the chaplains and clergy, who preached before her, were still interdicted from making any bows to her before they began their sermons. These bows the princess (who, says our authority,<sup>4</sup> was remarkably civil,) used always to return, in a very dignified manner, even if the rank of the

<sup>1</sup> The English pale was of very narrow limits round Dublin, centuries afterwards.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the popular complaint that most of the archbishops and bishops appointed by William and Mary, leant to the royal creed.

Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

<sup>4</sup> Hooper MS.

clergyman was the lowest. But Hooper, dean of Canterbury, and Dr. Birch, rector of St. James's church, ever disregarded the prohibitions of the Dutch king, and paid her royal highness the same respect which she always received at church by the command of her father, during his reign.

Since the death of queen Mary, William III. had become more gloomy and misanthropic than ever, and more addicted to drinking schnaps of Hollands gin in his solitary hours: these potations had not the effect of intoxicating his phlegmatic temperament, but made him very irritable; and in the succeeding mornings he was very apt to cane his inferior servants, if they infringed in the slightest manner on the severe order he established. A French servant, who had the care of his guns, and who attended him in his shooting excursions in Bushy Park, and the "Home Park" of Hampton Court, one day forgot to provide himself with shot, although it was his duty to load his majesty's fowling-piece: he determined, if possible, to conceal his neglect, and therefore repeatedly charged the king's gun merely with powder, and kept his own counsel, exclaiming, when his royal master fired, "I did never, no, never, see his majesty miss before!"<sup>1</sup> The Banqueting-house, on the strand of the Thames, a little to the left of the Trophy gateway at Hampton Court, was the favourite scene of the evening potations of the royal widower. There, away from the irksome restraint which ever attended his life in the state apartments of an English palace, he unbent his mind with his Dutchmen, and enjoyed, in that isolated retreat, all the freedom from courtly refinement which endeared his palace over the water, at Loo. The Banqueting-house at Hampton Court is said to have been built by William,<sup>2</sup> but in all probability he only altered it.

The orgies at the Hampton Court Banqueting-house, when thus converted by William III. into a royal gin-temple, produced such remarkable irritation in his majesty's temper, that few or none but his lowest foreign menials chose to cross his path on the succeeding mornings;<sup>3</sup> for the persons on whom he was wont to inflict marks of his fractious humour were facetiously called, in the royal household, "king William's knights of the cane;"<sup>4</sup> a distinction by no means endurable to the proud Norman blood of the English aristocracy who held state offices in his household. And here those who are interested in the historical statistics of civilization may observe, that the example of this monarch's manners made prevalent in England, throughout the last century, every species of castigation with scourges and sticks, not only by parliamentary license in the English armies professionally, but by all sorts of amateur perform-

<sup>1</sup> Pyne's Palaces, and Traditions of Hampton Court.

<sup>2</sup> An engraving at the British Museum, among the King's MSS., from an ancient painting, representing the former state of Hampton Court in the time of the Tudors and Stuarts, before William III.'s alterations, shows the Banqueting-house just in the square form it is (and on the same spot,) with Gothic windows, and a flat roof, but with a turret at the western corner, and the royal standard flying.

<sup>3</sup> Observations upon the late Revolution in England, in the Somers Tracts, vii. iv., p. 45.

<sup>4</sup> Life of his late majesty, king William III.

ances from the strong to the weak. The national usages of northern Europe, when emerging from barbarism, seem to have been imported by him into these islands. Moreover, his contemporary sovereigns of Germany, and the far north, it is notorious, wielded their canes with remarkable vigour, for the maintenance of the palace discipline they chose to be observed. The cudgellings bestowed by Czar Peter on all ranks and conditions of his loving Russians, without partiality with regard to age or sex, are matters of history. The canings of Frederic I. of Prussia, (who was cousin-german of William III., and to whom he wished to leave his empire,) it is well known refreshed not only his army and household, but his sons, daughters, and friends. Frederic the Great, whose kindred to the hero of Nassau was manifested by many points of resemblance in mind and person, did not forget, being brought up under his father's baton, to wield "the cane-sceptre of Prussia," as a French wit has aptly called it, at certain times and seasons, when he considered it peculiarly efficacious.

The studied marks of disrespect which the princess Anne received from her brother-in-law on the throne, in the autumn of 1695, began to excite the murmurs of the people; they saw that she continued to live in a hired house, although she had been promised, in the preceding spring, the occupation of the palace of St. James; and the king's conduct to her, on his birth-day, completed the public discontent.

It seems that all the English and Scotch nobility who were particularly interested in the revolutionary government, hastened to London, at the end of October, or in the beginning of November, 1695, that they might pay their respects to king William, when he was to hold his lonely drawing-room, to receive congratulations on the anniversary, at once of his birth-day and of the English revolution of 1688. A letter of lady Drumlanrig,<sup>1</sup> (whose husband, as duke of Queensbury, afterwards played such a remarkable part in the Scottish union,) mentions the expectation of this drawing-room to her correspondent, lady Hartington, the daughter of the celebrated lady Russell, in a letter dated Oct. 27th, in which several curious traits of the costume of the times are comprised. As the father-in-law of the writer died the same year, the mourning reception she describes, as customary then in noble families on occasions of death, must have been on that account.<sup>2</sup>

"I am every day set out in form (to receive company) on a dismal black bed,<sup>3</sup> from which I intend to make my escape next week, and be of this world again. My lady Hyde (*the first-cousin of the princess Anne*) came up to town with very grave resolutions of not seeing a play; but by the instigations of the evil one, and the persuasions of some friends, she has *bin* at three within the week, and I hope to follow her example

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Boyle, granddaughter of the earl of Burlington, was a wife to James, 2d duke of Queensbury, who succeeded to the title before the year of 1695 had expired.

<sup>2</sup> Although the lady had just become a duchess, she signs herself by her old familiar name of *M. Drumlanrig*. The letter is edited from the MS. in possession of his grace the duke of Devonshire, by permission.

<sup>3</sup> This ceremony is mentioned in the life of Catharine of Braganza.

the next, for they act now in Covent Garden, and they say they are there very full. I hear nothing yet of Cockatoo and lady Betty, by which I suppose they are not come to town yet, but all our Bath acquaintance are almost as soon as myself. I was in hopes the birth-day would have brought your ladyship to town; if you are still at Woburn, I must beg leave to present my service to my lady Russell." The birth-day reception, for which the beaux and belles of the English nobility were thus flocking to town, was no pleasant ceremonial for the bereaved king, who probably had forgotten it, and withal did not know how to conduct himself, having always escaped, as much as possible, from the etiquette of such affairs, and left them to the able guidance of his regal partner and consort, queen Mary.

Princesses of the royal family who were nearest to the throne, when there happened to be no queen-consort, had taken distinguished parts in such receptions in preceding reigns; the sisters of Edward VI., and the mother of Charles II., had received the female nobility, in the royal withdrawing-room. The princess Anne, in addition to her birth-rank, (far higher than that of the king,) was withal the apparent successor to the British crown, and therefore she ought, according to all precedents, to have had a distinguished place near the throne of her brother-in-law, even if she had not been deputed by him to have received the female nobility, as his nearest relative. But so far was the Dutch sovereign from according the usual marks of respect due to her as the heiress of the Britannic empire and as the sister of his late consort, that he outraged not only royal etiquette, but common courtesy, by causing her to wait nearly two hours in his ante-chamber, without the slightest distinction between her and the wives of the aldermen and deputies of the common councilmen, who attended his court receptions at Kensington Palace.<sup>1</sup>

The princess was subject to similar insult every reception day, during the winter at least, until the murmurs of the people reminding the king that her royal highness was his superior by birth, were re-echoed by those of his own English officials, who had access to his person. Indeed, they were forced to convince him that he was showing more contempt to their princess than the nation at large would bear, and then his majesty found it necessary to alter his system. When the princess came for the future, lord Jersey, the lord chamberlain, was despatched to usher her in due form into the presence. Yet cause of complaint still existed, that no one was sent to receive her when alighting, of higher rank than a court page—a grievance which is peculiarly noticed by lady Marlborough, who affirms that such neglect constituted the discourse of the town whenever it happened.

It is very evident that trial was made by his majesty, on his return from his successful campaign, of how far the English people would permit their princess to be treated with the species of contumely she formerly suffered during the life of the queen; but he found that such proceedings were not advisable, especially as he received some indications that conspiracies were organized against his person, by Jacobites among his own

<sup>1</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 110.

guards :—intelligence, which quickly produced amelioration of the royal manners towards the princess; likewise a very general pacification and reconciliation was extended to her party as well as to herself, of which the chief was considered to be the young duke of Ormond. The particulars are preserved in a letter of the daughter of the illustrious Rachel, lady Russell, then lady Hartington, addressed to her husband,<sup>1</sup> with other amusing gossip of the close of the year 1695.

"The duke of Ormond is once more reconciled to the court, and all matters happily composed, and the king being willing to make peace on all sides, is going to Windsor, as some persons say, on purpose to visit lord Portland, seeing he would not be so gracious as to come to him. My lord Exeter<sup>2</sup> is gone out of town, though the match, I think, goes on, still most terrible disorders happen upon the account of Miss Al——,<sup>3</sup> for my lord Burleigh was so highly displeased at the character they had given him and his lady, that he was even provoked to speech, and that very harsh and rude. I suppose you have heard of the disorders that have lately happened between my lord Inchiquin and his lady [Mary Villiers]."

The singular influence which the family of Villiers had on the destiny of the royal sisters, Mary II. and Anne, makes any mention of them matter of curiosity. In the same series of letters, is noted the astonishment of Elizabeth Villiers, that she never saw the king after the death of queen Mary. But there exists documentary evidence that, although apparently estranged from him in England, yet, after the year 1696, she always spent the time in his majesty's company, which he passed at Loo.

The new year, 1696, was marked by a thorough change in the conduct of king William towards the princess Anne, in which change might be plainly seen that his worldly wisdom as diplomatist had successfully overcome the venom of his temper.

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<sup>1</sup> Signed R. H., (Rachel Hartington.) Family correspondence of his grace the duke of Devonshire, transcribed by permission from the original MS.

<sup>2</sup> The kindred peers of the house of Cecil had, strange to say, both turned Roman catholics, out of affection to James II. From some passages in the dispatches of Christian Cole, it appears that lords Exeter and Salisbury were among the portion of the English nobility, who held themselves haughtily aloof from the courts, not only of William III., but of the princess Anne. Nevertheless, few years had elapsed since James II., his queen, and his daughter Anne, had been refused hospitality at Hatfield, although it was originally a demesne of the crown, and in such cases hospitality was always considered a condition of the tenure.

<sup>3</sup> This is, perhaps, Jane Allington, the Dorinda, to whom this lady, under the name of Sylvia, addressed historical letters, descriptive of the accession of William and Mary; she was second daughter to lord Allington; her mother was daughter to the first duke of Bedford, (Faulkner's Hammersmith.)

## ANNE,

## QUEEN-REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

## CHAPTER II.

Princess Anne receives the conciliatory visit of William III.—She is invited by him to take possession of St. James's Palace—Her son invested with the Garter—The princess given account of his behaviour—Her prospects for the future—Princess permitted to reside at Windsor Castle—Goes there with her consort—Her domestic life in the summer of 1696—Particulars of her son's education and pastimes—Princess presides over high festivals at Windsor—Her wedding-day—Congratulated by her son—Visits and attentions to her by William III.—Revelations of sir John Fenwick concerning the favourites of the princess—Grand court-day held by the princess—Introduces her son to the English nobility—Dialogue between William III. and the princess—She receives great attention from him publicly—She is spitefully reviled by him in private—Princess receives marks of homage from foreign states—She goes to Tunbridge Wells—Takes her son there—Anecdotes of his education—Fears lest he should be taken from her for tuition—Her aversion to Dr. Burnet being appointed his preceptor—Princess wronged by the king of three parts of the grant for her son's education—Submits to all, rather than lose his company—She is annoyed regarding her son's household—The princess conciliated by the appointment of lord Marlborough as his governor—First introduction of Abigail Hill [*lady Masham*] in the princess's service—The princess's accouchement—Her infant dead—Burial—Anecdotes of the princess's life at St. James's—Leaves London for Windsor Castle, May, 1700—Illness and death of her only child, the duke of Gloucester—Conduct of the princess—She rises from his death-bed to write to her father, (James II.)

THE princess Anne was passing the Christmas recess with her husband and little son, at Campden House, Kensington, when they were surprised by a visit from king William, who was then residing at the adjacent palace. His majesty chose to make in person the gracious announcement that the princess and her household could take possession of the palace of St. James's whensoever it pleased her, and that, by the death of lord Strafford, a garter being at his disposal, he intended to bestow it on his nephew, the duke of Gloucester.<sup>1</sup> This was probably a new year's visit, for, on the 4th of January, Burnet, bishop of Salisbury, who was the prelate connected with the order of the Garter, came to announce to the princess that a chapter would be held on the 6th of January, for the admission of the young prince. The bishop asked the child if the thoughts of it did not make him glad. "I am gladder of the king's favour," was the discreet answer of the little prince.

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins. Tracts, Brit. Museum.



The prince of Denmark took his son in state to Kensington Palace on the appointed day, when one of the grand objects of the princess's ambition in her son's behalf was duly accomplished; the proceedings are thus chronicled in the Gazette of that week:

"1695-6.—Kensington, January 8th.—A chapter of the most noble Order of the Garter being held this evening, by the sovereign and eleven knights companions of the said Order, his highness the duke of Gloucester was elected into this most noble society; and, having been knighted by the sovereign, with the sword of state, was afterwards invested with the Garter and George, the two principal ensigns of the Order, with the usual ceremonies."

William III. buckled on the garter with his own hands, an office which is commonly performed by one of the knights companions, at the mandate of the sovereign.<sup>1</sup>

"When the little duke came home to Campden House, he was not, says his faithful Welsh chronicler, in the least puffed up with pride, neither did he give himself any consequential airs on account of his star and garter, which were from henceforward to be worn daily by him. When he had rested himself a short time in his mother's withdrawing-room, he went to his usual playing-place, the presence-chamber, in Campden House, where he found Harry Scull, one of his favourite boys, whose merit consisted in beating the drum with unusual noise and vigour. "Now, Harry," said the duke, "your dream is out;" for Harry Scull had very recently thought proper to dream that he saw his young master adorned with a star and garter.

The marquis of Normanby (who was the same person as Sheffield, earl of Mulgrave, the first lover of Anne) paid her royal highness a visit of congratulation the next day, on the installation of her son. His ostensible object seems to have been to give an account of the young child's behaviour at the ceremony, to the anxious mother, since he was himself one of the knights present. He told her "that the duke could not have conducted himself better if he had been thirty-six instead of six years old." The princess must have recommended her son to the friendly attention of her former lover, since this is not the only instance recorded of the warm interest taken by lord Normanby, in the well-doing of this little prince, over whose education he watched with solicitude, which was not prompted by any regard to king William, or the revolutionary government.

At this period, the princess had great hopes of seeing her child attain health and vigour. He was then six years of age and six months, he measured three feet, eight inches and a half, he was fresh coloured and lively, and was as well shaped as was consistent with the unusual size of his head and brain. Like many other children remarkable for precocious abilities, as infant prodigies, the brain seems to have been stimulated by a tendency to hydrocephalus. The frequent interruptions to the regular education of the duke of Gloucester made it proceed in a somewhat desultory manner, but he could read well and write respectably for his age, and even read writing. These seem the principal attainments

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins. Tracts, Brit. Museum.

he derived from his tutor, but his stores of information were chiefly obtained from his Welsh attendant; nevertheless, the wrath of the great lady governess, lady Fitzharding, on the memorable day of the train-bearing dialogue, had considerably abated the zeal of Lewis. Subsequently, the jealousy of the lady and of Mr. Pratt, the tutor, extorted a positive prohibition from the princess against any knowledge being imparted by the Welsh usher, as contraband and irregular. But, as the princess had expressed formerly the utmost satisfaction that her son, when he was much younger, should be told by Lewis incidents from Plutarch and other historians, he was not a little astonished when her royal highness in person forbade him to relate to her son any historical narratives whatsoever. Perhaps the secret motive of the princess was connected with her oft-repeated prohibition of her son ever hearing the names of her unfortunate father and brother, and she might suppose that Lewis would overpass the prescribed bounds in the warmth of narration when English history was discussed.

Notwithstanding the intimidation under which Lewis Jenkins laboured, the young duke of Gloucester was eager to extract from him all sorts of information, for the child possessed the early love of science for which the line of Stuart were remarkable, and he languished, even at his tender years, for intellectual communication. When he found that dread of his mother's anger restrained Lewis from giving him instruction, he craved for it under promise of secrecy. The child was puzzled to know why there are two round figures of the earth placed side by side on the map of the world. He showed Lewis a map, and requested to know "if the earth consisted of two globes placed in that position?" he wished Lewis to explain this difficulty to him, adding, "that if he would, nobody should know that he had done so." It is a geographical enigma which has puzzled many an infant mind, nor did Lewis's explanation make the matter much plainer. "I could not refrain," says the faithful Welshman, "from telling him, that if he looked on one of these globes delineated on paper, he could see that only, and not the other, at the same time; therefore, geographers had divided the representation of the world into two equal parts, and he saw in those parts the two hemispheres which really formed one globe."<sup>1</sup> The young duke expressed himself well pleased with this definition.

There can be no doubt but that the princess Anne, according to the gracious invitation of the king, took possession of St. James's Palace early in the spring of 1696; although no date of the actual circumstance occurs in the Gazette, or other newspapers, of the period, yet that she was actually living there, is noticed by *The Postman*, a newspaper of the era.<sup>2</sup>

The spring and summer of the year 1696 proved to be the most hopeful and prosperous period of the existence of the princess Anne, if not the happiest. For the first time, she appeared to enjoy with prospect of permanence the fruits of her struggles against her father at the epoch

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins' *Life of the Duke of Gloucester*.

<sup>2</sup> British Museum.

of the revolution. The palace of her ancestors was now her residence; her rank was recognised by the king and his government, who dared no longer to deprive her of her subsistence, as they did during the two years after her father's deposition, but, on the contrary, she was the mistress of an ample and regular income. Above all, the princess had reason to hope that her only surviving child would grow up, and add security to her final succession to the crowns of his ancestors, which would, in due time, be transmitted to him. Over this bright aspect of her fortunes a few specks appeared, arising from reports raised by the disappointed Jacobites, which were, that the king meant to bring home a High Dutch bride when he returned from his summer campaign, and that he intended in consequence to contest the clause in the settlement of the succession, by bringing a bill into parliament for making Anne's children give place to his possible issue by a second marriage.

While the princess Anne and her husband were enjoying all the homage and pleasures of their fully-attended courts at St. James's Palace, their son remained at Campden House, where some attention was now thought fit to be paid to his religious education. On Sunday evenings, the princess ordered that her son and the boys of his small regiment were to attend Mr. Pratt, the tutor, for the purpose of being catechised and examined respecting their knowledge of Scripture. The young duke of Gloucester was, on these occasions, exalted on a chair above the rest of the catechumens, with a desk before him; his boys were ranged on benches below; those of them who answered to the satisfaction of the tutor were rewarded with a new shilling, by way of medal. "At one of these lectures in my hearing," says Lewis Jenkins, who was then in waiting, "Mr. Pratt put the following question to the young duke: 'How can you, being born a prince, keep yourself from the pomps and vanities of this world?' The princely catechumen answered, 'I will keep God's commandments, and do all I can to walk in his ways.'"<sup>1</sup>

The possession of St. James's Palace did not constitute the only reward that the princess Anne received for her pacification with William III. The regal fortress of Windsor was appointed for her summer abode. One of the newspapers announced her departure from town soon after the king's arrival in Holland:

"May 26, 1696. The prince and princess of Denmark have left the palace of Saint James's, with a design to pass the summer, for the most part, at Windsor."<sup>2</sup>

The royal residences were thus shared between the princess and her brother-in-law. The king retained exclusive possession of Kensington Palace and Hampton Court. He had no palace in the metropolis, although his despatches retained the official date of Whitehall, some portion of which still remained on the site of Downing-street and about the Cockpit. St. James's Palace and Windsor Castle were allotted to the princess Anne and her son, and were certainly the best portion among

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins' *Memoirs of the duke of Gloucester*, Biographical Tracts, Brit. Mus.

<sup>2</sup> British Museum.

the royal dwellings. Canonbury Palace at Islington,<sup>1</sup> and Hammersmith, with Somerset House, were the appanages of the absent queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza. They all fell to decay while in her occupation, or rather in that of her officials, and were disused as palatial residences ever after. Marybone Palace was still in existence, and its demesnes, park, and gardens (now Regent's-park), were public promenades and places of amusement.

The princess was permitted to take possession of Windsor Castle, as a preliminary step to the residence of her son being fixed at that ancient seat of English royalty while his education proceeded. Her royal highness went there in company with him and the prince, her husband. The young duke of Gloucester had never beheld Windsor before; his mother ordered him to be led to his own suite of apartments, where he looked about him, but complained that *his* presence-chamber was not large enough to exercise his soldiers. It seems that the presence-chamber at Campden House, which is yet entire, with its carved oak panelling, was larger than the third or fourth-rate suites of the royal fortress.

The housekeeper of the castle, Mrs. Randa, attended the young duke to show him the royal apartments in the castle, and give him the description of the pictures. He was pleased with the historical picture of the Triumph in St. George's-hall, and affirmed, that this noble apartment was fit to fight his battles in. The next day the princess sent to Eton school for four boys, to be her son's companions: young lord Churchill, the only son of her favourites, lord and lady Marlborough, was one; he was a few years older than the young prince, and was mild and good-natured, with very pleasing manners; the other Eton scholars were two Bathursts and Peter Boscawen. The young duke, when these playfellows arrived, eagerly proposed that a battle should forthwith be fought in St. George's-hall, and sent for his collection of small pikes, muskets, and swords. The music-gallery and its stairs were to represent a castle, which he meant to besiege and take. Mrs. Atkinson and Lewis Jenkins were in waiting, and both were expected to take part in the fray. They begged young Boscawen to be the enemy, as he was a very discreet youth, and would take care not to hurt the duke with the pikes and other warlike implements. Peter Bathurst was not quite so considerate; for the sheath having slipped off his sword, he gave the duke of Gloucester a wound in the neck with it that bled. The child said nothing of the accident in the heat of the onslaught; and when Lewis stopped the battle to inquire whether the duke was hurt, he replied, "No," and continued to pursue the enemy up the stairs into their garrison, leaving the floor of St. George's-hall strewn with make-believe dying and dead. When all was over, he asked "ma'am Atkinson" if she had a surgeon at hand. "Oh, yes, sir," said she, as usual, for the dead were revived in the young prince's sham-fights by blowing wind into them. "Pray make no jest of it," said the young duke, "for Peter Bathurst has really wounded me

<sup>1</sup> See Letters of queen Mary II., vol. x., in which the queen discusses the probability of the queen-dowager going for the summer either to Islington or Hammersmith.

in the battle?" There was no serious hurt inflicted by young Bathurst, but sufficient to have made a less high-spirited child of seven years old stop the whole sport. The young duke was taken in the afternoon to see the Round Tower; but he was not satisfied with it, because it had neither parapet nor bastion.

The young prince had the first sight of practical slaughter given him at Windsor Castle, in the usual mode of the hunter's mimic war, by the death of the deer. Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, the ranger of Windsor-Park, gave his little highness a buck, to kill as he pleased; he would have had the animal hunted, but those about him did not consider that regular hunting was sufficiently convenient for his recreation; according to their management, the deer-slaughter became like murder, and a very disgusting scene it was for the tender boy to witness. The poor deer had no "fair play," which, we surmise, means chance of escape, for he was disabled and wounded before being turned out by the keeper; the duke followed the chase in his coach, and young Boscawen, mounted on horseback, managed to direct the bleeding deer and the hunt to the coach. Boscawen and the keeper then cut the poor animal's throat, in the young duke's presence, that he might have "say" on the first sight of the death of a buck. Mr. Massam (Masham),<sup>1</sup> his page, dipped his hand in the blood, and coming sideways besmeared the duke of Gloucester's face all over; at first he was surprised, but on the explanation that such was the usual custom at first seeing a deer slain, "he besmeared me," says his usher, Lewis Jenkins, "and afterwards all his boys." Then in high triumph he desired the whole hunting-party to take the way home under the windows of his mother's apartments, and greeted her with the halloo of the chase; he was very anxious to give the "say" to those of her ladies who had not seen deer slaughter. They did not approve of such painting of their faces. The princess advised him to send presents of his venison, which he did, but unfortunately forgot his governess lady Fitzharding, who did not bear the slight without lively remonstrance.

The princess Anne usually walked in Windsor-park with her husband, and the little prince her son, before the child went to his tutor for his reading and other lessons. On one of these occasions, the boy alarmed her, by insisting on rolling down the slope of the dry ditch of one of the castle fortifications, declaring that when he was engaged in battles and sieges, he must use himself to descend such places. His father, prince George, prevented the exploit, in consideration of the alarm of the princess, but permitted the child to divert himself by the performance of this gymnastic next day.<sup>2</sup> It was always the idea of the prince of Denmark, that by violent and hardening exercises, his child's tendency to invalidism (which he considered was nurtured by the over-fondness of the princess, and the petting and spoiling of her ladies) might be overcome.

Two anniversary festivals awaited the princess, her husband, and child, which were to be celebrated, at Windsor Castle, that year, with

<sup>1</sup> The name of this person after his marriage with Abigail Hill, the cousin-german of the duchess of Marlborough, took its place in history.

<sup>2</sup> Lewis Jenkins' Tracts, Brit. Museum.

splendour that had never attended them on any previous occasion. The 24th of July, the duke of Gloucester's birth-day, when a chapter of the knights of the garter was to be held in St. George's-hall for the admission of the young duke at their feast and procession; and four days afterwards occurred the thirteenth anniversary of the wedding-day of "Anne of York," and "George of Denmark," which was likewise the name-day of the princess, the day of St. Anne. It was to be kept as high holiday at royal Windsor, from which the princess had been banished for years.

The princess was present at the feast in St. George's-hall, on her son's birth-day, and saw him walk in procession with the other knights, in his plumes and robes, from St. George's chapel to the hall, where the tables were spread for a grand banquet, which the king had ordered to be provided at his expense for the princess and her company; the dinner for the knights companions was laid out in the king's guard-chamber.<sup>1</sup> The juvenile knight of the garter comported himself, during the whole ceremonial of being installed in his proper place in the chapel, at the service and the procession, with exemplary gravity and dignity. His noble knights companions, were his own father, with the dukes of Norfolk, Northumberland, Southampton, Shrewsbury, and Devonshire; and the earls of Dorset and Rochester; all the knights of the garter dined in their robes and full costume, and the little duke of Gloucester sat down among them. But after the child had sat at table a little while, and slightly partaken of the feast, he begged leave to be excused for retiring. His anxious mother then ordered him to be laid to repose, and when he had rested from his fatigues for two or three hours, she took him out for the air in her carriage.

In the evening, the princess received and entertained the nobility, many of whom came from a great distance to the magnificent ball she gave at the castle; the town of Windsor was illuminated, bells rang from all the adjacent steeples, and the country round the keep blazed with bonfires. There were fireworks on Windsor Terrace, in which the young duke of Gloucester particularly delighted, and the part of the entertainment witnessed by him, concluded with a new ode written in celebration of his birth-day, and set to music.

A few days afterwards, the other festival occurred of the celebration of the wedding-day of the princess. Her health had improved, or at least her powers of progression, within that year, for frequent mention is made of her walks in Windsor Park, and visits paid to her son, without being carried to his suite of apartments in her sedan. It was her custom to come to see him every morning when at Windsor, with his father. On the anniversary of their wedding-day, her royal highness came with her consort, prince George, earlier than usual, and found their son very lively and full of spirits, superintending the firing of his little cannon in honour of the day. He had four pieces which had been made for him in the life-time of his aunt, queen Mary; one of these was defective, one had burst, the loss of which he had lamented to king

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<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins' Tracts, Brit. Museum.

William, who had promised him a new one, a promise which he never performed. Of course the king totally forgot the circumstance, but the child did not. At Windsor, however, there was found a beautiful little model cannon, which had been made by prince Rupert; of this, the young duke of Gloucester took possession, with infinite satisfaction. The princess was saluted by the discharge of these toy cannons when she entered the room, but as her son indulged her with three rounds, her maternal fears were greatly awakened by seeing so much gunpowder at his command, and she privately determined that the case should be altered for the future. When the firing was over, the young duke addressed his father and mother of his own accord, saying, "Papa, I wish you and mamma, unity, peace, and concord, not for a time, but for ever." The princely pair were delighted with the vivacity of their darling, and looked forward to the future with livelier hope than ever. "You made a fine compliment to their royal highnesses to-day, sir," observed Lewis, who was in waiting in his apartment. "Lewis," replied the child, "it was no compliment; it was sincere."

"He now," adds Lewis, "though he had but completed his seventh year, began to be more wary in what he said, and would not talk and chatter just what came into his head, but now and then would utter shrewd expressions, with some archness."

The great satisfaction that the princess Anne enjoyed at this time, both as the recognised heiress-apparent of the British islands, and the mother of a child who began to be looked on with hope by all parties in the realm, excepting the Roman catholics, suffered some counterbalance, by the revival of reports that William III. was actually betrothed to a High Dutch bride; the news certainly emanated from the Jacobites, who were in downright despair at the strength that the government of William III. had gained by his alliance, offensive and defensive, with Anne and her partisans. The enemy hoped to discompose the serenity of the princess by alarms, lest her settlement should be unsettled by any succeeding parliament strong in the interest of her brother-in-law, nor were rumours to that effect wanting; they were sufficiently prevalent in London, to cause the following mention of them by the duke of Shrewsbury, in a letter to lord Portland, the king's chief confidential adviser, though no longer his favourite.

"The town makes itself sure that the king will return, not only with peace but a queen." To this remark, Portland wrote from Flanders, "We (that was William III. and himself) returned yesterday morning from Cleves, without any appearance of bringing back a queen, if it is from thence she is to come."<sup>1</sup> These letters occurred, September, 1696; but either the princesses, who were descended from the house of Cleves, looked on England as an ominous land for queens, or king William had no inclination for second nuptials; the reports of his wooing died away, yet it is certain they had been strong enough to induce queries from the prime minister.

Peace, the peace of Ryswick, actually was ratified, but no queen ar-

<sup>1</sup> Cox's Shrewsbury Correspondence, p. 140, 142.

rived. This pacification has been already discussed;<sup>1</sup> it was little more than a breathing time, while taxable people in England and France gathered together more money, and a few hundred thousand boys in either country reached the sage years of sixteen, when their blood was destined to enrich the fertile fields of Flanders or Low Germany—the fighting grounds of the regimental sovereigns, William III. and Louis XIV.

The princess, with her spouse and son, left Windsor for Campden House in October. They received an early visit there from king William within a few days of his arrival from Flanders.

The continuation of Jacobite machinations and intrigues in England, obtained for the princess Anne a double portion of the favour of her astute brother-in-law; he even condescended to be present at balls and entertainments, became her guest at his own birth-day, and paid her all due attention on the anniversary of her own. The Gazette<sup>2</sup> told the London world of these unusual gaieties on the part of the hero of Nassau, and his English subjects could scarcely be persuaded that the disconsolate royal widower was not practising these unwonted urbanities to render himself acceptable to some second Anne of Cleves, according to the reports prevalent during the preceding summer and autumn.

His majesty's birth-day, November 4, 1696, was celebrated with great demonstrations of duty and affection for his royal person and government. In the evening the court was entertained at St. James's by the princess Anne, with a concert of music, vocal and instrumental. His majesty supped with their royal highnesses; and there was afterwards a ball at Whitehall. In London and Westminster, the night concluded with illuminations and bonfires, and other public rejoicings suitable to the occasion.

Simultaneously with the new year of 1697, the public attention was engaged with the attainder of sir John Fenwick, for a plot against the life of his majesty. The ramifications of this conspiracy were very wide. Sir John Fenwick found that the king was determined to take his life on account of old grudges, which first arose when that gentleman served in Holland in the English troops furnished by Charles II. and James II., to keep William in the station of hereditary stadtholder; and, above all, on account of the bitter tirade he addressed to queen Mary in the park, when she fled from the fire at Whitehall.<sup>3</sup> When the prisoner ascertained that he was condemned by attainder, and that despite of the law established by the Bill of Rights at the revolution, without regular trial and without the requisite two witnesses for an act of overt-treason; he forthwith unfolded such evidence of the correspondence of the nobility (including most of William's ministers) with James II., that if half of them had been impeached, there would have been scarcely enough unconcerned in the treason to have "hanged or beheaded the rest." Marlborough was particularly aimed at, nor can there

<sup>1</sup> Vol. ix., *Life of Mary Beatrice*.

<sup>2</sup> Gazette, Oct. 22 and Nov. 6, 1696

<sup>3</sup> Sampson's Diary, MS., Brit. Museum, previously quoted in *Life of Mary II.* present volume.



exist the slightest doubt that the princess Anne's former communications with her father formed prominent points of the Fenwick confessions. Of these, it had already been shown that the diplomatic king had had, in the lifetime of his late consort, as full proof as could ever be afforded him by Fenwick; yet he very coolly continued to trust to the tender regard which the princess and her favourites had for their own interests in the reversionary advancement of the duke of Gloucester, to keep them, for the time to come, patriotic supporters of the glorious revolution, when the course of events rendered the future prospect of the succession of Anne and her son inevitable, if they survived the incumbent on the throne. Fenwick was accordingly doomed, and all his revelations treated by mutual consent as false and malicious. He was beheaded on Tower-hill,<sup>1</sup> January 28, 1696-7. King William took possession of all the personal effects of sir John Fenwick, among others, in evil hour for himself, of a remarkable sorrel shooting-pony, which creature was connected with his future history.

Twelve gentlemen were executed at different times, the same year, for having plotted to waylay William III., and kill him in the midst of his guards, on his return from hunting at Hampton, by the lane that leads from Brentford to Isleworth, in the bridge over a rushy brook, where four roads meet, well known to the numerous visitors of Hampton Court in the present day; little alteration has taken place apparently, and the spot is even now as lonely as could be desired for a purpose of mischief. Sir George Barclay, who held a command in the guards of William III., and who had been, like Ferguson, Montgomery, and Ross, eager promoters of the revolution, was the leader of this conspiracy. He was leagued with sir John Fenwick, with colonel Oglethorpe, and many other persons of the most opposite principles, republicans as well as Jacobites, and, above all, with three spies and informers paid by the government, who were regular plot-makers for diplomatic purposes. The trials and

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<sup>1</sup> Every writer has considered that some mystery, never properly developed, rests under the conduct of William III. to Fenwick. The king was heard to say that Fenwick had once spoken to him in a manner, when he was in Holland, that "if he had been his equal he must have cut his throat." (Burnet, vol. iv. p. 324.) Perhaps this was when Fenwick resisted the temptation to betray his own sovereign, which his fellow-soldier, captain Bernardi, (see his Memoirs,) declares the prince offered to all the officers in the English regiments lent him by his uncles; he says Fenwick saved the prince's life more than once in Holland.

Among other passages of false history, it has been asserted that William III., when prince of Orange, threw imputations on the courage of Fenwick when that officer was fighting for him. The utter falsehood of this assertion is proved by a very partial history of William III., printed by Tooke, Fleet-street, 1705. The behaviour of the three colonels, fighting for William so late in the war as 1678, is thus mentioned in that part of the history which enters into facts—viz., before the prince came to the throne of Great Britain: "In the desperate storming of Maestricht, the English, under three colonels, Fenwick, Widdrington, and Ashby, desired their countrymen might be commanded apart, that if they behaved like valiant men, they might have the glory: if not, the shame. To this the prince agreed: colonel Fenwick, as the eldest colonel, took the command, and his brave and desperate attacks were remarkable while the siege lasted."

executions of the various victims of these informers of course caused much excitement among all sorts and conditions of the people. Associations were formed for the loyal protection of the king's person; pledges were taken, and addresses of all kinds signed and sent up from corporations, &c., to Kensington Palace. Among others, the young duke of Gloucester displayed his loyal breeding in the principles of the revolution, by causing one of his young soldiers to write out the following address to his majesty, to which he fixed his boyish signature :—

"I, your majesty's most dutiful subject, had rather lose my life in your majesty's cause than in any man's else, and I hope it will not be long ere you conquer France.

"GLOUCESTER."

Another address was likewise dictated by him, which he caused his boy-soldiers and all his household to sign :—

"We, your majesty's subjects, will stand by you while we have a drop of blood."

However puerile these proceedings might seem in the eyes of William III., they, at least, brought to him the conviction, that the princess was bringing up her son as his partisan, and without any romantic predilections or ideas of duty towards the former possessor of the throne.

The public attention was diverted from the illegal execution of sir John Fenwick, and all his mal-apropos revelations, by the great splendour and unwonted festivity which marked the preparations for celebrating the birth-day of the princess Anne, where her son, the parliamentary heir, was to be introduced to the court with the utmost magnificence.<sup>1</sup> It may be remembered that king William had presented the princess with the jewels of the late queen, her sister. Anne, who was always remarkable for her moderation regarding these sparkling baubles, did not choose to adorn her own person with them, but lavished the whole on that of her boy. The wisdom might be questioned, of exciting in the young prince "tastes for finery, which are still less becoming to men and boys than to women and girls." Howsoever, her royal highness amused herself by ordering and devising for her young son a most marvellous suit of clothes to appear in, at court, on her birth-day. The coat was azure blue velvet, then the colour of the mantle of the Garter.<sup>2</sup> All the button-holes of this garment were encrusted with diamonds, and the buttons were composed of great brilliants. The king himself had given his aid towards the magnificence of this grand costume. His majesty had, in honour of the princely boy's installation as knight of the Garter, presented him with a jewel of St. George on horseback, the order for which, to the royal jeweller, amounted to 800*l.*, and the intrinsic value was 700*l.* Thus ornamented, and equipped withal in a flowing white periwig, the prince of seven summers made his bow in his mother's circle at St. James's, to congratulate her on her birth-day, and re-

<sup>1</sup> Gazette, Feb. 1696-7.

<sup>2</sup> George I. changed it to a darker shade, that his knights of the Garter might not be confounded with those nominated by the titular king at St. Germain's.

ceive, himself, the adorations of the sparkling crowd of peers and beauties who flocked to her royal highness's drawing-room.<sup>1</sup>

In such costume the young duke is depicted by Kneller, at Hampton Court; notwithstanding the owlsh periwig with which his little highness is oppressed, he is really pretty: his complexion is of pearly fairness, his eyes very blue, with that touching expression of reflectiveness, which often pertains to those destined to an early grave, and not long for this world. The features of the heir of the princess Anne were like those of her Stuart ancestors; he as nearly resembled his unfortunate uncle and rival, the exiled prince of Wales, as if he had been his brother, excepting that he had the blonde Danish complexion.

The ladies and courtiers of the princess Anne had scarcely finished admiring the splendid dress of her idolized boy, when king William himself arrived to offer his congratulations on her birth-night. When the ceremonial was concluded, the young duke of Gloucester was led by his proud mother to claim the attention of majesty. It does not seem that the king exactly approved of the display of jewels on the person of the child, for he said to him, with his usual sarcastic abruptness, "You are very fine."

"All the finer for you, sir," was the undignified reply of the princess, alluding to the present of the George that her son had received from the king, and the donation of queen Mary's jewels to herself, of the value of 40,000*l.*, with which the child stood loaded before them. The princess then urged the duke of Gloucester to return thanks to his majesty; but the boy, albeit so fluent on all other occasions, contented himself by making a low bow to the king, nor could his mother prevail on him to speak; "which," adds Lewis Jenkins,<sup>2</sup> "he probably would have done, if left to himself, without being prompted to it." It is more probable that the young prince had been disconcerted by the tone and expression of the king's above-quoted remark, and instinctively felt that the least said on the subject was the best way of proceeding.

The unusual attentions of the crowned diplomatist, by making visits to his "sister Anne," when the etiquette of birth-days and wedding-days demanded them, were, after all, but the fair seeming of the politician. Just at this time, the royal spleen and gall rose so irrepressibly against the princess, that he could not help expressing to his confidant and chamberlain (the brother of his mistress, Elizabeth Villiers) how much he detested her, adding, "that if he had married the princess Anne, he should have been the most miserable man on earth."<sup>3</sup> Lord Villiers himself reported this agreeable remark to Lord Dartmouth, nor could it be doubted that the king meant that it should meet the ear of Anne through his chamberlain's other sister, lady Fitzharding, in order that mortification felt by her in private, might counterbalance the consideration with which inexorable destiny obliged him to treat her in public.

Notwithstanding her exclusion from political power in the government of England, the strong partiality of the people at large to their native

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins' Biographical Tract, Brit. Museum.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet.

princess still forced on William III. the necessity of treating Anne with the outward and visible signs of respect consonant with her station. Foreign states did not forget her rank; for instance, the doge and republic of Venice, however popular the model of their government might be among the English revolutionists, very ungratefully refused to own William III. as king until the peace of Ryswick was nearly public. They likewise refused to grant any requests of his ambassador before they received letters of compliment (in reply to some they had sent) from the princess Anne and her husband. These had to be sent for; and when they came, the English ambassador, lord Manchester, in his despatches, complains of his embarrassment, because these letters had been forwarded to him by the secretary of the princess, sealed up without any copies.<sup>1</sup> The incident throws some light on the difference of Anne's treatment by the king, after the death of her sister.

The princess passed the autumn at Tunbridge Wells, to which salubrious place she was accompanied by her son. Here the young duke, under the care of his clerical tutor, Pratt, studied fortification with great assiduity. The tutor had been given a doctor of divinity's degree at Oxford, wholly and solely, observes Lewis Jenkins, by the favour and influence of the princess Anne, the advancement not being due to his learning. Indeed, the employment of the duke of Gloucester's tutor at Tunbridge did not savour much of matters divine; for, by the leave of the princess, he made a pentagon, with all the outworks according to the rules of fortification, in a wood near the Wells, for his princely pupil's improvement and entertainment, "which answered so well," adds Lewis Jenkins, "as to gain Dr. Pratt much credit, by doing, in fact, what did not properly belong to his cloth or his office, and thereby depriving another of being employed, who, from his long and faithful attention to the young duke's person, would have ventured his life in his service."

The princess and her son removed from Tunbridge to Windsor Castle till the king's return to England; at the same time, Lewis Jenkins, in high dudgeon at the aforesaid pentagon made in the wood at Tunbridge Wells by the bellicose divine, Dr. Pratt, and "from some such like discouragements," resigned his appointment in the service of the princess. The place of his retreat was rather a suspicious one, being to Rouen, the very head-quarters of the English Jacobites. He went, according to his own account, into trade there with a French merchant, "as it were," he pursues, "to begin the world again, having stronger inclinations for business than for a court life, which I could not leave without some regret, as I had the highest respect for the princess that I had the honour to serve, as well as friendship for some persons about the court of the princess, of which I took my final leave." Thus did the quaint and simple-minded narrator of domestic events in the royal family withdraw himself from his post, and at the same time shut out the view afforded to his readers of the palace-life of the princess and her son. Assuredly, the tuition of the young prince, according to his account, was in its outset conducted somewhat by the rules of contradiction. The doctor of

<sup>1</sup> State Papers of Christian Cole, pp. 20 to 23.

divinity provided by her royal highness to inculcate devotional precepts, was only successful in imparting to him, not things divine, but matters militant. An old lady, whose concern with the princess was only to let her a house, instructed her child in all he practically knew of religion, while his door-keeper gave him notions of "history, mathematics, and stuff," according to the erudite classification of his governess; to which may be added, that from his mother's chairmen and his father's coachmen he imbibed the vulgar tongue, and they taught him withal to box. Such was the under-current of affairs, while on the surface other statements have passed down the stream of history, as illustrative of the young duke's propensities and praiseworthy predilections to battles and sieges, while his aversion to poetry and to all the fine arts is lauded by right reverend historians<sup>1</sup> with as much unction as if sovereigns and their heirs, apparent or presumptive, were sent into the world for the sole purpose of slaughtering the human species.

It was the intention of the flatterers of William III. to make out that his successor would prove the very mirror and model of himself, and that the young duke of Gloucester would surpass that monarch in his hatred to poetry, music, painting, and dancing. The evidence of the child's dislike to the latter had no better foundation than the trifling fact, that when the princess Anne found him a little recovered from the woe-ful affliction in his head, which caused unsteadiness to his footsteps, she ordered him to be taught regularly to walk and dance, and appointed for this purpose Mr. Gorey, who, as he is designated as "an old rich dancing-master," had probably instructed her royal highness in her childhood; but with this aged dancing-master her little son fell out, and bestowed on him the epithet of "old dog," because he strained his limbs in some gymnastic or other. As for the dislike of the young duke to poetry, it is utterly contrary to truth, for he frequently endeavoured to make rhymes. The love of a child for the fine arts can only be shown by the interest he takes in picture-books and puppet-shows, and of these little Gloucester was more than commonly fond. He demanded to see "cuts" or engravings of every historical tale he heard; moreover, the princess, his mother, established for him a puppet-theatre at Campden House; nor must this excite astonishment, since Steele and Addison devote many papers of their immortal Spectators to discussion of the puppet-shows, which were the favourite morning amusement of the belles and beaux years subsequently, when the princess was on the throne as queen Anne. As if everything asserted on the subject of this young prince's education, however trifling, was to prove the exact reverse of fact, it appears that the princess had had some little rhymes, hammered out between the child and his faithful Lewis, set to music, to indulge her son's tastes, by John Church, who was one of the choristers of the king's chapel and of Westminster-abbey, a pupil of the illustrious Henry Purcell. "The music of John Church gave very great satisfaction to the princess, and as for the duke of Gloucester, he was delighted with it." Such are the

<sup>1</sup> In White Kennet, bishop of Peterborough's *Perfect History*, vol. iii., likewise, Burnet's *Own Times*.

words of an eye-witness.<sup>1</sup> It is to be feared that, in the course of the princely child's subsequent education, all which was innocently amusing and civilising in the arts, the cultivation of which forms the glory of the most glorious of rulers, a great peace sovereign, was sedulously eradicated and discouraged, in compliance with the tastes of those in power.

While the princess Anne remained at Windsor in 1697, the marquis of Normanby<sup>2</sup> paid her another visit; it seems that, on account of his learning, accomplishments, and literary acquirements, he had been deputed by the junta of nine to examine into the mind and capacity of her son. The result was, that the marquis pronounced "the young duke of Gloucester capable of learning anything."<sup>3</sup> From this time it was considered requisite that the education of the princely child should regularly commence, and that he should be taken out of the hands of his mother's ladies. The delicacy of his health and constitution, and the extreme anxiety of his mother, lest she should not be able to rear him, had caused the child to remain a nursling, cherished by female tenderness, until after his eighth birth-day—a year longer than any of his line had ever been. Even the princess herself now became desirous that his regular education should commence.

In one of the visits of the princess to London, the same autumn, she went with her husband to view the rising glories of the cathedral of St. Paul's, then approaching its completion. "They expressed themselves extremely pleased with that noble building, and gave money very liberally to the workmen."<sup>4</sup> There was another person to whom their liberality ought to have been extended, even to the venerable architect of this glorious masterpiece, sir Christopher Wren, who had been deprived by William of his modest stipend of 200*l.* per annum, under pretence that he had not finished the cathedral! Strange to say, the venerable sage lived to finish the mighty structure, and reclaimed the niggard bounty of his country in his ninety-second year. The unshaken attachment of sir Christopher Wren to his old masters occasioned his persecution by William.

The birth-day of the princess Anne was again duly observed by William III. According to the official announcement of the Gazette, his majesty was her morning visitor on that occasion: "Whitehall, 1698, February 6th.—This being the princess of Denmark's birth-day, his majesty came to visit her royal highness at St. James's, where there was a great appearance of the nobility and other persons of quality, to compliment her royal highness on this occasion. In the evening, his highness the duke of Gloucester had a fire-work, and the court were entertained with a concert of music and a ball."

The education of the duke of Gloucester, was now a matter of great anxiety to his mother, and the whole of the spring of 1698 was spent

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Jenkins' Biographical Tracts. The notes and arrangement of John Church's music are printed and appended to Lewis Jenkins' Tracts. Brit Museum.

<sup>2</sup> Her former lover, Sheffield, earl of Mulgrave.

<sup>3</sup> Lewis Jenkins' Biographical Tracts, Brit. Museum.

<sup>4</sup> Postman Newspaper, for Sept. 6, 1697.

in agitating expectations concerning it. The result of events proves, that the princess Anne was ready to submit to any pecuniary loss, rather than to have her child torn from her home and heart. The parliament had voted the magnificent sum of 50,000*l.* per annum, for the expenses of the education and establishment of the duke of Gloucester; but the king appears to have been given unlimited power in the disposal of the child.

All former precedents, both in England and Scotland, prove that royal children were given in charge to some great noble or ecclesiastic or other, during the period of their regular education; nor had the princess Anne any reason to suppose, that she should be suffered to keep her child near her any more than her ancestress Anne of Denmark had retained her sons or daughters during their tutelage. The children of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., as well as those of James I., Charles I., and James II., had been taken from the maternal superintendence, and brought up at a distance from their parents. Anne herself had been removed from her father, who, similar to herself, in 1698, then only occupied the station of a subject.

The princess felt that the king had much in his power to annoy her, if he took from her maternal care this delicate and sickly child, whom she had reared with extreme difficulty; fortunately for her, the king was only sedulous on two points; the first was, how little of the 50,000*l.* per annum allowed by the nation for the use of the duke of Gloucester, he need pay for his education and establishment; the other was, that the boy should have no other preceptor than Dr. Burnet, bishop of Salisbury; this last was a bitter sorrow to Anne, who had the lowest opinion of that person's character and disposition; she earnestly entreated the king, and prince George of Denmark joined in the petition, that the instruction of her child might be consigned to Dr. Hooper, dean of Canterbury.<sup>1</sup>

The readers of the previous volume of this work are fully aware, that in whatsoever esteem Dr. Hooper might have been held by such sons of the church of England, as archbishops Sheldon, and Sancroft, Isaac Barrow, or Sherlock, or Kenn, he was not quite so much beloved by the Dutch king. In truth, Dr. Hooper, like Dr. Kenn, had shut up doors with him when only prince of Orange, and the horror they felt in the contemplation of his moral qualities, some contemporary letters regarding the one, and the diary of the other, have already shown.<sup>2</sup>

The princess Anne could not endure patiently the appointment of bishop Burnet as her son's preceptor. Her royal highness was heard to complain, "that she considered such appointment as the greatest hard-

<sup>1</sup> Hooper MS., printed in the Appendix to Trevor's William III; likewise the life of that king printed 1705, and *Bio. Britannica*.

<sup>2</sup> In both instances edited by friends and partisans of William. Mr. Trevor's work is a panegyric on William, from the first word to the last; yet he is the editor of Dr. Hooper's Diary, in his Appendix. Sidney, earl of Romney, to whom William III. granted at one sweep the enormous bribe of 17,000*l.* per annum, is the informant of the moral horror Dr. Kenn had of that prince. If the friends of William left such documents for the instruction of biographers, what may we ask, would enemies have done?

ship ever put upon her by the king, who well knew how she disliked Burnet, and that she was sure that the king made choice of him for that very reason."<sup>1</sup>

Burnet was himself conscious of the aversion of the princess, but the king insisted upon the measure;<sup>2</sup> the bishop was exceedingly out of humour at this time, "having been disappointed of the great see of Winchester," says lord Dartmouth, "which preferment the king had put at the disposal of one of the lords of the treasury. To the sorrow of the princess Anne, he was given the education of the heir of the kingdom, in hopes of satisfying his discontent."<sup>3</sup>

The manner in which Burnet mentions his appointment is remarkable, as well for the information, as for the composition; perhaps it is the most extraordinary specimen of egotism ever printed by any author in our language:<sup>4</sup> "I was named by the king to be the duke of Gloucester's preceptor. *I* used all possible endeavours to excuse myself. *I* had hitherto no share in the princess' favour or confidence. *I* had also become very uneasy at many things in the king's conduct. *I* considered him as a glorious instrument raised up by God, who had done great things by him. *I* had also such obligations to him, that *I* had resolved, on public as well as on private accounts, never to engage in any opposition to him; yet *I* could not help thinking he might have carried matters further than he did, and that he was giving his enemies handles to weaken his government. *I* had tried, but with little success, to use all due freedom with him; he did not love to be found fault with, and either discouraged *me* with silence, or answered in such general expressions, that they signified little." Lord Dartmouth, his contemporary, illustrates this passage by observing, that the king "had complained of bishop Burnet breaking in upon him, whether he would or no, and asking him questions that he did not know how to answer, without trusting him more than he was willing to do, having a very bad opinion of his retentive faculties."<sup>5</sup> The bishop mentioned his own reluctance to undertake the office of preceptor to the young prince, and describes how it was finally

<sup>1</sup> Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's History of his Own Times, vol. iv. p. 376.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> If the mighty mind of Coleridge had made itself more familiar with what human beings actually did, rather than how they thought, he would have hit on this historical passage, as a thorough instance of practical egotism, far more real, and nearly as concise, as the clever satire he has improved from the German. In his delineation of an egotist, he declares of his hero,

"A pronoun, verb-imperative, he shone!"—

and describes him thus holding forth:

"Here, on this market-cross, aloud I cry,  
I, I, I! I myself, I!  
The form, the substance, the what and the why,  
The when and the where, and the low and the high,  
The inside, the outside, the earth and the sky.  
I, you, and he—and he, you, and I—  
All souls and all bodies are I myself, I!  
                                AM I myself, I!"

<sup>5</sup> Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. iv., p. 376.



arranged. "The young duke of Gloucester was to live at Windsor, because it was in the diocese of Salisbury, and the bishop was allowed ten weeks in the princely pupil's vacations, to attend to the rest of his episcopal duties." He affirms, that all his endeavours to decline this advancement were unavailing, for the king said, "he could only trust that care to him." It is certain that no other prelate was bound to identify himself so thoroughly with the revolutionary government as Burnet, and that, as his fortune and station wholly depended on its stability, king William was as certain that Burnet would bring up the boy in as utter hatred to his grandfather, James II., as the regent Murray was, when he placed Buchanan as tutor, that he would inculcate in the infant mind of king James every foul stigma against his mother, Mary, queen of Scots. The motives of each appointment were similar.

It has been shown that the king had appropriated to his own use an enormous share of the 50,000*l.* per annum, added by parliament to the Civil List, for the purpose of the education of the duke of Gloucester. He had, indeed, retained the whole since the peace of Ryswick.<sup>1</sup> Nor could any entreaties of the princess induce his majesty to allow more than 15,000*l.*,<sup>2</sup> scarcely more than a quarter of the sum he received for the establishment of the heir to the British empire. From this modicum, the princess solicited that a small part might be advanced, that she might purchase plate and furniture, needful for the extension of her son's establishment. But William III., whose character never appears less attractive than when he is seen in history in the act of grasping some ill-gotten pelf or other, positively refused to advance her a doit;<sup>3</sup> yet the princess Anne was prepared to submit to all losses, so that her boy was not withdrawn from her personal society; besides, to smoothe the other hardships, the earl of Marlborough was appointed his chief governor. At the first view, this measure may appear rather extraordinary, when the indignities are remembered which had been heaped on the princess Anne, only for her private regard for Marlborough and his wife; but king William's power for injury had become weakened since the death of his wife. Most of the real kingly functions were executed by the junta of the oligarchy, resembling the Venetian Council of Ten. A majority of these persons were Marlborough's old colleagues, who had aided him in effecting the Revolution. The junta treated with him as a power who had, among other advantages, possession of the mind and will of the princess Anne, the heiress of the crown.

If king William could draw from the English house of commons sufficient supplies, he cared little how the English junta arranged for the future. He had been heard to say, "Let all remain according to my wish, now, and those may have the crown who can catch it, when I am gone."

A cynic might have laughed, and doubtless many did, at the utter absence of all supposition by king William and the junta, that Marl-

<sup>1</sup> The addition voted by parliament was 100,000*l.*, half of which the English parliament had allotted for the payment of the dowry of James II.'s queen, the other moiety for the education of the duke of Gloucester.

<sup>2</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid*

borough and the princess Anne would act on their vowed contrition to king James. On the contrary, William calculated to a nicety that Marlborough would renounce and betray the distant lineal heir, and cleave to the rival duke of Gloucester, over whose mind an empire would have been established, commenced in early youth. Such was the secret spring of a measure, which seems, at the first view, extremely inconsistent with the previous biographies of both the royal sisters, Mary and Anne.

The earl of Marlborough was permitted by king William to attend his levee, June 19, 1698, and kiss his hand,<sup>1</sup> on his appointment as governor to the duke of Gloucester. The king, who was certainly no composer of compliments in general, is said to have addressed to the object of his former contempt, the following fine eulogy on this occasion. "My lord, make the duke of Gloucester like yourself, and I desire no more."<sup>2</sup> King William, likewise, appointed the new governor one of the junta of nine, called by the people, "the nine kings," and by the parliament, "the nine lords-justices." This place we have shown that lord Marlborough had previously filled, when William and Mary first ascended the throne.

The official organ of William's government announced the advancement of Marlborough, in the following style:—

"June 16, 1698.—His majesty has been pleased to appoint the right honourable the earl of Marlborough to be governor to his highness the duke of Gloucester, as a mark of the good opinion his majesty has of his lordship's zeal for his service, and his qualifications for an employment of so great a trust; and this evening his lordship was sworn of his majesty's privy council, and took his place there."

William III. did not leave England for the delights of his Loo-palace that year, until July 20, neither was the establishment for the young duke of Gloucester's household and education settled even then, since lady Marlborough expressly says, "that the king took with him a list of the young duke's intended officials, which he had, in an access of unwonted graciousness, told the princess Anne to draw out for his approval;" these are the words of Sarah of Marlborough. She had every reason to know the truth with all its minutiae, if she has chosen to relate it accurately, and in this instance her narrative is corroborated by other contemporaries. "When the duke of Gloucester," she says, "was arrived at the age to be put into men's hands, king William insinuated to such members of parliament as he knew were desirous to have the duke handsomely settled, that it would require near 50,000*l.* a year; and, at the same time, he promised other persons whom he knew it would please, that he would pay *queen Mary, in France*, [Mary Beatrice, queen of James II.,] her settlement, which was also 50,000*l.* And thus he obtained an addition of one hundred thousand a year to his civil list."<sup>3</sup>

"The addition was granted," continues Sarah of Marlborough, "yet king William never paid one farthing to queen Mary, in France, and, as

<sup>1</sup> Macpherson's History of Great Britain, vol. ii., p. 141.

<sup>2</sup> Coxe and all the biographers of the duke of Marlborough repeat this speech. Had it ever been uttered, the duchess would never have omitted it in her *Conduct*.

<sup>3</sup> Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 116.

to the duke of Gloucester, king William not only kept him in the women's hands a good while after the new revenue was granted, but, when his highness's family was settled, he positively would pay out of the 50,000*l.* but 15,000*l.* a year. Nay, of this small allowance, he refused to advance to the princess one quarter, though she absolutely needed it to buy plate and furniture; and she was forced to be at that expense herself."

"But this was not all. The king, influenced by lord Sunderland, sent the princess word, 'That though he intended to put in all the preceptors, he would leave it to her to choose the rest of the servants except one, which was to be Mr. Sayers.'"<sup>1</sup>

"The princess received this message with extreme pleasure, for it was more humane, and of a different air, from aught that she had been used to. She immediately set herself to provide proper persons of the most consideration for the several places. Mr. Boscawen,<sup>2</sup> and the son of Mr. Secretary Vernon, were chosen by her royal highness, to be the grooms of her son's bed-chamber, and the sons of the earls of Bridgewater and Berkeley were to be his pages of honour.

"Meantime, king William was in no hurry to finish the affair of the duke of Gloucester's establishment; he let lord Marlborough know, 'that he would send a list from abroad, of the servants he chose to have in the young duke's family. But he regarded not in the least, the message he had previously sent to the princess.' It was then represented to his majesty, 'that the princess upon the credit of his first gracious message, had engaged her promise to several persons; and it was to be hoped his majesty would not give her mortification at a time when any trouble of mind might do her great prejudice, as she soon expected the birth of another child.'"<sup>3</sup>

The intelligence that his sister Anne was in the hopeful situation which might strengthen the protestant interest, far from obtaining for her the slightest indulgence, appeared to aggravate the acerbity of the royal temper; instead of sending the complimentary congratulations customary on such occasions, his majesty angrily exclaimed:—

"Anne shall not be queen before her time, and I *will* make the list of what servants her son shall have!" "The king remained so peremptory," continues the Marlborough, "that all my husband could do, was to get lord Albemarle to try to bring him to reason."<sup>4</sup>

The favourite took possession of the list drawn up by the princess, and promised that she should receive from Holland a more satisfactory account of the appointments. He exerted himself so zealously in the cause of the princess, that her own list was returned to her with but few alterations. The king only made lord Raby's brother an equerry, and appointed to be "gentlemen waiters" two or three persons who had served queen

<sup>1</sup> It will be remembered in the life of queen Mary, that she was, in her noted visit to Canterbury, in 1693, escorted by a vice-chamberlain, quoted as Mr. Sayers.

<sup>2</sup> Probably the Eton boy, who was sent for from the college by the princess to play with her son on his first visit to Windsor Castle.

<sup>3</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

Mary II. in like stations, and had pensions on that account; "and," adds lady Marlborough,<sup>1</sup> "it was to make savings in regard to such pensions that king William did so ungentlemanly a thing as to force the princess to fail in such engagements." The king had evidently, on second thoughts, repented him of the leave he had given the princess Anne, to choose the attendants of her son, and thought that he could save all the pensions he most unwillingly had to pay to his late queen's servants, by giving them full pay in the service of the duke of Gloucester, and thus he should be able to "cut off another cantle" out of the 15,000*l.* Kipper very sagaciously proved to his master, that by making enemies of all the persons to whom the princess would be forced to break her promise, his saving would at the end prove a very dear one.

The poor princess Anne, while these disputes were in the course of settlement and progress, was forced to leave her grasping brother-in-law in full possession, for at least a year, of the income voted by parliament for the use of the duke of Gloucester, being unable to settle her son's establishment until the return of the king. The Flying Post announced the important facts, "that his majesty had paid their royal highnesses, since his return, a visit on December 17, 1698, and that his highness the duke of Gloucester hath had more domestics engaged in his service." The king, therefore, really obtained a whole year and a half's income of 50,000*l.*, almost clear of incumbrances, of this allowance, since the princess was unable to wrest it out of his unrighteous grasp.

Yet the temper of the times did not authorize William III. in putting any very remarkable slight on the princess. Since the peace of Ryswick, king William and his English subjects had not been on those terms which rendered it a very safe policy. His principal vexation was, that the English parliament insisted on his standing army being disbanded, and his Dutch guards sent out of the country. William pleaded in person for the retention of his guards; but finding the parliament inexorable, he was forced to yield, being more than once reminded that this was partly the cause why his father-in-law was exiled. William remained in a black sullen fit for many hours, without speaking to any one; at last he broke into this exclamation—

"By heavens, if I had a son, these Dutch guards of mine should not go!"

This was the only time he ever was heard to regret his want of offspring; yet, notwithstanding all his saturnine gloom, he was fond of little children. An anecdote is extant of him, which places this propensity in a very pleasing light.

One of his secretaries was rather later than usual in his private closet at Kensington, when a tap was heard at the door. "Who is there?" asked the king.

"Lord Buck," was the answer. The king rose, opened the door, and there was displayed to view a little child, of four years old—*young lord Buckhurst*, the heir of lord Dorset, his lord high chamberlain.

"And what does lord Buck want?" asked the king.

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<sup>1</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

"You to be a horse to my coach : I've wanted you a long time."<sup>1</sup>

With a more amiable smile than the secretary had ever supposed king William could wear, his majesty looked down on his little noble, and taking the string of the toy, dragged it up and down the long gallery till his play-fellow was satisfied. It was supposed that this was not the first game of play he had had with little lord Buckhurst.

Another personal anecdote of William, was that connected with his lord-treasurer, Godolphin. This minister, who had ever been personally attached to king James, had entered into a plot for his former master's restoration. By one of those accidents which often befall persons who are in the receipt of a great many papers, Godolphin unwittingly put into the king's hands a packet of letters which most fully criminated himself. The king read them, and the next day placed them in the hands of lord Godolphin, who stood aghast at seeing what he had done. The king then said—

"My lord Godolphin, I am happy to say that I am the only person who knows of this treason ; give me your honour that you will put an end to it. I think, after this, I may trust you."<sup>2</sup>

The first edition of Dryden's translation of the "*Æneid*," is somewhat oddly connected with the memory of William III. The celebrated Jacob Tonson, his publisher, designed that the work should be dedicated to William III. Dryden, who had been deprived of his pension and laureateship by queen Mary, swore that he would rather commit his manuscript to the flames than submit to pay that compliment to the Dutch sovereign. He insisted on dedicating every canto to a separate *Mecænas* of his own among the aristocracy. The extensive patronage thus obtained for the work induced the publisher to let the poet have his own way. Old Jacob, though baffled, was not foiled ; having devised a notable plan for outwitting Dryden, and flattering William at the same time, for he directed the artist, whom he employed to illustrate the *Æneid*, to represent a lively portraiture of his majesty, for the beau ideal of the person of the pious *Æneas*. As the features of the hero of Nassau cannot possibly be mistaken whenever they are seen, the likeness was staring, and the bookseller rejoiced in the success of his scheme. As for William himself, he no more cared for dedications by an English poet, than he did for compliments in Chinese ; either way, it was a matter of perfect indifference to him ; not so to Dryden, whose ecstasy of displeasure at the sight of the features of the pious *Æneas*,<sup>3</sup> vented itself in the following bitter epigram, the more bitter because founded on truth :—

"Old Jacob, in his wondrous mood,  
To please the wise beholders,  
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head  
On poor *Æneas*' shoulders.

<sup>1</sup> Horace Walpole.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Dalrymple's History of the Revolution in Great Britain, &c.

<sup>3</sup> In the library of his grace the duke of Devonshire at Chiswick, is a magnificent copy of the first edition, the subscription folio adorned with all the luxury of type and engravings. On examination, this curious anecdote is fully verified by the fact, that every plate in which the pious *Æneas* figures presents a studied and staring likeness of King William.

"To make the parallel hold tack,  
Methinks there's something lacking,  
One took his father pick-a-back,  
The other sent his packing."

As before stated, king William had, from his childhood, suffered from bad health. In the course of three or four years after the death of queen Mary, his frame was sinking under a complication of diseases. During one of the attendances by Dr. Radcliffe, his majesty's physician, the king asked him what he thought of a complaint which had attacked his legs.

"That I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms," was the startling rejoinder.

King William thenceforth banished Radcliffe from court; but as the great physician was a Jacobite, this was no punishment.

The national songs of Scotland convey much statistic information; many, indeed, are the facts to be gathered from them which are well confirmed on inquiry, though utterly passed over in general history. The following popular song of that century shows that the accidents of the seasons, added to public misery, and to the unpopularity of William in North Britain. It is part of the historical ballad of "O whurly Whigs awa," in the course of which the princess Anne is not forgotten:

"Next we gat owre an Orange king,  
That played with parties baith, man,  
A Hogan Mogan<sup>1</sup> foreign thing,  
That wrought a world of skaith, man;  
When he came owre, our rights to see,  
His father, friend, and a', man,  
By his Dutch guards he drove to sea,  
Then swore he ran awa, man.

"The fifth day of November, he  
Did land upon our coasts, man;  
But those who lived his reign to see,  
Of that they did not boast, man:

Seven years of famine did prevail,  
The people hopeless grew, man;  
But dearth and death did us assail,  
And thousands overthrew, man.

"But Willie's latter end did come,  
He broke his collar-bone, man;  
We chose another, couthy Anne,  
And set her on the throne, man.  
O then we had baith meal and malt,  
And plenty over all, man;  
We had nae scant of sin or saint,  
O, whurly<sup>2</sup> Whigs awa, man."

By this bitter Jacobite squib, we learn the statistical facts of the dearths that continued during the latter part of the reign of William, and this, though no fault of his, added to the deep hatred the common people bore him.

Another popular historical ballad alludes covertly and sarcastically to the reverse of the Episcopal church in Scotland; its title is "Willie the Wag,"—so it was printed—but it was sung "Willie the Whig."

"O! I had a wee bit mailin,<sup>3</sup>  
And I had a good gray mare,  
And I had a braw bit dwelling,  
Till Willie the whig came here.  
He whiggit me out of my mailin,  
He whiggit me out of my gear,  
And out of my bonny black gowny,<sup>4</sup>  
That ne'er was the worse for the  
wear.

"He fawned and waggit his tail,  
Till he poisoned the true well ee,  
And with the wagging of his fause  
tongue,  
He gart the brave Monmouth die.<sup>5</sup>  
He whiggit us out of our rights,  
And he whiggit us out of our laws,  
And he whiggit us out of our king,  
O! that grieves me worst of a'.

<sup>1</sup> A favourite epithet of reproach in Jacobite songs, a corruption of the Dutch title of honour, High Mightiness.

<sup>2</sup> Weary.

<sup>3</sup> The provision for the Episcopalian clergy.

<sup>4</sup> The canonical dress of the Episcopal established church of Scotland.

<sup>5</sup> This allusion was unveiled in the publication of the Stuart Papers, by order of George IV.

"The tod<sup>1</sup> rules over the lion,  
The midden's<sup>2</sup> aboon the moon,  
And Scotland maun cower and cringe,  
To a false and a foreign loon.

Q! waly fu' fall the piper,  
That sells his wind sae dear,  
And waly fu' is the time  
When Willie the whig came here."

These popular songs plainly show the unbroken spirit of Scotland; despite of the deep wounds of Glencoe and Darien, the Scottish lion was foaming at the bit, and ramping to break the reins that held him. A spirit of the strongest personal sarcasm pervades the lyric productions of the Scottish poets at that time; and the most magnificent of their national melodies were made to forget their plaintive character to accord with the rallying songs of the Jacobites.

In the spring of 1698, occurred an event, apparently of little consequence to the princess Anne, but which subsequently shook the throne to which she succeeded. Yet it was nothing more than the appointment of a destitute servant-maid, a daughter of lady Marlborough's aunt, to a humble post in the palace of the princess. Abigail Hill,<sup>3</sup> was the name of this kinswoman of the haughty favourite, who had been a servant-maid in the house of lady Rivers, of Chafford, in Kent.

When lady Marlborough was first established at the Cockpit, at the time of the marriage of the princess, a lady represented to her that she had near relations, who were in the most abject misery. At first, the favourite denied that she had ever heard of such persons—a singular circumstance, for most persons in families, either high or low, have heard their aunts mentioned. She was, however, successfully reminded, that her father's sister had married an anabaptist, in trade in the city, who had become bankrupt; that this aunt was starving, with her husband; that her two young sons were in rags, and her daughters were servant-maids. The whole of this mortifying detail had, perhaps, been laid before the proud favourite, as a rebuke to her arrogance; fortunately for the afflicted persons, it impelled her to draw forth ten guineas from her purse, for the relief of her wretched aunt, who expired, as did her husband, directly after the relief arrived. The appeal had not been made, it seems, till their last extremity. Sarah began to consider, that to canton the orphans on the public would be more gratifying to her self-esteem than leaving them in the degree of house-maids and chamber-maids. Abigail Hill, the servant of lady Rivers, was withdrawn by her fortunate kinswoman, and given bitter bread, as her own nursery-maid.<sup>4</sup> Bitter, indeed, it must have been, if conclusions may be drawn from a very pert letter of one of her young charges, Anne Churchill, in which that vulgar term of reviling, "creature," as applied to her cousin, most odiously occurs. Abigail Hill, silent and suffering, became, if we may judge from the representation of lady Marlborough, morose, misanthropic, close, and designing, and of a temper so miserable, that it

<sup>1</sup> The fax.

<sup>2</sup> Dunghill.

<sup>3</sup> Her servitude to lady Rivers is mentioned by Coxe, *Life of Marlborough*, vol. ii. p. 257.

<sup>4</sup> The duchess of Marlborough, in her reviling letters, frequently speaks of her cousin as her nursery-maid, as in her *Correspondence*, (vol. i. p. 257,) where, though she had blundered in the use of the relative, she means Abigail Hill.

preyed inwardly on her health, so that no change of fortune could cheer her melancholy. What an autobiography could have been written by this woman! who appears to have possessed the shy, proud disposition, often noted in persons who have seen better days, and yet have sunk to the last wretchedness to which a virtuous person can fall,—that of common servitude?

Meantime, her brothers, the ragged boys—lady Marlborough especially points out their rags—were caught from the street, clothed and provided for from the rich harvest of patronage, at the Marlborough command, which opened at the Revolution. The elder Hill was placed in the customs—the younger, Jack Hill, as a page to prince George of Denmark. When the household of the young duke of Gloucester was established, lady Marlborough slipped her cousin, Mary Hill, into the snug place of laundress, with 200*l.* per annum; but for her white slave, the melancholy superintendent of her nursery, Abigail, she reserved the place of bed-chamber woman to the princess Anne, and thus was enabled to have a deputy, who could perform all her own offices, when she chose to absent herself, apprehending no danger of being supplanted by a person so reserved and unattractive.

Abigail had another connexion at court, a climbing politician. This was Robert Harley. According to lady Marlborough's statement, the father of Abigail Hill was in the same degree of relationship to Harley that his wife was to her. She adds "that Harley never did anything for his uncle or his distressed family, or owned the kindred,<sup>1</sup> till Abigail was likely to become a prosperous gentlewoman."

Since the advancement of lord Marlborough to the high office of governor to the duke of Gloucester, his lady had begun to lose the caressing devotion she had hitherto manifested for the princess Anne, and now and then permitted her to taste a spice of that audacious and overbearing arrogance with which she treated the rest of her contemporaries. Sometimes the aggrieved princess would let fall a word or two of complaint before the sympathizing and silent substitute of her haughty favourite. When the princess found that no evil consequences ensued, no tale was carried to Abigail's principal, and, above all, that no gossip story was raised in the court, the confidence was extended, and some condolences regarding the fiery temper of the "dear Mrs. Freeman" were received gratefully, and agreed upon by both with impunity. Such was the commencement of the intimacy between the princess Anne and the humble Abigail Hill: and such the domestic politics of the palace of St James.

Her royal highness continued to keep court that year with some de-

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<sup>1</sup> There is something wrong in this statement of lady Marlborough; for Robert Harley's mother was not *Abigail Hill*, but Abigail Stephens; neither had he an aunt whose maiden name was Hill. The only trace of family connexion with the chivalresque pedigree of Harley is the family name of Abigail, with which some of its ladies were afflicted in the 17th century. We should believe all connexion of the Harleys with the anabaptist Hill, who married lady Marlborough's aunt, the pure invention of that person, were it not for the abuse which the harpoons of that time level at Robert Harley's father, as a *fanatic* who had tasted the good things of Cromwell's outrageous taxation.



gree of splendour. She frequently bestowed patronage on the theatres. Among other entertainments of the kind, she approved of the English Opera. The *Postboy*<sup>1</sup> announces, "That her royal highness was pleased to see, this day, April 27, 1699, the opera called, 'The Island Princess,' which was performed by her command, at the Theatre Royal."

The education of the duke of Gloucester had proceeded formally under the surveillance of his preceptor Burnet, according to the account of the latter, since his highness's ninth birth-day. As usual, the princess and her consort took their son to Windsor Castle, July, 1699; the birth-day of the young prince, and the wedding-day of the princess, were celebrated with balls and great splendour, the whole concluded with fireworks for the duke of Gloucester—a circumstance which is never omitted in any public announcement of these rejoicings.<sup>2</sup> The course of study which Dr. Burnet thought best for the little prince of ten years old, is remarkable for its dry and abstract nature, the child's docility was greatly commended, but the lively spirit that carried him through many severe attacks of illness, supported him no longer; two years' attention to the studies described by his right reverend preceptor, would have been sufficient to subdue the petulance and break the health of a stronger individual than the little heir of Great Britain. No more of his lively sallies are reported after he was consigned to the tuition of Burnet. There is a beautiful picture of the prince at this period of his existence, at Hampton Court; "melancholy seems to have marked him for her own." He looks like a young man of seventeen, too sensitive and delicate for this work-a-day world: the blue veins on the fair high temples, the pearly complexion, the mournful regards of the mild blue eyes, and the expression of premature care and thoughtfulness are altogether unlike the merry sprite described by his faithful Lewis Jenkins.

The princess gave receptions and held her court at Windsor Castle during the summer of 1699, to which the nobility occasionally travelled from London to present themselves. The month of August brought her a visitor of no very reputable cast, being the notorious lady Dorchester, the unworthy rival of her hated step-mother, Mary Beatrice. As this person posted to Windsor to make her obeisance at the court of Anne, when she thought proper to own her marriage with sir David Collier, it may be supposed that the princess kept up some intimacy with her, either as acquaintance or partisan. The incident is thus sarcastically mentioned by the marchioness of Halifax.<sup>3</sup>

"I see marriage is still honourable by your cousin Savill, in the country, and my lady Dorchester in this town, who now owns hers to sir David Collier, and hath been at Windsor on purpose to kiss the princess Anne's hand upon it."

<sup>1</sup> Collections Brit. Museum.

<sup>2</sup> The *Postboy*, *ibid.*, July 24, 1699.

<sup>3</sup> Letter in Devonshire Collection from the marchioness of Halifax, dated August 22 1699. Copied by permission. In the same series of letters, the marchioness mentions as news, that the first duke of Devonshire had purchased Berkeley House, so long the residence of the princess Anne, and that he had paid the first instalment August 3, 1699. This incident strengthens the tradition mentioned in Knight's London, that Berkeley House occupied the present site of Devonshire House.

The consort of the princess Anne continued to live an easy and luxurious life with her, neither causing nor conceiving jealousies : either as prince or husband, had he displayed the slightest tendency to ambition, all parties would have hastened to attack him with envenomed libels. Inoffensive as he was, they would not permit him to remain at peace, but satirized his very peacefulness. One wicked wit' thus mentions him.

"They perceived another king<sup>1</sup> hard by in the same quarter, much concerned for the loss of a brother, whom many years ago he had disposed of extremely well, yet nobody since ever heard of him. Momus laughing, said, 'the good prince was not quite dead, though forced to breathe hard to prevent being buried, because nobody perceived any other sign of life in him.' Some of the gods smiled and said, 'It were well for the good of mankind if all other princes were as quiet as he was.'"

This picture was drawn by a rival, the marquess of Normanby. It was well that the harmless prince had not afforded reason for severer satire. The brother alluded to was the king of Denmark, whose death in 1699 gave prince George some share in the troubles of this world, by plunging him into the deepest affliction. Christiern V. had been loved by him with enduring affection, which had caused him to perform, when fighting by his side, acts of generous and romantic valour, worthy of Bayard or Philip Sydney. Probably it was the esteem the Danish prince obtained in Europe for rescuing his royal brother from captivity by a desperate charge when taken by the Swedes, at the lost battle of Varna, that obtained for him the hand of the heiress in reversion of the British empire, which the princess Anne then was. Prince George had, since his settlement in England, frequently visited his brother at Copenhagen, therefore the love between them had not failed from entire absence. The king of Denmark died<sup>2</sup> Sept. 4, 1699; prince George of Denmark was in the depth of his mourning habiliments, and had not mastered his sorrow, when the birthday of William III. occurred, November 4. On this account the prince expressed his wish that his majesty would permit the princess and himself to congratulate him without doffing their sable weeds; fancying that liberty might be taken, "because the late kings Charles II. and James II. never wished any persons in recent mourning for their relatives to change it for coloured clothes on such occasions." King William's ideas, on the subject of death and "mourning dool," were more consonant with those of Henry VIII. His Dutch majesty, although king Christiern was a relative of his own, and an ally withal, signified his pleasure that their royal highnesses were to visit him in gay court dresses or to keep away;<sup>4</sup> the prince of Denmark was both angry and afflicted at this message.

Other causes of disquiet relative to the death of the king of Denmark were felt by Anne and her spouse: the successor of Christiern V., his son Frederic IV., had in the course of his travels in France visited St.

<sup>1</sup> Sheffield duke of Buckingham's Works, vol. ii. p. 139.

<sup>2</sup> The king of Denmark, brother of prince George.

<sup>3</sup> Calamy's Life and Diary, vol. i. p. 418.

<sup>4</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough.

Germanis, and had, despite the rival interests of his uncle's consort, professed himself deeply interested in the exiled queen and her children, and withal mightily disposed to espouse their quarrel against the advancement of his young cousin Gloucester. An absurd dispute with Louis XIV. put a stop to this enthusiasm; that monarch would only address his despatches to the king of Denmark as "serenity" and not "majesty;" in retaliation, king Christiern directed his papers to the high and mighty majesty of France as "serenity;" which proceeding did not produce much serenity in the tempers of either royal correspondent, for the king of France, in a great rage, bade his ministers address Frederic IV. only as *vous*.<sup>1</sup> Such were the childish matters that occupied the attention of sovereigns at the close of the seventeenth century, nor were they much amended in the commencement of the eighteenth, for we shall see that the princess Anne, when queen, was insulted by the emperor in the same manner, after millions of treasure and oceans of blood had been wasted by England in the cause of his son.

Notwithstanding the verbal skirmish with the *grande monarchie* regarding the dignity of Denmark, the princess Anne and her consort had the vexation of finding that their nephew, Frederic IV., did his utmost against the government of Great Britain, and consequently against the succession of Anne and her son. Sir George Rooke forthwith bombarded Copenhagen with the English fleet; but the king of Denmark, after the reverses he sustained from the young Swedish hero, Charles XII., was compelled to make peace. William III., when the early successes of Charles were described to him by Keppel, was heard to say, with a heavy sigh, "Ah, youth is a fine thing!"<sup>2</sup>

Their family griefs and troubles detained the princess and her consort later than usual, in the autumn of 1699, at Windsor; there is no notice in the *Gazette* or *Postboy* of their attendance at the king's birth-day that year, 1699—therefore the prince and princess probably took his majesty at his word, and kept themselves and their mourning from the royal presence. The princess did not arrive at St. James's for the winter, until December, when her cortège is thus described in one of the newspapers of the day:<sup>3</sup>

"1699, Dec. 2.—Thursday, about four in the afternoon, their royal highnesses the prince and princess of Denmark, with his highness the duke of Gloucester, came to the palace of St. James's, from Windsor, having eleven coaches, with six horses each, besides some others that attended them. Yesterday they were complimented by the nobility on their arrival. A curious ode is prepared<sup>4</sup> to be sung, as usual, this morning, and *there's* to be a ball at St. James's, to conclude the solemnity of the day."

The princess expected another accouchement, in the spring of 1700, she was again destined to disappointment, her infant did not live to be

<sup>1</sup> Despatches of the earl of Manchester, edited by Christian Cole, addressed to the earl of Jersey, p. 64.

<sup>2</sup> White Kennet's *Perfect History*, vol. iii.

<sup>3</sup> *Flying Post*, Dec., 1699. Collections, Brit. Museum.

<sup>4</sup> Written by Hughes, author of *The Siege of Damascus*.

baptized; during its private burial, in the night of January 27th, in the vault in Henry VII.'s chapel, an odd circumstance took place. Some robbers stole into Westminster Abbey, and lurking among the recesses of Henry VII.'s chapel, contrived to break open the tomb of Charles II., and rob his wax effigy of its regal array, and succeeded in carrying off all the ornaments. So far the information of the *Flying Post*. But it requires a little explanation: Charles II. had no tomb, but probably something of a hearse was placed on the spot where he was buried, on which was extended his wax effigy, in the same dress in which it was carried at his funeral; for want of a better, the people called this his tomb; thousands went to see it, and an additional charge was made for the sight. Since the robbery, Charles's wax statue has been dressed in a dark velvet costume, which was probably one of his old court dresses.

Among the few incidents which remain of the residence of the princess Anne at the palace of St. James, is the memory of a freak of bishop Burnet, who it appears united the office of almoner to the princess, with that of preceptor to her son, since he usually preached at St. James's chapel. Here he perceived, or fancied that the ladies of the princess's establishment did not look at him while preaching his sermons,—"his thundering long sermons," as queen Mary called them. Nay, bishop Burnet suspected, that the ladies preferred looking at any other person. He, therefore, after much remonstrance on this impropriety, prevailed on the princess Anne to order all the pews in St. James's chapel to be raised so high, that the fair delinquents could see nothing but himself when he was in the pulpit. The princess could not help laughing at the complaint, but she complied when Burnet represented that the interests of the church were in danger. All traces of these high barricaded pews have long disappeared from the royal chapel; but the whim of bishop Burnet was imitated in many churches which had not been pewed until that era, and are, at this hour, to be seen in remote country parishes.<sup>1</sup> The bishops and clergy of our church at the present day are, we have heard, by no means partial to these high boxes as inducements to pious demeanour.

As for the damsels for whose edification they were first devised, they were transported with the utmost indignation, which was only surpassed by the rage of the cavaliers of the court and household of the princess. One of them vented his wrath by the composition of a satirical ballad on the intermeddling of Burnet, the gist of which was,—that if the ladies of the princess had no better reason to restrain their eyes from wandering at church, than a pew higher than their heads, their forced attention would do little good. This squib<sup>2</sup> has some historical utility, because it preserves the description of the principal ladies domesticated with the princess Anne:

<sup>1</sup> Shorne Church, in Kent is, or was, an instance of Burnet's alterations. A lady must be tall even to see over the side of a pew when standing. The whole of the church is parcelled out into these high boxes.

<sup>2</sup> The Earl of Oxford's MS. Collection of Tory and Jacobite Verses. Lansdowne Papers, 825, pp. 236.

"When Burnet perceived that the beautiful dames,  
 Who flocked to the chapel of Holy St. James,  
 On their lovers alone their kind looks did bestow,  
 And smiled not at him when he bellowed below,  
     To the princess he went,  
     With a pious intent,  
 This dangerous ill in the church to prevent.  
 'Oh, madam,' he said, 'our religion is lost,  
 If the ladies thus ogle the knights of the *toast*.<sup>1</sup>

"Your highness observes how I labour and sweat,  
 Their affections to raise and attention to get;  
 And sure when I preach all the world will agree,  
 That their eyes and their ears should be pointed at me;  
     But now I can find  
     No beauty so kind,  
 My parts to regard or my person to mind;  
 Nay, I scarce have the sight of one feminine face,  
 But those of old Oxford or ugly Arglass.

"Those sorrowful matrons with hearts full of ruth,  
 Repent for the manifold sins of their youth;  
 The rest with their tattle my harmony spoil,  
 And Burlington, Anglesey, Kingston, and Boyle,  
     Their minds entertain  
     With fancies profane,  
 That not even at church their tongues they restrain;  
 E'en Henningham's shape their glances entice,  
 And rather than me they will ogle the *Vice*.<sup>2</sup>

"These practices, madam, my preaching disgrace,  
 Shall laymen enjoy the just rights of my place?  
 Then all may lament my condition so hard,  
 Who thrash in the pulpit without a reward.  
     Therefore pray condescend,  
     Such disorders to end,  
 And to the ripe vineyard the labourers send,  
 To build up the seats that the beauties may see  
 The face of no brawling pretender but me.'

"The princess by the man's importunity prest,  
 Though she laugh'd at his reasons, allowed his request.  
 And now Britain's nymphs in a protestant reign,  
 Are lock'd up at prayers like the virgins in Spain."

It was provided, among the other regulations of the duke of Gloucester's education, that four of the governing junta should examine his progress in learning, every quarter. The child had gone through this somewhat arduous ordeal, in the summer of 1700, with great credit.<sup>3</sup> He was considered a prodigy of juvenile attainment, and surely the mind of the poor child must have been crammed with extraordinary mental

<sup>1</sup> So written: but perhaps it means the courtiers, who brought beauties into celebrity, by toasting them at their drinking orgies. Montague, lord Halifax, had the names of the court beauties written on drinking glasses, accompanied by quaint descriptive rhymes, which were repeated when the health was drunk.

<sup>2</sup> The princess's vice-chamberlain.

<sup>3</sup> Roger Coke.

diet, for his answers on jurisprudence, the Gothic laws, and the feudal system, perfectly astonished the four deputies from the governing junta. Nevertheless, all that the young boy answered on these abstract subjects, must have been on the parrot system of education, painfully committed to memory, and pronounced without a concomitant idea. Clear and luminous ideas on jurisprudence and the diverse laws which the communities of mankind have agreed to observe, can only be obtained by the exertions of riper intellect, as inferences drawn from the historical statistics of various nations, and the knowledge of their customs and manners. A very small share of such information appertained to the preceptor,—the pupil was more to be pitied, into whose tender mind, sapless and incomprehensible verbiage was unwholesomely thrust,—the languages and sciences to which young Edward VI. fell a victim, were infinitely preferable, because they were connected with facts and ideas. The young duke of Gloucester's mind was chiefly occupied by this abstruse pedantry, added to which, were those branches of the mathematics of use in sieges and fortification, together with the manœuvres of field days, all tending to train him for that injurious ruler to England, a regimental sovereign.

A circumstance happened, just before the princess and her household left St. James's Palace for Windsor Castle, which was supposed to have ultimately occasioned very injurious effects on the duke of Gloucester's health, by removing from him the physician who had successfully studied his constitution from his infancy.

The princess Anne had always been remarked for her devotion to the pleasures of the table, but as life advanced, her digestion weakened, and, very often, she suffered under the re-action of the stimulants she took to improve it; she then became low-spirited, and apprehensive regarding her health. One evening, she sent for the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, at an inconvenient time, just as he had opened his second bottle of sack. He affected unbelief concerning the illness of the princess, and positively refused to prescribe any medicine for her, but bade her attendants put her to bed, declaring that she would be well in the morning. In a few days, he was again summoned, at the same inconvenient time, but he refused to leave his bottle. "Pooh, pooh!" said he; "tell her royal highness, nothing ails her but vapours, she needs neither physic nor physician." The princess was, of course, very angry, and struck him off her list of physicians,<sup>1</sup> with which, Dr. Radcliffe was much delighted; for, as he said, "he hated the whig sovereigns, so unfeignedly, that he should certainly have the credit of poisoning them; therefore, he wanted none of their custom, not he!"

The hostility between the princess Anne and her physician had commenced as early as her flight from her father, in 1688; when the bishop of London sent for him to come to Nottingham, to see after the health of the princess, which showed some dangerous symptoms. Radcliffe

<sup>1</sup> This is one of Horace Walpole's anecdotes; it is besides related by the biographers of Radcliffe.

indulged in much coarse vituperation on her conduct, and finished, by assuring her messenger, "that he would not come." Radcliffe had been appointed physician to the princess Anne, by the king, her father, in 1686.<sup>1</sup>

The following intelligence heralded the preparations for the departure of the princess from St. James's, that summer. "May 21.—We hear their royal highness and the duke, design for Windsor, next week. Her royal highness has distributed a great deal of money among the poor of St. James's, St. Ann's, this Whitsuntide, according to her annual custom."<sup>2</sup>

The princess Anne and her household removed with the duke of Gloucester to Windsor before the expiration of the month of May. The languishing health of king William occasioned all politicians to be on the alert. The earl of Marlborough and his lady, although reckoned among the leading tories of the day, were perfectly certain that their political power would be limited to the mere personal influence they had over the princess, in case of her accession, if they remained in the tory ranks. On the accession of Anne, it was anticipated that such men as the uncle of the princess, lord Rochester, the duke of Ormond, and other personal friends of her father, would govern the country under her reign, according to the economical plans of an earlier day. Well did the Marlboroughs, husband and wife, know that such statesmen would shrink from co-operation with them, for most of them were aware of the reiterated treacheries of their renewed correspondence with the court of St. Germain, and the second betrayal of its interests, when the coalition with the party of king William took place after the death of queen Mary. But the Marlboroughs had planned a great family alliance, which they truly foresaw would render them too strong for the old-fashioned statesmen, who scrupled the daring anticipation of the funds of the country, according to the Dutch mode of finance, introduced by king William. Lord Marlborough and his lady, therefore, asked a long leave of absence from the princess, and hastened to hold a convention at Althorpe, with the old, serpent-like politician, Sunderland. They were joined in the organization of their family scheme, by lord Godolphin, whose only son had, the year before, married their eldest daughter, Henrietta.

The hatred lady Marlborough had borne to lord Sunderland (which, it may be observed, flamed through the despatches of Anne to her sister Mary, in 1688) when they were driving on the revolution, vanished, and the favourite, who had joined with her mistress in denouncing him to the late queen as "*the subtlest workingest villain on earth*," now gave her second daughter in marriage to his eldest son. The princess had previously portioned the eldest daughter, having humbly craved permission in the following letter:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY MARLBOROUGH.

"I have a request to make to my dear Mrs. Freeman; it is, that whenever dear lady Hariote (Henrietta) marries, you would give me leave to give her

<sup>1</sup> *Enc. Brit.*: article, Radcliffe.

<sup>2</sup> *Flying Post*, *Brit. Museum*.

something to keep me in her thoughts. I beg my poor mite may be accepted, being offered from a heart that is without any reserve, with more passion and sincerity, my dear Mrs. Freeman, than any other can be capable of."<sup>1</sup>

The mite was 5000*l.*; the same was now given to Anne Churchill;<sup>2</sup> thus did the princess rivet the chains the weight of which was to crush her very soul, during the chief of her remaining years.

The princess Anne kept the eleventh birth-day of her son, the duke of Gloucester, with great rejoicings, little anticipating the result. The boy reviewed his little regiment, exulted in the discharge of cannon and crackers, and presided over a grand banquet. He was very much heated and fatigued, and probably had been induced to intrench on his natural abstemiousness. The next day he complained of sickness, headache, and a sore throat; towards night, he became delirious. The family physician of the princess sought to relieve him by bleeding, but this operation did not do him any good. There was a general outcry and lamentation in the young duke's household that he would be lost, because Dr. Radcliffe was not in attendance on him, owing to the affront the princess Anne had taken. Dr. Radcliffe was, however, sent for by express, and though unwilling, he was prevailed on to come. When he arrived at Windsor Castle, and saw his poor little patient, he declared the malady to be the scarlet fever; he demanded who had bled him? The physician in attendance, owned the duke had been bled by his order. "Then," said Radcliffe, "you have destroyed him, and you may finish him, for I will not prescribe." The event justified the prediction of the most skilful physician of the age, but he was as much abused by the people, who clung to the last scion of their native princes, as if he had wilfully refused to save the child.

The unfortunate princess attended on her dying child tenderly, but with a resigned and grave composure, which astonished every one.<sup>3</sup> She gave way to no violent bursts of agony, never wept, but seemed occupied with high and awful thoughts. In truth, she was debating, with an awakened conscience, on the past, and meditating on the retributive justice of God.

Lord Marlborough was summoned from Althorpe to the sick-bed of his young charge; but arrived only in time to see him expire. The death of the young duke took place, July 30, 1700, five days after his birth-day.

The thoughts of Anne were, at this crisis of her utter maternal bereavement, wholly and solely fixed on her father. All she felt as a parent, reminded her of her crimes towards him. She rose from the bed where was extended the corpse of her only child, with an expression of awe and resignation on her features, which made a solemn impression on the minds of all who saw her, and sat down to write to her father, pouring out in her letter her whole heart in penitence, and declaring her

<sup>1</sup> Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough, pp. 285, 287.

<sup>2</sup> The princess offered ten thousand pounds to each bride; if lady Marlborough is to be believed, she only accepted 5000*l.* for each daughter.

<sup>3</sup> Burnet's Hist. of his Own Times.



conviction that her bereavement was sent as a visible punishment from Heaven, for her cruelty to him. It does not appear that Anne had ever felt the slightest compunction at any previous period.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Macpherson. *Stuart Papers*, vol. ii., p. 223. Her letter, which seems to have been dictated by sincere feelings at the time, has not yet come to light, yet its tenour is clearly to be ascertained in documents connected with the era. The princess positively promised, moreover, "that she would use her utmost power to effect the restoration of her brother, if ever she came to the throne, and that she would only accept that dignity in trust for him." Lamberty and Carte affirm this, although neither had the slightest connexion with each other.

END OF VOL. XI.













